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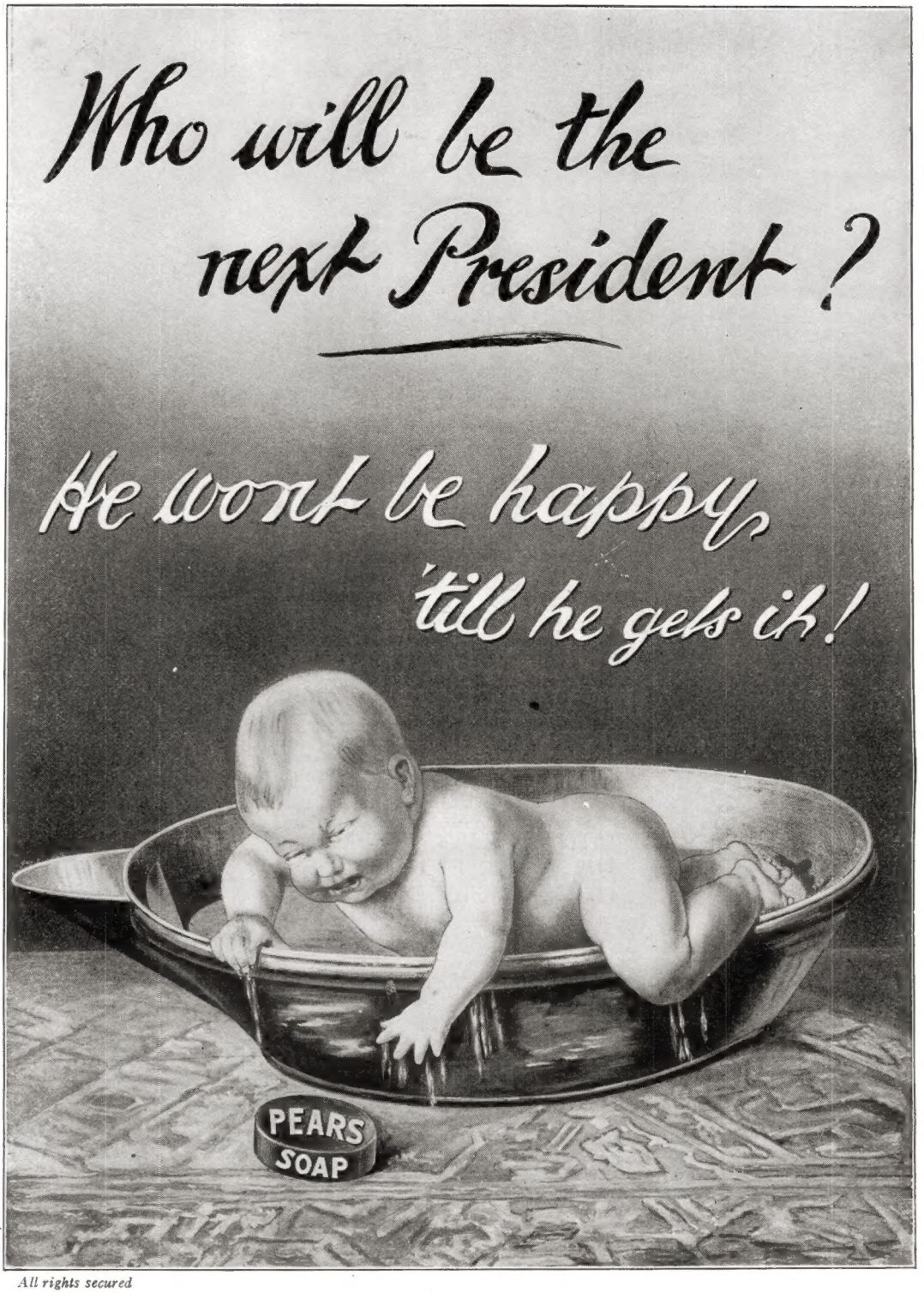

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COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII — JULY, 1912 — No. 2

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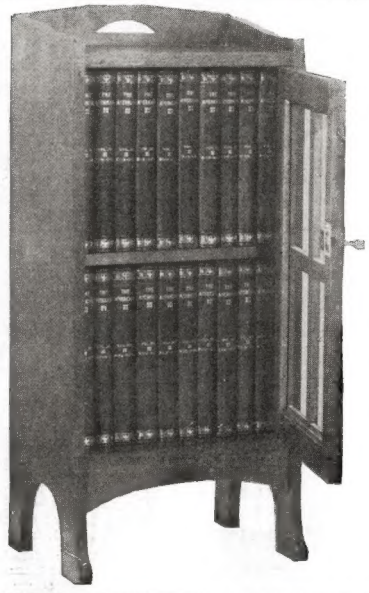

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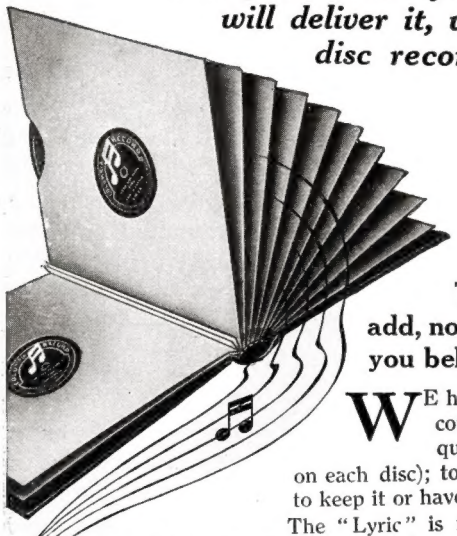

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Summer Buying—A Parable

By Thornton Purkis

ONCE upon a time it was believed—though not even the wise ones could explain why—that people living in these climes retired into a shell from June 1st to September 1st. Trade was supposed to stand still. Money supposedly went out of circulation altogether. Wiseacres dozed in their offices, and sleepily told inquirers that nothing really could be expected to happen until September.

But one day a young man awoke from this coma and ventured abroad; and lo, he found the highways thronged with people—eating, drinking, and merry. All were buying something. Many were buying fine raiment, and luxuries that in Winter would never even be dreamed of. Others were buying additional shelter. Bungalows were building, and, of course, had to be furnished—and numerous were the pieces of new furniture and electrical devices that he saw carried thereunto. Then the multitude had to be provisioned—for strangely enough, they ate as much in Summer (though the foods were of lighter calibre) as they did in Winter. And, of course, transportation facilities for business and pleasure being still needed—automobiles and motor boats were in great demand, and consequently the hundred and one other necessities that go to complete such equipment.

And straightway, the young man bethought himself that here was DEMAND—pressing, profitable demand, but oh, so higgledy piggledy—so woefully misdirected! Whereupon he set himself to guide it into channels profitable unto himself and to his family. He advertised wisely, widely, and well—achieved great success; and eventually became a merchant prince.

But the wiseacres shook their heads, and said, "Verily he hath broken our most sacred traditions." Notwithstanding which, they gathered themselves together and took counsel as to how best they might do likewise.

* * * *

One naturally looks toward Philadelphia for examples of stability in business. The compositor who, on advt. page 97 of May Cosmopolitan, set "Founded 1872" in the advertisement of the Insurance Company of North America, 228 Walnut St., Philadelphia—appealing to tourists to insure their luggage—should have known better. At one fell stroke he chopped off eighty years of sound business life.

Still, the correct figures, "Founded 1792," as may be seen in their advertisement on page 163 of the June number—120 years in business—is unusual. Comes close to being a record for America. It's only sixteen years behind Uncle Sam himself. The Company has just reason to be proud of its long and honorable career.

The A, B, C of the best things made—that they shall be the things best known.

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

The A, B, C of the best things made—[Continued]

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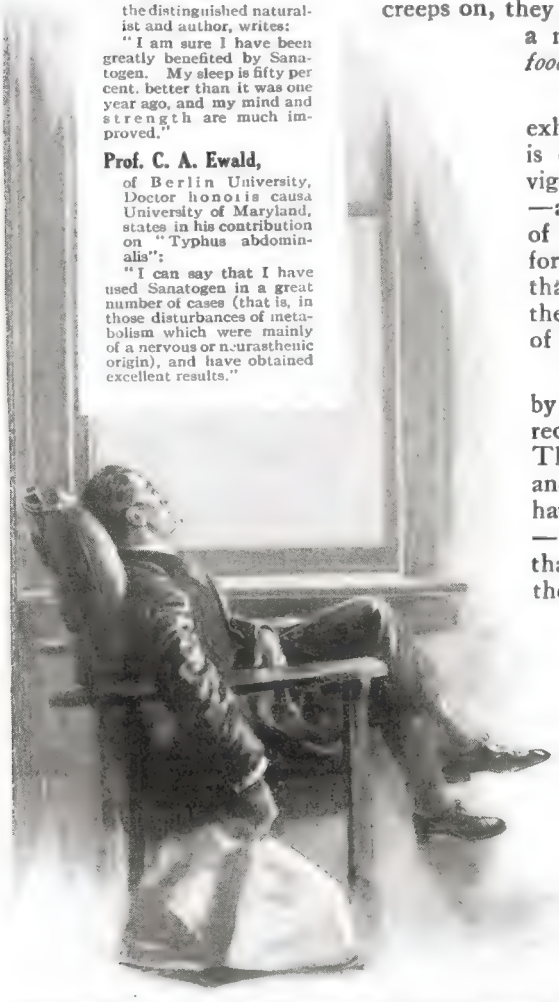

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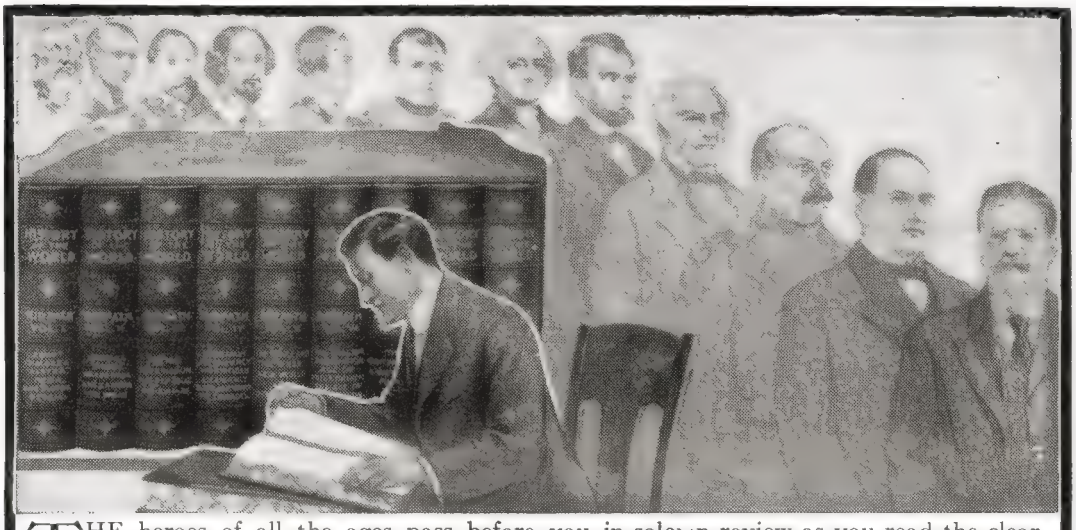

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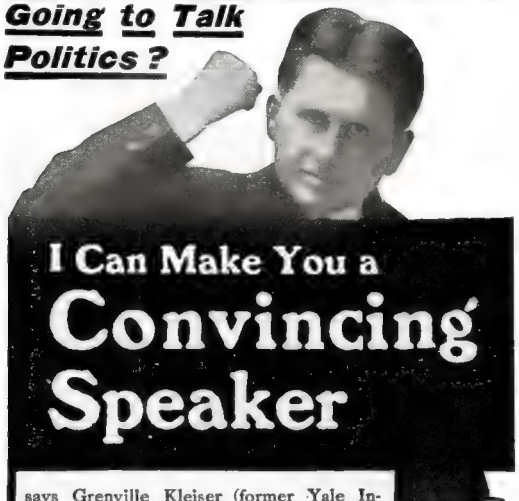

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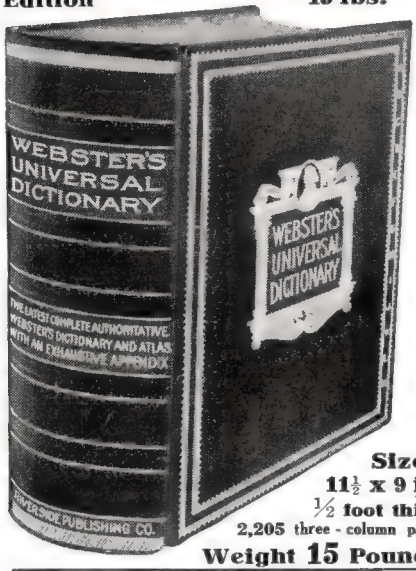
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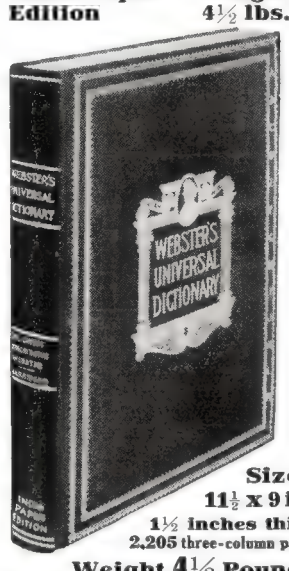

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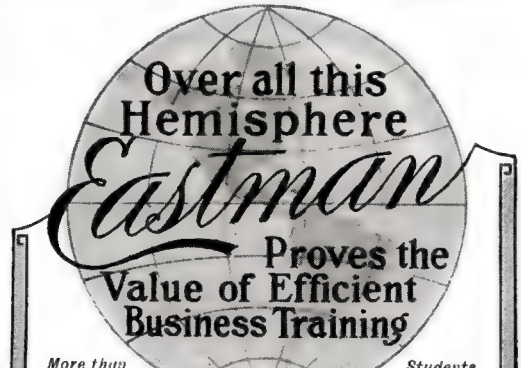
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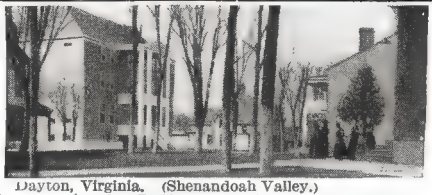

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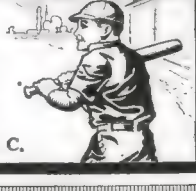

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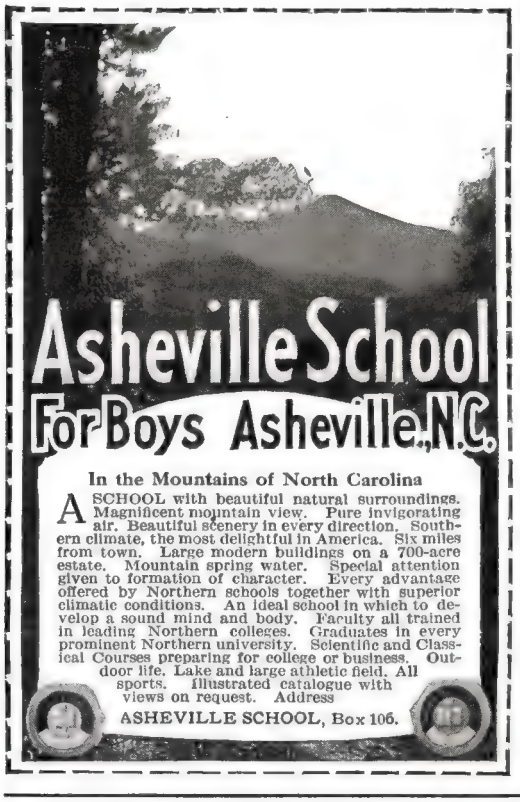

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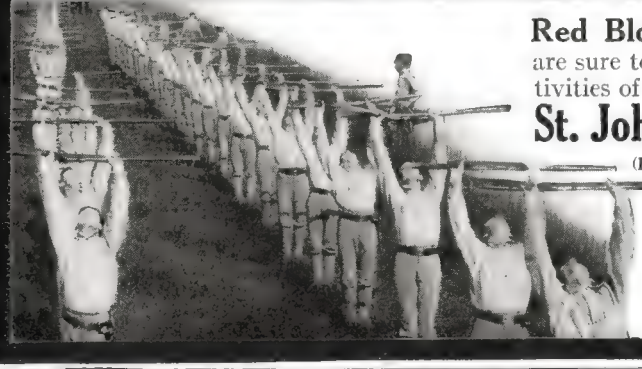

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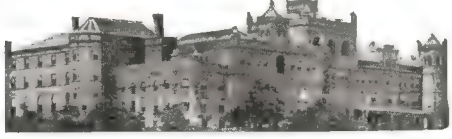

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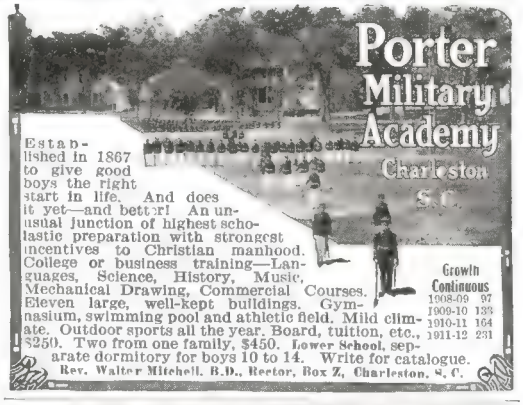

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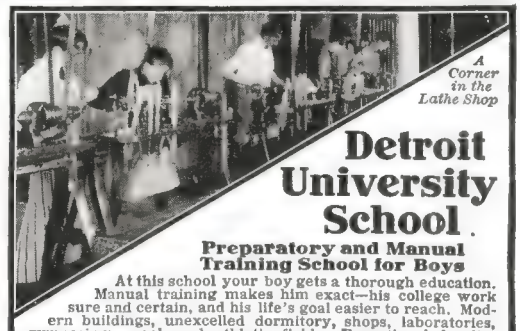

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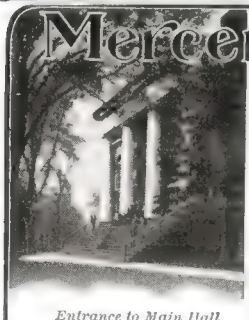

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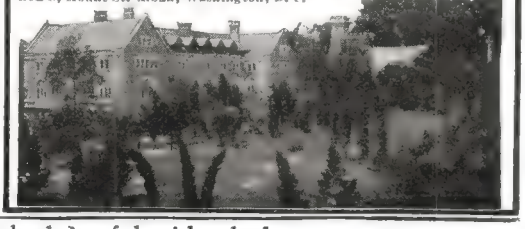

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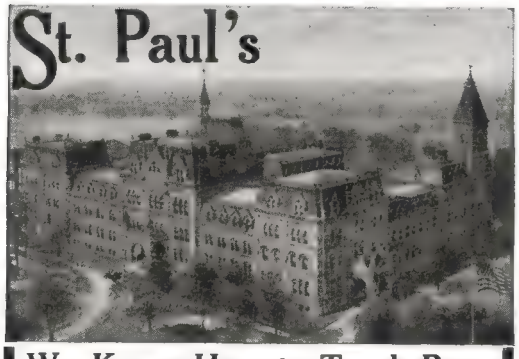

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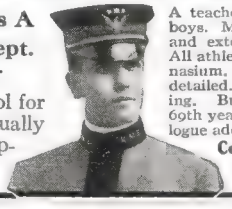

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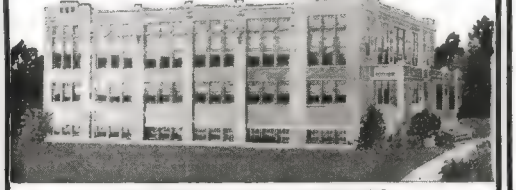

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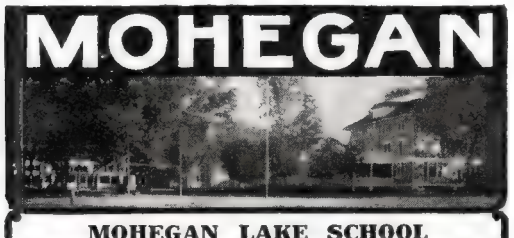

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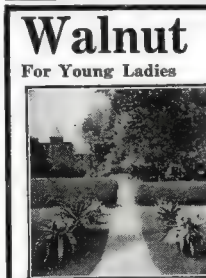

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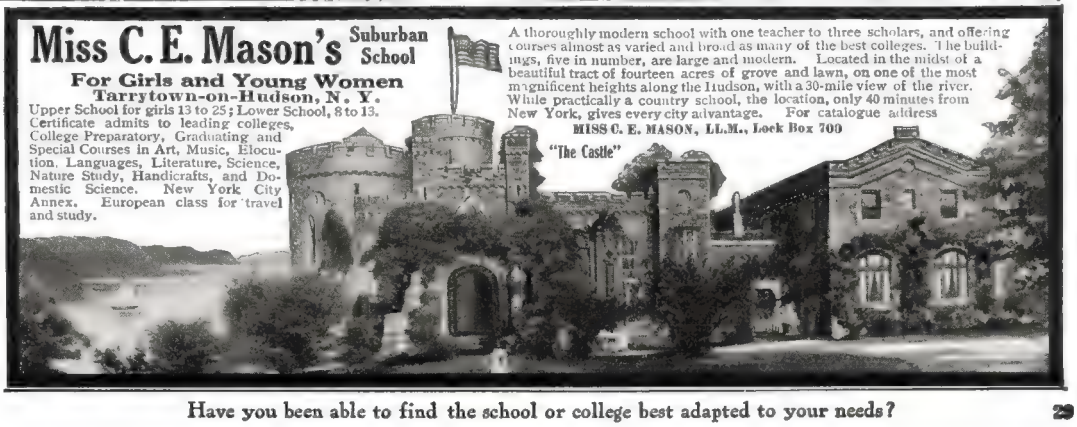

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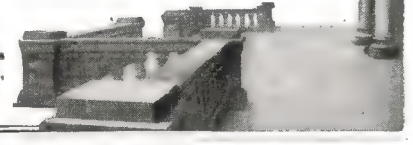

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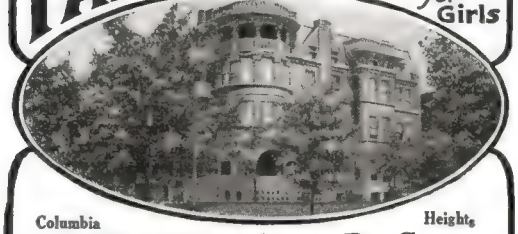

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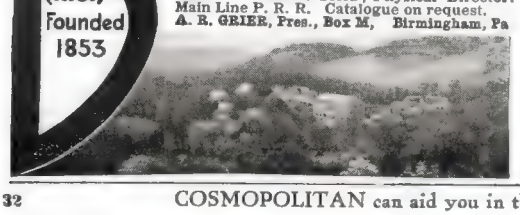

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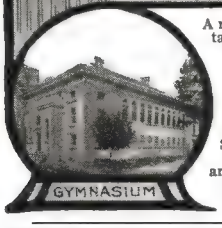

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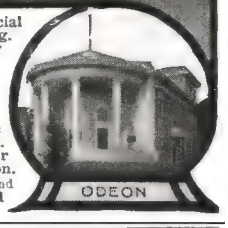

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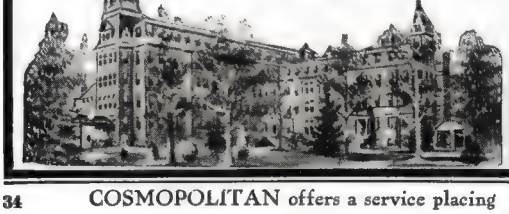

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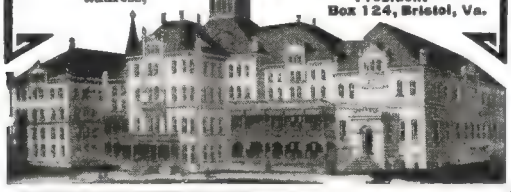

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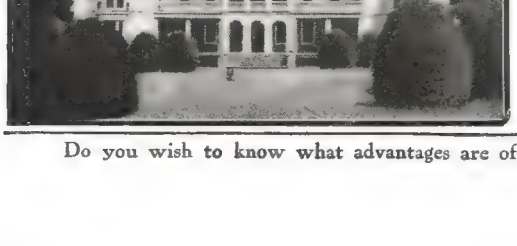

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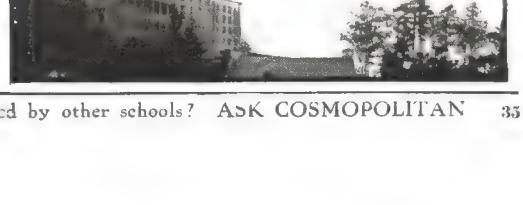

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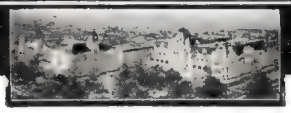

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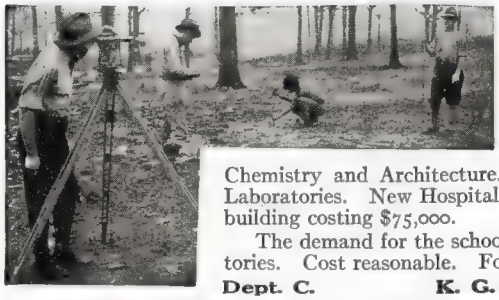

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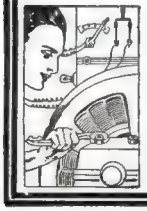

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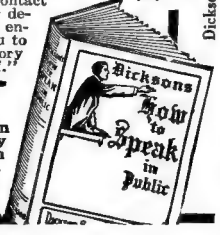

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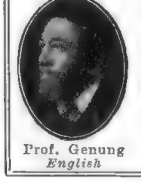

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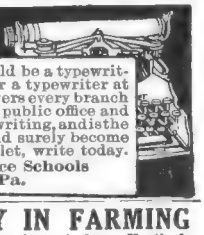

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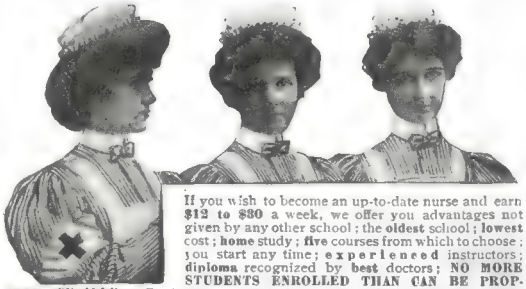

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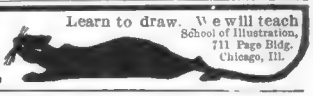

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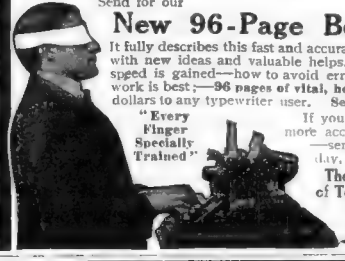

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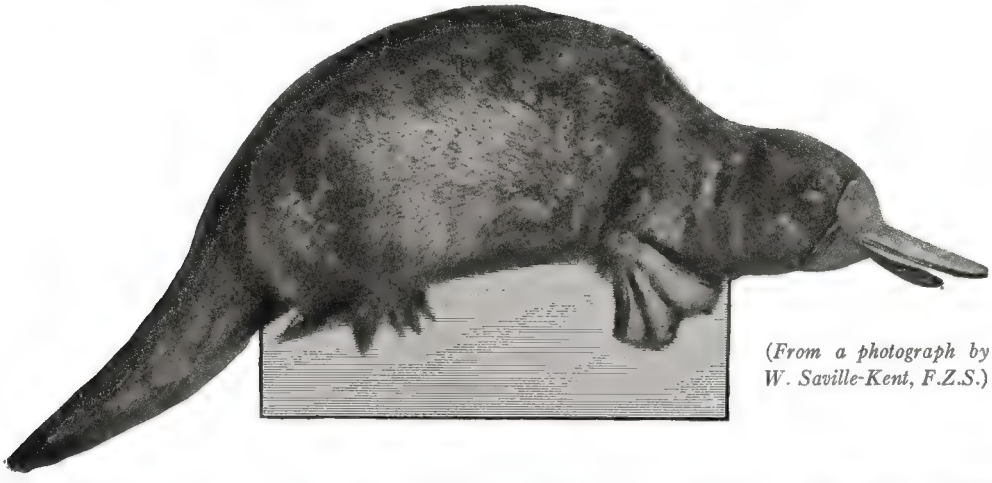

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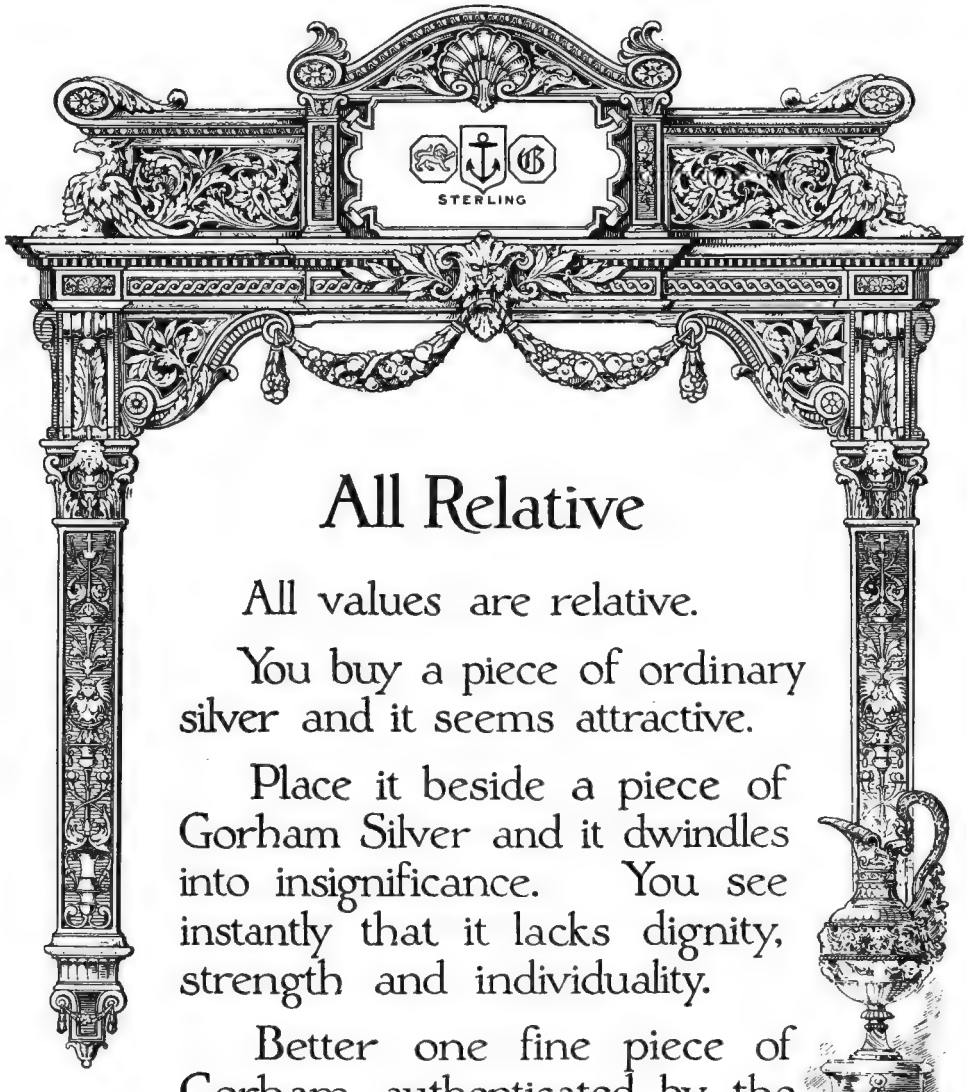

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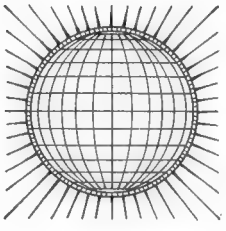

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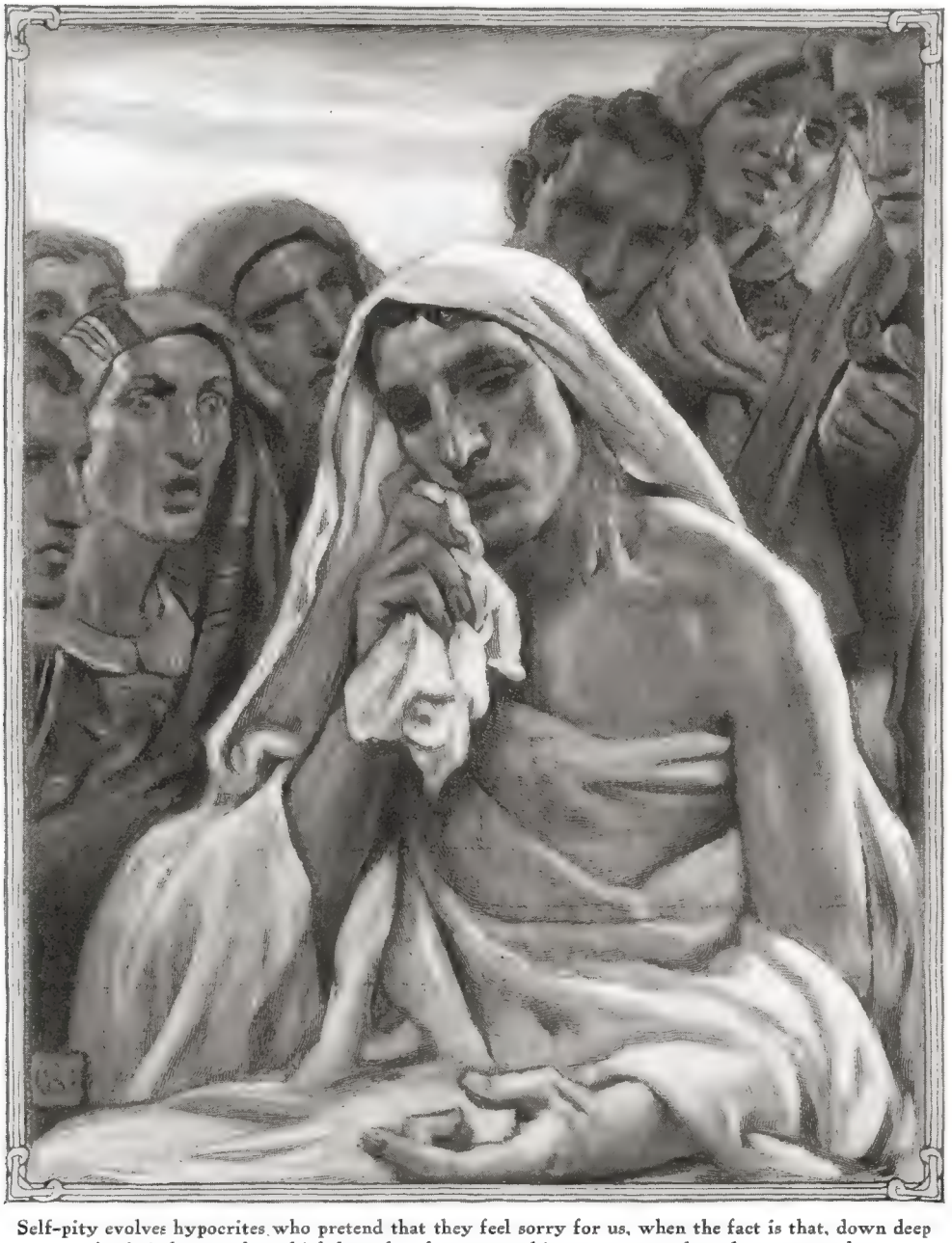
SELF-PITY

By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



Self-pity evolves hypocrites who pretend that they feel sorry for us, when the fact is that, down deep in their hearts, they think less of us for every whine, every grouch, and every growl

ELF-PITY is the act of feeling sorry for yourself. You sit down and weep because you are not appreciated, or loved, or worshiped as you feel you should be.

Not being appreciated, you cast about for reasons. It is only a step then to find them. You are hated—folks are plotting against you.

When you pity yourself you begin to think of yourself as the center of creation, a sort of central sun around which the stars revolve —or should. You are out of focus.

Unconsciously, the self-pity habit brings indifference, then pity, then the contempt of everybody with whom the individual associates.

We would better take the bumps that life sends and regard them as lessons. Life is a struggle against our own limitations. If we pity anyone, let's pity the folks who have to live with us.

It is a great privilege to live, to engage in the struggle of existence, to fight for that which is right, and if need be to suffer and die for it.

To have a pain is proof that you are alive. Dead ones have no pain. Those who are alive are bound to suffer. This is a part of the great education of every individual who really lives and achieves. And to live, in itself, is an achievement.

To go down and acknowledge you are down is the only defeat. When you indulge in self-pity you are on the slide, reaching for the swab.

Man's business is to surmount, to arise, to aviate, and when he begins to help himself he grows strong, and everybody will help him.

Self-pity is the first symptom of paranoia. And paranoia is a disease of the brain that comes from continually thinking of one's own self and dwelling on slights and fancied insults.

If we fail in an undertaking we blame others. If we succeed we take all the credit to ourselves. It is very much easier to blame some one else than to face the issue; and so we hide our blunders behind an excuse, evolve self-pity, explain the matter to anyone who will listen, to get them, if possible, to help feel sorry for us.

Self-pity evolves hypocrites who pretend that they feel sorry for us, when the fact is that, down deep in their hearts, they think less of us for every whine, every grouch, and every growl.

When we explain, when we accuse, when we denounce others, self-pity begins to consume us, and power takes wing.

Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. Keep your mouth closed, your eyes open, and breathe through your nostrils. Don't bewail unkind fate. Don't try to lay the blame on others.

Time is the great adjuster of all wrongs, and in the course of even a short lifetime we get all the love that is due us. That is to say, we get all that we give.

Is hate my portion just now? Bless me, when did I pass that out?

Life is a shooting of the chutes. Take your bumps, and don't whine. There are quiet and safety, and rest and silence, down at the bottom where we are headed for, and there will be plenty of time to enjoy them, too. But just now there is work to do.

Let's be grateful that we are alive. There are over ninety million folks in America who never played you a single nasty trick. There's work to do. Ring in, and at it!

The "Maine" passing Morro Castle, January 25, 1898, to her berth in Hav

My Story o

By Rea

Charles L

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The recent burial timely and interesting the following ac mander at that time, Rear-Admiral—then was on board at the time of the explosion; war-possibilities in the so-called "acci ican people to suspend judgment until a is no one better fitted to give to Cosmopoli great historical disaster which gave the war western hemisphere, the liberation of Cuba,

A recent portrait of Rear-Admiral Sigsbee in the full-dress uniform of his rank

I HAVE been asked to write about my old command, the *Maine*, which was destroyed in Havana Harbor on the night of February 15, 1898. In nearly all the innumerable questions relating to the ill-fated ship which have been asked me from time to time, my personal experience, impression, or opinion was sought. Therefore it is suggested that I tell here my personal story.

The shadow of the *Maine* has followed me ever since her destruction, but with many glints and even long-enduring phases of sunshine. For example, the sun always shines on the out-stretched hand of friendship, and the loss of the

Harbor, which three weeks later became her grave

the "Maine" Admiral Sigsbee

of the *Maine* makes particularly
count of the disaster by her com-
Captain—Sigsbee. Admiral Sigsbee
and it was he who first recognized the
dent" and who first cautioned the Amer-
full investigation could be made. So there
tan readers the accurate, vivid account of this
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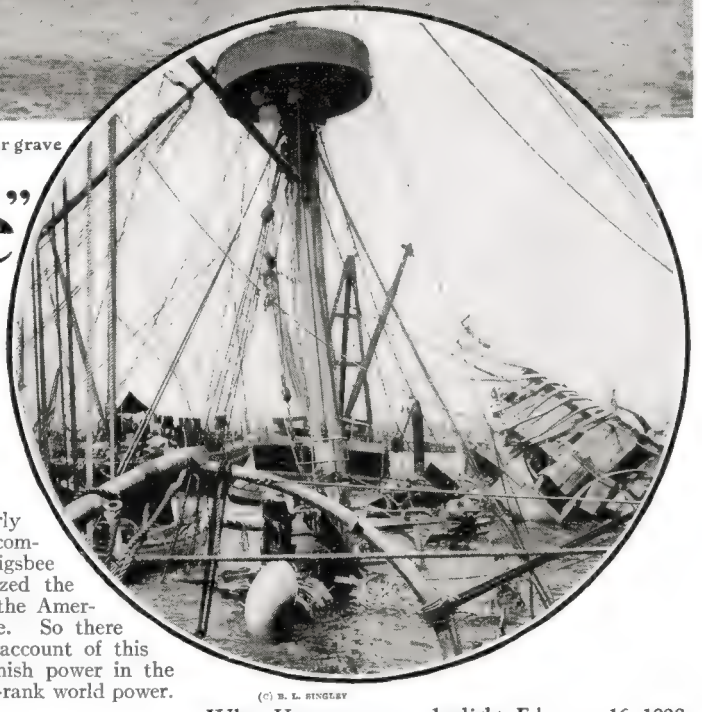


(C) B. L. SINGLEY

What Havana saw at daylight, February 16, 1898. The proud "Maine" was now a tomb for 260 sailors, and the nation had a battle-cry

Maine has brought me many new friendships. As to difficulties, and even burdens, they also have been many—I might almost say continuous. My mails have been heavy—frequently overwhelming, and beyond my power of reply. Moreover, it is always ebb tide in my purse through recurring drains, arising from many points of the compass. And so it will be to the end of me, for the sentiment of the *Maine* waxes with the years. Nor would I have it otherwise, for the burdens, after all, are but evidences of the sentiment which attaches to the *Maine* and her dead.

Undoubtedly my first cable despatch to the Navy Department had a tremendous effect in the United States. I did not foresee the immensity of its influence nor the hearty approval of its terms that came from the government, Congress, the people, and the press. Because of the effect of that despatch, and since I am writing my personal narrative of a momentous event, perhaps I may venture to explain my policy and my state of mind as evinced at that time. A few Doubting Thomases always come to

the surface on the flood tide of great events. It is hardly possible, therefore, that my own state of mind has not been reconstructed for me, in one aspect or another, here and there. I must have had suspicions relating to the explosion, else, indeed, my mind must have been vacuous. It was my official duty to entertain suspicions. It was no less my duty to repress them when they led nowhere concretely. My views were distinct as to a certain kind of responsibility on the part of the Spaniards, but as to condemning the Spanish government, either general or insular, I rejected all thought of that; nor have I, even to this day, attached culpability, in the sense of criminality, to any living soul. That our people would be greatly excited at first flush, lose steadiness for a time, and accuse the Spaniards, and thus embarrass our own government, was to be feared. But I have abiding faith in the sober sense of our people. There was no evidence of intention to blow up the *Maine* and kill her sleeping crew. War would result; of that I felt sure. Our navy was ready; the Spanish army in Cuba was large, but the American army needed recruiting. Careful thought and delayed action on our part were imperative. My own policy was shaped accordingly. Because of the remoteness of our government from the activities at Havana, American interests and responsibility centered largely in Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee and myself. Let us see how my several despatches to the government work out.

"GO SLOW," MY ADVICE TO THE NATION

From almost the first moment after the destruction of the *Maine*, I saw the import of that cruel sacrifice of life, following after the distressing conditions that had existed in Cuba for several years, to the intense indignation of the people of the United States. I surmised from the first that the explosion initiated from outside the vessel. This I shall show in due course. My first order was to post sentries about the ship to ward off the possibility of boarding.

A second indication of my state of mind is afforded by the original draft of my first cable despatch to the Secretary of the Navy. That despatch was written on board the *City of Washington*, one of the American Ward Line of steamers, not more than fifteen minutes after the explosion. The *Maine* was then on the bottom of the harbor. The despatch read as follows:

> *Maine* blown up in Havana harbor at nine forty to-night and destroyed. Many wounded and doubtless more killed or drowned. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward Line Steamer. Send Light House Tenders from Key West for crew and the few pieces of equipment above water. No one has clothing other than that upon him. Public opinion should be suspended until further report. All officers believed to be saved. Jenkins and Merritt not yet accounted for. Many Spanish officers, including representatives of General Blanco, now with us to express sympathy.

The facsimile of the despatch, given on page 153, shows, first, a decided effort on my part at clear expression and economy of words; second, an effort to support the government at Washington by erasing my name to the despatch as already completed and adding a few more words to temper public feeling in the United States, which I believed would be well nigh irrepressibly antagonistic to the Spaniards. It was not fair to attach criminality short of evidence. The added words conveyed the fact that a delegation of Spanish officials had come on board the *City of Washington* to offer sympathy. Among them was Dr. Congosto, the secretary-general of the Island of Cuba, who had lived in the United States more than a decade as Spanish consul and practising physician, and who spoke English fluently. I read the supplemented despatch to Dr. Congosto, and drew his special attention to the closing words, saying that he must perceive that great excitement would result in the United States from the blowing up of the *Maine*, and that my despatch had been amplified in the hope of a quieting effect. Dr. Congosto replied with considerable feeling, "That is very kind." He then promised to reopen the official cable office on shore, if need be, and to give my despatch priority over the line. My friend, Mr. George Bronson Rea, an American news correspondent, took the despatch ashore in its crude form, and transcribed it to a regular blank. After the Spanish War, Mr. Rea visited me on board the *Texas*, and kindly returned to me the original draft. He had also taken ashore a second despatch which was intended for transmission to Rear-Admiral Sicard, commanding the American squadron then at Tortugas. It was addressed, however, to Commander Forsyth, commanding the naval station at Key West. That despatch is also significant as relating to my state of mind regard-

Captain Sigsbee in the captain's cabin of the "Maine." He was in the admiral's cabin—seen through the open door at the right—writing to his wife, when the explosion came

Captain Sigsbee at the door of his cabin on the "Maine"

ing American attachment of direct responsibility to the Spaniards, and to my desire to allay public excitement both in the United States and in Cuba. I quote the despatch:

> Tell Admiral *Maine* blown up and destroyed. Send Light House Tenders. Many killed and wounded. Don't send war vessels if others available.

My completed despatches were shown to General Lee on board the *City of Washington*, and my views in drafting them, as expressed herein, met his entire approval. As to this, I quote from his own despatch to the Department of State, in Washington, on the day following:

> Profound sorrow expressed by government and municipal authorities, consuls of foreign nations, organized bodies of all sorts, and citizens generally. Flags at half-mast on governor-general's palace, on shipping in harbor, and in city. Business suspended; theaters closed. . . . *Suppose you ask that naval court of inquiry be held to ascertain cause of explosion. Hope our people will repress excitement and calmly await decision.*

The whole association of General Lee and myself at Havana was friendly and harmonious throughout. We acted together and had no argument over any point whatever. His geniality never forsook him. Reposing entire confidence in him, I made him acquainted with my own despatches and asked for no reciprocity in that respect, fearing to tread on diplomatic usage.

Within twelve hours after the loss of the *Maine* I wrote a very significant despatch to the Navy

Department, and sent it to Key West by an officer of the *Maine*. There it was put into cipher and forwarded by telegraph. Naturally the Navy Department did not publish it at such a time. More weight would probably have been attached to it than I intended, for at that time—so close to the loss of our men—the public was eager for news of the precise situation, which even the Navy Department had not yet obtained. Probably the Department and the President had that despatch in hand less than thirty hours after the *Maine* was blown up. I quote the despatch:

Cipher code sunk with *Maine* but easily recovered by divers. For that reason American wreckers desirable. *Maine* was probably destroyed by a mine. It may have been done by accident. I surmise that her berth was planted previous to her arrival; perhaps long ago. I can only surmise this.

The last part of my first despatch reported that many Spanish officers, including representatives of General Blanco, had come to me on board the *City of Washington* to express sympathy. Their arrival suggested to me that I add to my despatch. Spanish officers seemed especially desirous of having my opinion as to the cause of the explosion. I invariably answered that I must await investigation by my government, but I assured them that the investigation would be very rigorous as to everybody on board the *Maine*. Then General Salano, a handsome and distinguished-looking officer, of dignified bearing and address, declared to me that the Spanish authorities knew nothing whatever as to the cause of the destruction of the *Maine*. He said that he made the assertion "as a man, an officer, and a Spaniard." I assured him of my ready acceptance of his statement, and remarked that I had not yet permitted myself to give thought to the question of responsibility for the disaster. I felt that I had no right to base responsibility for the killing of men on suspicion or surmise.

"HAVANA IS DEFENDED BY TORPEDOES"

Was I justified in setting forth, even secretly, such a surmise as I expressed in my secret despatch to the government? It was known to our government that there were mines in Havana, but it was not known whether they were planted or unplanted. On April 6, 1898, about two weeks before the declaration of war against Spain, the *Heraldo*, the leading and most influential evening paper in Madrid, published a very circumstantial interview with Vice-Admiral Beranger, secretary of the Spanish navy in the last Conservative cabinet of Spain. Among other things, Vice-Admiral Beranger stated that an attack on their island ports was not to be feared, because "Havana, as well as Cienfuegos, Nuevitas, and Santiago, are defended by electrical and automobile torpedoes, which can be worked at a great distance (have a large radius of action). Señor Canovas del Castillo, who did not neglect these things, arranged, in agreement with me, for the shipping to Cuba of one hundred and ninety torpedoes, which are surely located in these ports at present. The transportation and installation of these war machines was in charge of the distinguished torpedoist, Señor Chacon."

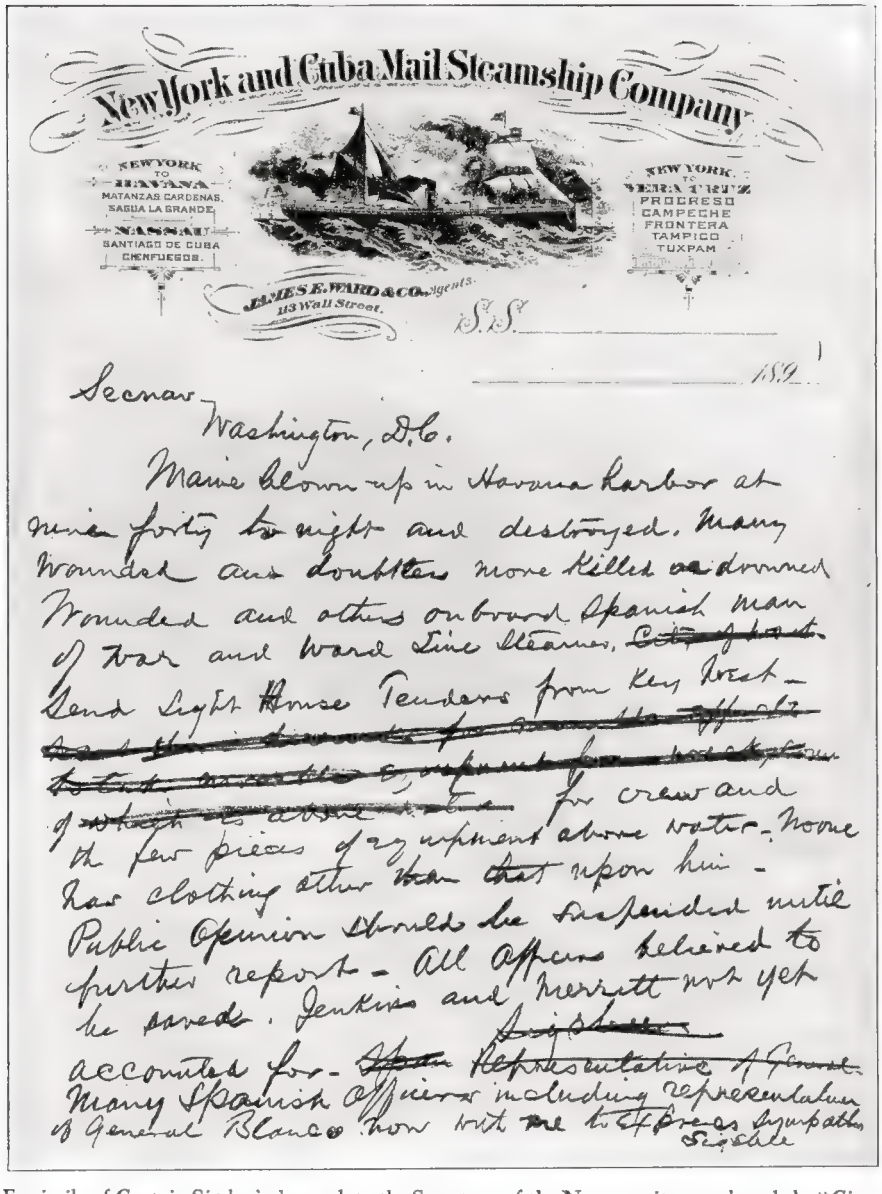
THE FIRST TIME WE WERE OVER THE MINE

The war that followed developed the fact that the Spaniards had mines in large numbers in Cuba. The mine that caused the destruction of the *Maine* was not under the vessel at any other time during her visit to Havana. On the night of the explosion, she was pointing in a direction opposite to that in which she had swung throughout the whole previous period. When blown up, the easterly trade-wind had failed, and the *Maine* had drifted to the position into which she would have been sprung had she intended to bring her batteries, starboard and port, to bear on the Spanish fortifications—those protecting the entrance to the harbor on the one hand, and those protecting the land side of the city on the other.

On the night of February 16th—twenty-four hours after the explosion—Captain-General Blanco, whom I greatly admired, visited me at the Inglaterra Hotel, accompanied by the mayor of Havana. I took advantage of this incident to strengthen still further the hands of President McKinley, and sent a despatch beginning with these words:

General Blanco called on me personally at the hotel last night, and also the mayor of the city. They have requested me to permit the government here to give a public burial to the dead already found, in order that public sympathy may be expressed thereby, and due honor shown the dead.

It was said that the strongly advisory terms of my first two despatches to my official superiors excited some astonishment abroad. Red tape was of only minor im-


New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company
NEW YORK TO HAVANA
MATANZAS CARDENAS, SAGUA LA GRANDE
NASSAU
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
CIENFUEGOS.
NEW YORK TO VERA CRUZ
PROGRESO
CAMPECHE
FRONTERA
TAMPICO
TUXPAM
JAMES E. WARD & CO. Agents.
113 Wall Street.
S. S.
1898
Secnav
Washington, D.C.
Maine blown up in Havana harbor at
nine forty to night and destroyed. Many
Wounded and doubtless more killed & drowned
Wounded and others on board Spanish man
of War and Ward Line Steamer. City of Washington
Send Light House Tenders from Key West —
for crew and
the few pieces of equipment above water. None
has clothing other than that upon him —
Public Opinion should be suspended until
further report — All Officers believed to
be saved. Jenkins and Merritt not yet
accounted for — Many Spanish Officers including representative of General
of General Blanco now with me to express sympathy
Sigsbee

Facsimile of Captain Sigsbee's despatch to the Secretary of the Navy, written on board the "City of Washington" about fifteen minutes after the explosion. It will be noted that he advised the American people to go slow in placing the responsibility for the disaster

portance. I felt that the government must trust me to act properly in my position—and it did. I might have cabled a volume of descriptive and explanatory matter to the Navy Department and yet have failed to equip it fully for immediate detailed action in the delicate and complex situation that confronted General Lee and myself. It is sometimes well, in emergencies occurring to a naval officer in command and remote from the seat of his government, that he act promptly and without expecting detailed orders, but holding himself willing to be reversed, even sharply, if need be. President McKinley himself told me that my despatches and conduct of affairs had helped him greatly. That they were also helpful in Congress is shown by the Congressional records.

On February 17th, the Spanish authorities, general and municipal, made their demonstration of sympathy by taking charge

of the arrangements and ceremonies attending the burial of nineteen of the *Maine's* dead, all that had been recovered up to that time. Some Americans in Havana were openly indignant at my acceptance of Spanish services in such a matter. They were not in my confidence as to the policy I was pursuing in accord with General Lee. Afterward one of these Americans expressed to me in very complimentary terms his regret at having criticized my action. Correspondents of the American newspapers were friendly to me to the last. I was awake to the possibility that people without responsibility might be writing to the government at Washington in terms of criticism not made known to me. Such thoughts influenced my conduct of affairs in no degree whatever. One report said that I had wept. I never wept at all. Once the Navy Department cabled me as to my health and got a favorable reply. I needed sleep, for I got but little of that at first. I would commonly manage to get to sleep by three o'clock in the morning. At dawn the Spanish bugles would break forth. Then the cabs would rattle over the stone pavement beneath my window at the hotel, and further sleep was impossible.

BURIAL OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD

In continuation of my policy, I sent a long descriptive despatch to the Navy Department at Washington, relating to the funeral, and dwelt on the evidences of Spanish sympathy. I quote some of my expressions:

> Nineteen of *Maine's* dead were buried this afternoon with great civil, ecclesiastical, naval, and military ceremonies, and with all the resources of Havana brought into requisition. The Spanish government under express directions of General Blanco, the Bishop of Havana, General Parrado, Admiral Manterola, and the mayor of Havana, took complete charge of all arrangements. The bodies were first laid in state in the building of the Civil Government at Havana, where they were covered with floral and other emblems suitable to the occasion, which were presented by officials and other persons of Havana of all shades of political opinion. . . . The utmost sympathy and respect have been shown. I have been informed by the authorities that this is the second instance only of such a demonstration having been shown to foreigners in the history of Havana. It is inconceivable that a greater demonstration could have been made.

Immediately following the explosion of the *Maine*, the few people about me, on the deck, kept their poise, although another explosion seemed imminent. All that was said was in conversational tone. Apparently there was no excitement whatever. Perfect discipline was maintained. I myself felt as I would probably feel if attending a funeral of men who I knew had died suddenly under conditions of extreme cruelty. I repressed rancor, but that was difficult. In none of my despatches that followed do I find any sign of shock to myself. In my rather fitful relations with the officers of the *Maine*, since her loss, I have never observed in them any nervous relationship to the event. The surviving members of the crew have seemed to bear themselves similarly, although in general they were in greater peril than the officers. The explosion was under the sleeping-compartments of the crew and about midway, from end to end, of those compartments. In this connection it may be said that a great deal of training, especially in discipline, has been expended on every officer and man of the navy who has been long in the service, and all have met emergencies, more or less important, each officer and man in his own place. The bracing effect of naval training may be observed in every accident that occurs on shipboard. Emergency that comes suddenly by no means absorbs all the "nerve" of the naval service. There is many a demand for steadiness in ordinary practice and cruising, but the public tends rather to catch and admire things which are dramatic or spectacular. Indeed, the same might be said of the navy in respect to occurrences on shore.

ORDERED AWAY FROM THE "MAINE"

My official relations with Captain-General Blanco and Admiral Manterola, and in fact with all the Spanish officials at Havana, remained courteous to the last. There were several threatening breaks to gloss over, but that was effected without difficulty. For example, Admiral Manterola, with what I thought rather scant professional knowledge of international law and comity, tried to prevent me from returning to the wreck of the *Maine*, the day after the explosion, to hoist her flag, which had been hauled down at sunset the day before, in due course of routine. When I was advised by the captain in charge of the Spanish picket-boats, which were under Spanish orders pertaining to the wreck, to present a request to Admiral Manterola, I straightway ignored the admiral in respect to the matter

and, with General Lee, presented an argument to Captain-General Blanco. We carried our point, and got the promise that Admiral Manterola should receive orders at once to cease all hindrance. Admiral Manterola showed no sign of vexation over that *ex-parte* solution of the question. Once when I was visiting the admiral in his palace, he paid me what he doubtless intended as a compliment. We were talking, at the time, about matters disconnected from the *Maine*, and I had grown rather enthusiastic. His naval aid was present and translating

Captain Sigsbee on the "Fern" shortly after the explosion. He is in civilian's dress because his uniform was lost on the "Maine."—Tom, the "Maine's" mascot, who was saved from the wreck

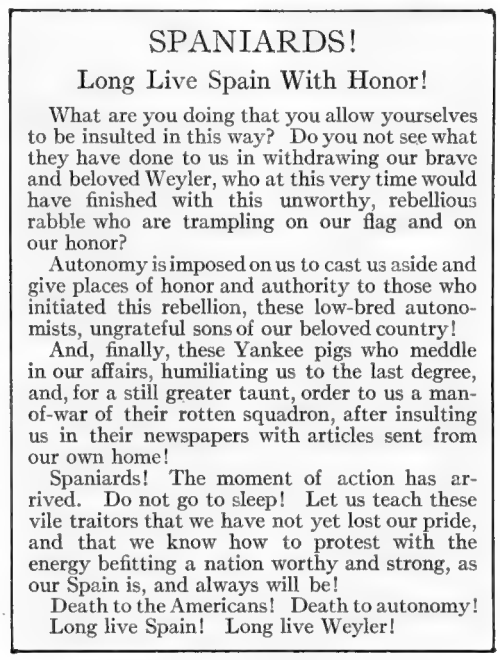
for us. Suddenly the admiral turned to his aid and said with seeming astonishment, "Why, Captain Sigsbee is a man of action." The aid then turned to me, and with his characteristic and pleasing courtesy interpreted to me the admiral's remark. I replied that I had arrived at command rank very young for an officer in the American navy, that my sea service had been large, and that I had, naturally, been obliged to be active and resourceful.

Soon after the explosion, Admiral Manterola made me a personal visit at the Hotel Inglaterra, accompanied by his aid. Our interpreter, a Mr. Gonzales, was a

very intelligent clerk at the hotel. Within several hours after the explosion, the admiral had ordered a Spanish naval inquiry into its cause. His court reported, in argumentative style, about four and one half days after it convened, that the *Maine* must have been blown up from the interior. Probably he desired to see me in order to ascertain what trend the American inquiry would take. He asked a number of questions, some by way of suggestion, and showed that he had a fair knowledge of the interior of the vessel at least. He asked if the dynamo boilers had not exploded, and was told that the *Maine* had no dynamo boilers. He assumed that the guncotton storeroom or magazine was forward near the center of the explosion, and was informed that the earlier plans of the vessel had been changed and that the guncotton was stowed aft under the captain's cabin, where the vessel was still intact. He then referred to the unstable quality of modern gunpowders, and was met by the remark that our powder was of the old, and stable, brown prismatic kind, and that we had no fancy powders. He referred to the probable effects of boilers lighted near the forward coal-bunkers, which were adjacent to the forward magazines. This again was met with the remark that for three months no boiler in the forward boiler-compartment had been active; that during our whole stay at Havana the two aftermost boilers only had been in service.

It was very evident that Admiral Manterola was disinclined to consider the question of initial explosion from outside the vessel, nor did he give me any facts whatever bearing on the question of Spanish torpedoes, explosives, safeguards, or disposition of material and instrumentalities in general. I assured him that the American investigation would be exhaustive and that every possible cause would be included in the inquiry; that our policy would be to investigate ourselves first, and that the inquiry would doubtless cover all available sources of information. He seemed desirous of knowing the tendency of my personal views. I was equally concerned to know what he thought.

Finally, when I was closely pressed for a direct statement as to how the explosion could have been caused, if not from the interior of the vessel, I decided that the admiral had dominated me sufficiently as to his seeming measure of my intelligence. Therefore I ventured to say that a few persons of evil disposition, with conveniences at hand, could, if so inclined, have blown up the *Maine* from the outside; that there were bad men everywhere as well as good men. Although he had been virtually suggesting ignorance or carelessness as to the American side of the question, he was plainly nettled at my reply. He turned to the interpreter and said rather sharply something that I could not interpret, though I inwardly questioned his tact somewhat. I caught enough of the interpreter's protest to him, and also his aid's, to understand that they advised him to be conciliatory. Their glances directed at the admiral suggested more to me than the Spanish words that I did not understand. However, I appeared to observe nothing unusual, and went on to say that any investigation which did not consider all possible causes would not be accepted as exhaustive, and that the United States government would not come to a conclusion in advance as to whether the cause was exterior or interior. Admiral Manterola conceded the point politely, and



SPANIARDS!

Long Live Spain With Honor!

What are you doing that you allow yourselves to be insulted in this way? Do you not see what they have done to us in withdrawing our brave and beloved Weyler, who at this very time would have finished with this unworthy, rebellious rabble who are trampling on our flag and on our honor?

Autonomy is imposed on us to cast us aside and give places of honor and authority to those who initiated this rebellion, these low-bred autonomists, ungrateful sons of our beloved country!

And, finally, these Yankee pigs who meddle in our affairs, humiliating us to the last degree, and, for a still greater taunt, order to us a man-of-war of their rotten squadron, after insulting us in their newspapers with articles sent from our own home!

Spaniards! The moment of action has arrived. Do not go to sleep! Let us teach these vile traitors that we have not yet lost our pride, and that we know how to protest with the energy befitting a nation worthy and strong, as our Spain is, and always will be!

Death to the Americans! Death to autonomy!
Long live Spain! Long live Weyler!

Translation of the handbill on page 157

Wounded men of the "Maine" in a Key West hospital, where they were taken as soon as they could be removed from Havana. Some of them bore such frightful wounds as to be almost unrecognizable.—Handbill thrust into Captain Sigsbee's hand a few days before the explosion. A translation appears on page 156

soon terminated the visit with his usual courtesy. I had conceived a great liking for the admiral's aid, whose name I cannot recall at this moment. In his intercourse with me, on various occasions, he had seemed to embrace in himself the most admirable traits of Spanish character.

It has been charged, even in the United States, that the *Maine* entered Havana Harbor cleared for action. That overshoots the mark. She was merely in such a state of readiness that she could not have been taken at much disadvantage had she been attacked. She presented no offensive appearance of preparation, and meant no offense. From peaceful appearance to complete readiness, on board a war vessel, is only a short step. Her visit was intended to be friendly, and was simply in the nature of visits made by men-of-war of other nations to give confidence, protection, or asylum to their own people in foreign ports where a condition of war prevails, or where there is great public excitement. The crew of the *Maine* was not given liberty on shore in Havana, and for this repression Captain-General Blanco gave me his thanks. I myself visited the shore freely and went remotely from the

¡Españoles!

¡VIVA ESPAÑA CON HONRA!

¿Qué haceis que os dejais insultar de esa manera? ¿No veis lo que nos han hecho retirando á nuestro valiente y querido Weyler, que á estas horas ya hubiéramos acabado con esta indigna canalla insurrecta que pisotea nuestra bandera y nuestro honor?

Nos imponen la Autonomía para echarnos á un lado y dar los puestos de honor y mando á aquellos que iniciaron esta rebelion, estos mal nacidos autonomistas, hijos ingratos de nuestra querida patria!

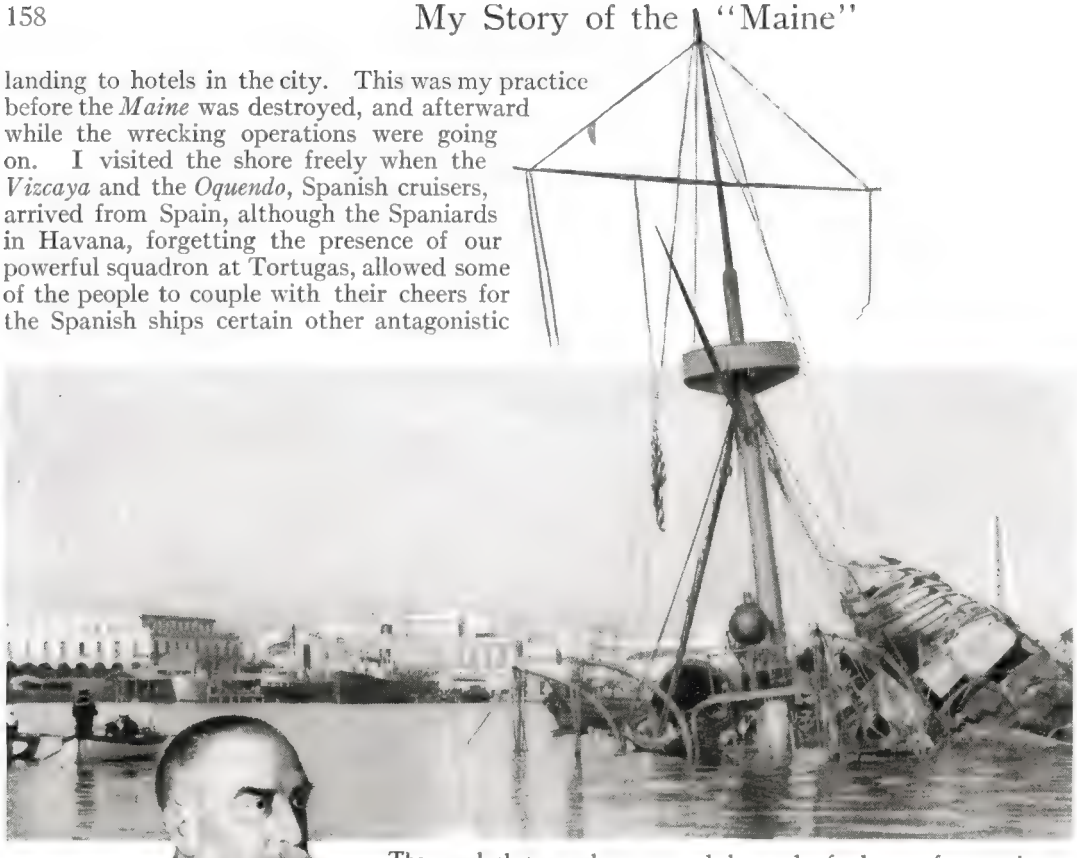
Y por último, estos cochinos yankees que se mezclan en nuestros asuntos, humillándonos hasta el último grado, y para más vejámen nos mandan uno de los barcos de guerra de su podrida escuadra, después de insultarnos en sus diarios y desde nuestra casa!

Españoles! Llegó el momento de accion, no dormiteis! Enseñemos á esos viles traidores que todavía no hemos perdido la vergüenza y que sabemos protestar con la energía que corresponde á una nacion digna y fuerte como es y siempre será nuestra España!

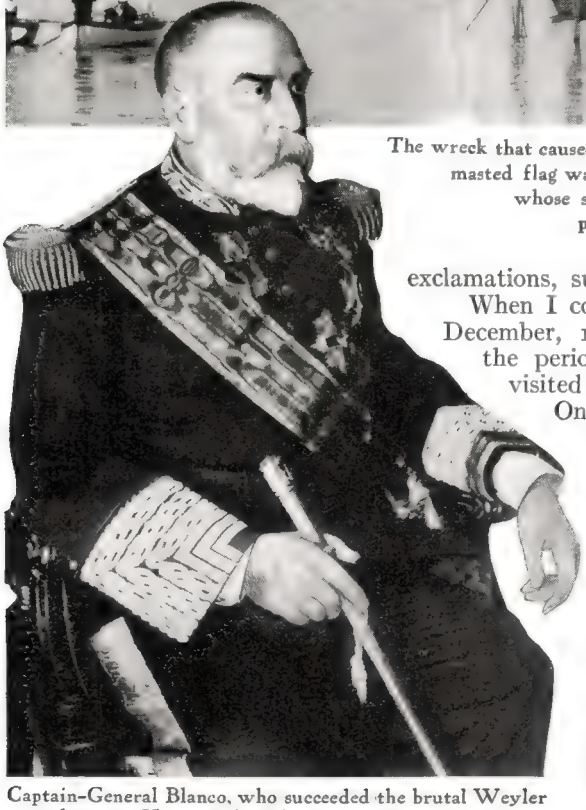
Mueran los americanos! Muera la Autonomía!

Viva España! Viva Weyler!

landing to hotels in the city. This was my practice before the *Maine* was destroyed, and afterward while the wrecking operations were going on. I visited the shore freely when the *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo*, Spanish cruisers, arrived from Spain, although the Spaniards in Havana, forgetting the presence of our powerful squadron at Tortugas, allowed some of the people to couple with their cheers for the Spanish ships certain other antagonistic



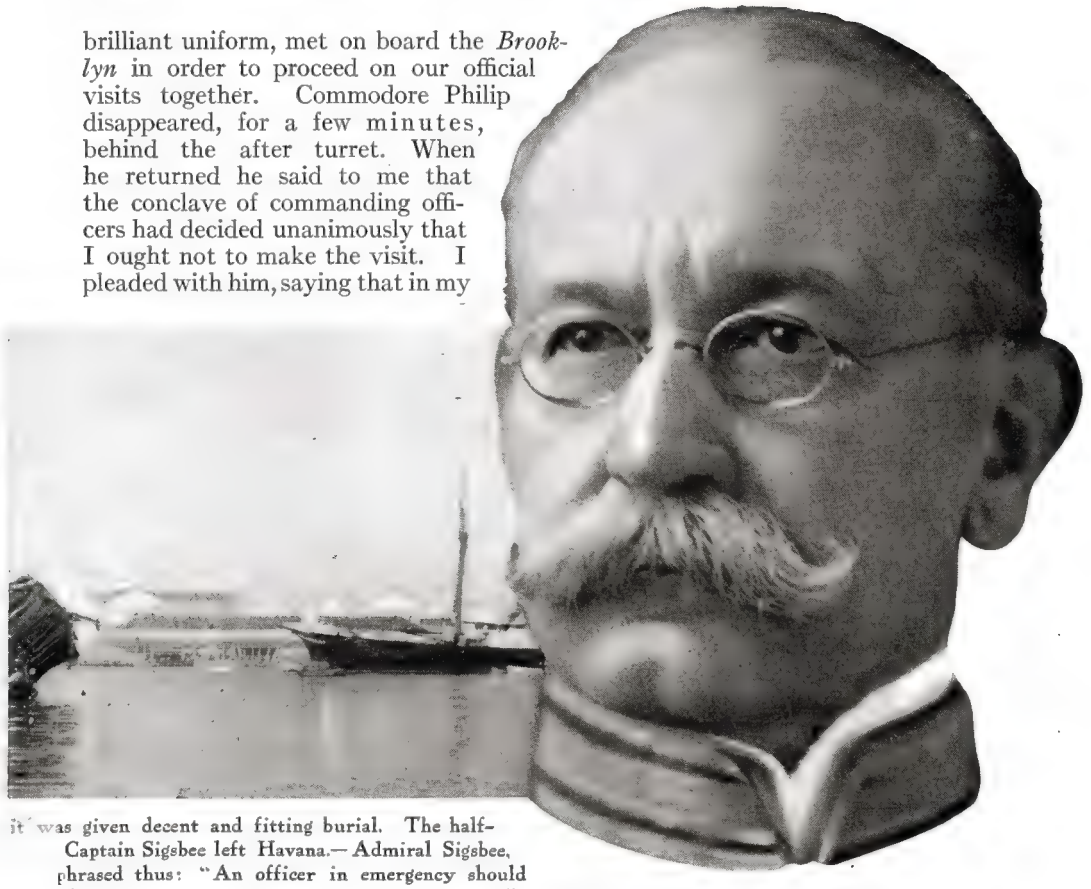
The wreck that caused a war—and thousands of columns of protest l masted flag was hoisted soon after the explosion and stayed whose service creed, the outgrowth of a stirring c pour ice-water over his personal feelings, in or



Captain-General Blanco, who succeeded the brutal Weyler and was in Havana when the "Maine" was blown up. Admiral Sigsbee absolves him of complicity in his ship's destruction

exclamations, such as "Death to the Americans!" When I commanded the *Texas*, at Havana, in December, 1898, and January, 1899, covering the period of Spanish evacuation, I again visited the shore freely, and almost daily. On the arrival of the *Texas* and other American vessels, it became necessary for their commanding officers to visit, officially, the Captain-General and Admiral Manterola. Commodore John W. Philip was senior officer of the American vessels. He advised me not to include myself in the visits. When I asked informally for a reason, he replied, "You might be shot, and in the present condition of things there would be no recourse." I replied, laughingly, that if I were thoroughly shot I, myself, would be beyond the need of any recourse. Then I recited my former experience of safety on shore. The next day our commanding officers, in

brilliant uniform, met on board the *Brooklyn* in order to proceed on our official visits together. Commodore Philip disappeared, for a few minutes, behind the after turret. When he returned he said to me that the conclave of commanding officers had decided unanimously that I ought not to make the visit. I pleaded with him, saying that in my



it was given decent and fitting burial. The half-
Captain Sigsbee left Havana.— Admiral Sigsbee,
phrased thus: "An officer in emergency should
his nervous prostration to a proper moment"

opinion the typical Spaniard was not inclined to do bodily harm to a stranger; that I had made my official visits theretofore with promptness, and that my abandonment, then, of a visit which was due with those of the other commanding officers, would be ascribed by the Spanish officials to distrust or personal fear of consequences on my part, and therefore as decidedly uncomplimentary to themselves. I further told Commodore Philip that I would go unless given positive orders to the contrary, and that I hoped he would not see fit to give such orders. He then said that he would leave me quite free to do as I wished. I accompanied the others to the Machina landing and took a separate carriage, of which I was the only occupant. I purposely lagged behind until I had lost sight of the other carriage. In that way I arrived at the palace of the Captain-General a little later than the others and thus confirmed my confidence in the Spaniards as against any molestation of myself. During my many visits to Havana there were several occasions when Americans on shore would insist on accompanying me, for my protection, from the hotel to the landing, when I chanced to be returning on board late at night. I always declined their services, but they always insisted, and carried out their purpose. I commonly remarked, "You are merely having your trouble for your pains, for I intend to come ashore whenever I choose and on such occasions shall not have protection." I saw no need for protection on any occasion whatever, during my visits ashore. I met with no discourtesy, nor did I carry a weapon of any kind at any time while in Havana. No case of discourtesy to the other officers of the *Maine* was reported, from which I infer that no discourtesy was shown them. Surely fair play is not lacking in virtue. Although Havana was then the principal base of virtual war, it was a well-conducted city.

The conclusion of Admiral Sigsbee's ***"Story of the 'Maine'"*** will appear in the August issue.

"Wolfville"

THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF "WOLFVILLE" STORIES

We are exceptionally glad to begin this series of "Wolfville" stories by Alfred Henry Lewis. There will be at least six of them—and probably twelve—all depending on Mr. Lewis and whether we can persuade him to find time for an even dozen. The fact is that the former "Wolfville" series was about as popular a fiction feature as Cosmopolitan ever printed. You will like this new series just as much—or more. We are sure of that. So begin now—with the first one—the story of a "speecific heroine"—with a Winchester

Cynthiana, Pet-Named "Original Sin"

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Wolfville Folks," etc.

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

"THIS yere speecific heroine," observed the Old Cattleman, bringing forth his faithful brier-root, "is a heap onconventional, so much so as to be plumb puzzlin' to the common mind. Jest the same, she finishes winner, an' makes herse'f a gen'ral source of pride. She don't notify us, none whatever, that she intends a Wolfville déboo; but jest nacherally descends upon us, that a-way, as onannounced as a mink on a settin' hen. At that we knows she's comin' while yet she's five mile out on the trail. Not that we savvys who she is or what she aims at; we merely gets moved up next to the fact that she's a lady, an' likewise no slouch for looks.

"We reads these yere trooths in the dust Old Monte kicks up, as he comes swingin' in with the stage. Which it's the weakness of this profligate that, once let him get a lady aboard, it looks like it's a signal for him to go pourin' the leather into his team like he ain't got a minute to live. It's a p'lite attention which he assoomes, in his besotted way, is doo the sex. From first to last, you-all could measure Old Monte's notion of the pulcritoode of a petticoat passenger by the extent to which he lams loose with his whip. Given what he deems is a she-sunburst, he shorely does maltreat the company's live-stock shameful.

"'If,' observes Doc Peets, as a bunch of us stands gossipin' round in front of the Red Light that time, watchin' the dust-cloud draw nearer an' nearer—'if it's pos's'ble to imagine the old sot as havin' a Cleopatra to freight over from Tucson, it's a cow-pony to a Mexican sheep he'd kill one of the wheelers.'

"Thar's a feeble form of young tenderfoot pesterin' about the suburbs of the crowd. He's one of them hooman deficits, so plumb ornery as to be useless East, which their fam'lies, in gettin' rid of 'em, saws happ'ly off onto an onprotected West. This partic'lar racial disaster's been on our hands now mebbe it's six months, an' we-all is hopin' that in some p'intless sort o' way he'll brace up an' do overt acts which entitles us to stampede him out of camp. But so far he don't. This yere exile comes wanderin' into the talk by askin'—his voice as thin as a curlew's,

"'Who is this Old Monte you're alloodin' at?'

"'Whoever is he?' says Dan Boggs. 'Which if you-all'd struck camp by way of Tucson, instead of skulkin' in, in the low-down fashion you does, on the Lordsburg-Red Dog buckboard, you wouldn't have to ask none. He's the offishul drunkard of Arizona, Old Monte is. Likewise the same should be notice that it's a heap footile for you to go ropin' at that p'sition. I says this since, from the quantity of Old Jordan you've been mowin' away, I more than half infers that you nourishes designs upon the place.'

"The feeble young shorthorn smiles a puny smile, and don't lunge forth into no more queries.

"Texas Thompson, who's been listenin' to what Boggs says, squar's 'round an' half-

"Texas onflaggin'ly confines his observations to 'Licker, miss, please!' Once the licker's before him, he heaves it into himse'f same as if it's drugs"

way erects his crest for an argyooment. Texas has had marital troubles, an' him ponderin' the same constant renders him some bitter an' morose.

"'From your tone of voice, Dan,' reemarks Texas, 'I takes it you holds Old Monte's appetite for nose-paint to be a deefect. That's whar I differs. That old marauder is a drunkard through sheer excess of guile. He finds in alcohol his ark of refooge. I only wish I'd took inordinate to whiskey in my 'teens.'

"Boggs is amazed. 'Texas,' he says, plenty sorrowful, 'it wouldn't astonish me none if you finds your finish in a wickiup deevoted to loonatics, playin' with a string of spools.'

"'That's your onthinkin' way,' retorts Texas. 'Do you reckon, if I'd been a slave to drink when that Laredo wife of mine first sees me, she'd have w'irled me to the altar an' made me the blighted longhorn you sees now? She wouldn't have let me get near enough to her to give her a bunch of grapes. It's my sobri'ty that's my ondoin' —that an' bein' plumb moral. Which I onerringly traces them divorce troubles, an' her sellin' up my stock at public vandoo for cost an' al'mony like she does, to me weakly holdin' aloof from whiskey when I'm young.'

"'Which I shore,' retorts Boggs, mighty peevish an' put out, 'never meets up with a more exasp'ratin' conversationist! It's because you're sech an' egreegious egotisk! You-all can't talk ten minutes, Texas, but what you're allers bringin' in them domestic affairs of yours. If you desires to discuss whiskey abstract, an' from what the Doc thar calls a academic standp'int, I'm your gent. But I declines to be drug into personal'ties, in considerin' which I might be carried by the heat of deebate to where I gets myse'f shot up.'

"'I sees your attitood, Dan,' says Texas; 'I sees your attitood an' respects it. Jest the same thar's an anti-nuptial side to the liquor question, an' bein' a drunkard that a-way is not without its compensations.'

"'But he's bound to be so blurred,' reemonstrates Boggs, who by nacher is dispootatious, an' once started prone to swing an' rattle with a topic like a pup to a pig's y'ear; 'that drunkard is so plumb blurred.'

"'Blurred but free, Dan,' retorts Texas, mighty firm. 'Don't overlook no sech bet

as that drunkard bein' free. Also, it's better to be single than sober.'

"'Goin' back to Old Monte,' says Boggs, returning to the orig'nal text, 'half the time, over to the O. K. Restauraw, when Missis Rucker slams him down his chuck, he ain't none shore he's eatin' flapjacks or rattlesnakes. The other day, when Rucker drops a plate, he jumps three feet in the air, throws up his hands an' yells, "Take the express-box, gents, but spar' my life!" It's whiskey does it. The old cimarron thinks it's road-agents stickin' him up.'

"Dispoote is only ended by the stage thunderin' in—leathers creakin', chains jinglin', hosses a lather of sweat an' alkali dust, Old Monte cocked up on the box as austere as a treeful of owls. He's for openin' the door, but Peets is thar before him. The Doc offers his hand to he'p her out, but she hits the ground onaided as light as any leaf. Nacherally we looks her over. Take her from foretop to fetlocks, she's as handsome an' piquant as a diamond flush. She's got corn-colored ha'r, an' eyes as soft an' deep an' bloo as the sky in Joone. Peets calls 'em azure—bein' romantic. As for the rest of us, we don't call 'em nothin'; for, whether bloo or azure, thar's a sprightly look about 'em which would jestify any semi-proodent gent in jumpin' sideways. Likewise, she's packin' a Colt's .45, an' clutchin' a Winchester in her little claw, the same contreebutin' a whole lot toward makin' her impressive as a pageant.

"'How are you, sports?' she says, tossin' her disengaged hand a heap arch. 'I gets word about you-all up in Vegas, an' allows I'll come trundlin' down yere an' size you up. My idee is you needs regen'ratin'.'

"'Is thar anything we-all can he'p you to, miss?' asks Old Man Enright, who takes the play away from Peets. 'If aught is wanted, an' thar's a lariat in the outfit long enough to reach, you-all can trust Wolfville to rope, throw, an' hawg-tie the same accordin' to your wishes.'

"'Yes,' adds Peets, 'as Sam says, if thar's any way we-all can serve you, miss, jest say the word. Likewise, if you don't feel like speakin', make signs; an' if you objects to makin' signs, shake a bush. All we reequires is the slightest hint.'

"'Be ca'm,' says the young lady, her manner as se'f-confident as if she's a queen. 'Thar's nothin' demanded of you outlaws except to tamely listen. I'm a se'f-respectin', se'f-supportin' young female who beleeves in woman's suffrage an' the equality of the sects in pol'tics an' property rights. Which my name is Bark, baptized Cynthiana, the same redooced by my old pap, while yet alive, into the pet name of Original Sin. It's my present purpose to become a citizen of this camp, an' take my ontrammeled place in its commercial life by openin' a grog-shop. Pendin' which, do you-all see this?'—an' she dallies gently with a fringe of b'ar-claws she's wearin' as a necklace, the same bein' in loo of beads. 'That grizzly's as big an' ugly as him.' Yere she tosses a rose-leaf thumb at Boggs, who breaks into a profoose sweat. 'I downs him. Also, I'll send the first horned-toad among you, who pays me any flagrant attentions, pirootin' after that b'ar. Don't forget, gents; my name's Bark, Cynthiana Bark, pet-named Original Sin, an' thar's a bite goes with the Bark.'

"Havin' conclooded this yere salootatory, Miss Bark, givin' a coquettish flourish to her Winchester, goes trapesin' over to the O. K. Restauraw, leavin' us—as the story-writers puts it—glooed to the spot. You see, it ain't been yoosual with us none to cross up with ladies who, without waitin' for us to so much as bat an admirin' eye or wag an adorin' y'ear, opens neegotiations by threatenin' to shoot us in two.

"'Thar's a young lady,' says Peets, who's first to ketch his breath, 'that's got what I calls verve. Likewise aplomb.'

"'Admittin' which,' observes Enright, some doubtful, havin' been thrown back on his hocks a whole lot; 'none the less, some of you-all young bucks must have looked at her in a improper way, to start her to ghost-dancin' like she does.'

"Enright's eye roves inquirin'ly from Boggs to Texas, an' even takes in Dave Tutt.

"'Not me!' declar's Texas, plenty fervent; 'not me!—more'n if she's a t'rant'ler!'

"'As the husband of Tucson Jennie,' observes Dave, his air some haughty, bein' as he allers puts on no end of dog whenever he mentions his fam'ly—'as the husband of Tucson Jennie, an' the ondoubted father of that public ornament an' blessin', little Enright Peets Tutt, I do not regyard it as up to me to cl'ar myse'f of sech charges.'

"'Sam,' says Boggs, his voice reproachful, 'you notes how she makes invidious compar'sons between me an' that b'ar, an' how she beefs the b'ar? After which gratooitous

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"'It's you, Abner, that I want,' observes this yere intrepid Miss Bark. 'I concloodes, upon sober second thought, to accept that offer of marriage'"

slur, it's preeposterous to s'ppose I'd go noticin' her or takin' any chances.'

"Then it's you,' says Enright, comin' round on the puny tenderfoot. 'Jack,' he continyoos, appealin' to Jack Moore, who's kettle-tender for the Stranglers, of which arm of jestice Enright is chief—'Jack, do you reemark any ontoward looks on the part of this partic'lar prairie-dog, calc'lated to alarm a maiden of fastidious feelin's?'

"'Sir,' breaks in the feeble young tenderfoot, an' allmighty tremyoolous, 'as shore as my name is Abner Freelinghuysen, I never even glances at that girl. I ain't so much as present while she's issuin' her deefiances. I lapses into the Red Light, the moment I observes how she's equipped, an' Black Jack, the barkeep, will ver'fy my words.'

"'All right,' warns Enright, plumb severe, 'you be careful'an' conduct yourself deecorous. Wolfville is a moral camp. Thar's things done every day an' approved of in Noo York which'd get a gent downed in Wolfville.'

"'That Miss Bark mentions she's for woman's suffrage, Sam?' observes Boggs in a questionin' way, as we stands sloppin' out a recooperative forty drops in the Red Light.

"'Shore!' replies Enright. 'The Doc yere can tell you all about 'em. As I onderstands, they're a warlike bevy who voylently resents not bein' born men. Thar's one thing, however; I sincerely trusts that none of you boundin' sports'll prove that onwary as to go callin' her by that pet name of Original Sin. Them exponents of women's rights is plumb full of the onexpected, an' it's my belief that all who ain't honin' to commit sooicide'll be careful an' address her as Miss Bark.'

"'Be they many of that woman's suffrage brand?' persists Boggs.

"'Herds of 'em,' chips in Peets. 'The Eastern ranges is alive with 'em. But they don't last. As a roole they gets married, an' that's gen'rally the end of their pernicious activ'ties. Wedlock is a heap apt to knock their horns off.'

"Misses Rucker don't take to this Miss Bark's woman-suffrage views. 'She's welcome,' says that esteemable cook an' matron, 'to her feelin's; but she mustn't come preachin' no doctrines to me, wharof the effects is to place Rucker on a level. I've had trouble enough redoocin' that ground-hawg to where he belongs, an' I ain't goin' to sacrifice the work of years for no sentiments.'

"'Which I shore agrees with you, Missis Rucker,' says Faro Nell, lookin' up from some plum preeserves she's backin' off the noonday board, to consider Cherokee Hall, who's settin' next. 'A woman has enough to do to boss one gent, without tryin' to roole broadcast over whole commoonities.'

"At this exchange of views by Faro Nell an' Missis Rucker, Cherokee softly grins like a sharp who can see his way through. As for Rucker, who's waitin' on the table an' packin' in viands from the kitchen, he takes it as sullen as a sorehead dog. Personal, I ain't got no use for Rucker; but, between us, Missis Rucker, one way an' another, does certainly oppress him grievous.

"Before the week is out, we knows a lot more about Miss Bark than we does when she comes prancin' out upon us from Old Monte's stage. Not that thar's aught ag'inst the lady. It's doo to Enright, who begins recollectin' things.

"'Which I knows her pop,' explains Enright, 'now my mem'ry's assertin' itse'f—knows him when he first comes bulgin' into the Pecos Valley, eighteen years ago. This Original Sin daughter an' her maw don't show up none till later. Thar's no more innocent form of tenderfoot than said Bark ever comes weavin' into the Southwest. He's that ignorantly innocent, wild geese is sagacious to him. But he's full of a painstakin' energy, all the same, an' mighty assidyoos to learn.'

"'Whatever does he turn to?' asks Texas.

"'He hires out to a peach-ranch. An' this'll show you how industrious that a-way this Bark tarrapin is. The peach-ranch party has a measly bunch of sheep. He keeps 'em nights in a box-tight board corral, so's the coyotes can't get to mingle with 'em. Days he throws 'em loose to feed. The first evenin', the peach-ranch gent tells this yere Bark to corral the sheep, an' then come in for supper. "An' be shore," says the peach-ranch party, "you gets 'em all in."

"'An hour goes by, an' the peach-ranch party is about through his feed, when this Bark drifts up to the table. His face is flushed, but he's w'arin' a look of triumph. "I hives 'em," says he, some exultant; "only one lamb does shore force me to extend myse'f a lot. I'll gamble I runs a hundred miles, before I rounds him up."

"'Next mornin' the peach-ranch party goes out to throw loose them sheep. As he cranes his neck over the corral fence to

"When we arrives, we finds a dead Greaser carelessly quiled up near the door, an' Miss Bark snappin the empty shell out of her six-shooter. 'He was roode,' is the only explanation she vouchsafes"

count 'em, he's amazed to see a jack-rabbit galumpin' about among 'em. "Gin'ral Jackson fit the Injuns!" he exclaims. "However does that jack-rabbit get himse'f mixed in with them sheep?" An' he p'ints it out to Bark.

"'That ontootered person is all astonishment. "Jack-rabbit!" says he. "Why, I hopes next fall to vote the Reepublican ticket an' die disgraced, if I don't put it down for a lamb! That's the anamile which makes me run my laigs off, roundin' of him up.'"

"'Which as you says, Sam,' reemarks Tutt, signin' up to Black Jack to set out the bottles, 'in the face of sech a showin',

that Bark person must have been some ardent.'

"'I should shore yell!' coincides Boggs.

"'But he learns in time, of course?' questions Faro Nell.

"'Learns, Nellie?' repeats Enright. 'It ain't three years before he identifies himse'f with the simple life about him to that degree he bumps off two kyard-sharps who tries to cold-deck him in a poker game, an' finds besides his steady employment stealin' old John Chisholm's calves, tharby assistin' in plantin' the toomultous seed of what comes subsequent to be called the Lincoln County War.'

"'What's the finish of this interestin' crim'nal?' asks Cherokee.

"'Lynched,' returns Enright. 'They puts him over the jump at Seven Rivers. Rattlesnake—they calls him Rattlesnake Bark, in them later years, him having grown that p'isenous—is bunked down in one of these yere jim-crow, barn-board hotels. Thar's a resoundin' form of guest in the adjoinin' room, snorin' to beat four kings an' a ace. Rattlesnake tries poundin' on the partition, an' sw'arin' at him, an' callin' him a hoss-thief. It's of no avail. The snores of that boarder sounds like sawin' planks, an' fairly rocks the shack, they're that stormy. Final, when Rattlesnake's burdens gets to be more'n flesh an' blood can b'ar, he reaches for his .45, an' bombards that sleeper good an' plenty through the wall. It turns out it's the new jedge. In the mornin', when this joorist is discovered too dead to skin, the public is that chagrined it takes Rattlesnake out, as soon as breakfast's over, an' strings him to a limb.'

"'Don't this pore Rattlesnake get no hearin'?' asks Faro Nell.

"'You see, Nellie,' Enright replies, 'what with maverickin' the Chisholm calves, an' a stage or two stood up which p'ints to him, the close season's been out as to this yere Rattlesnake for mighty like a year. Not but what he might have made preparation. Thar's a reeligious party present who asks Rattlesnake if he wants him to pray some. "Which you'll cross the dark river all the easier," expounds the reeligious person. But Rattlesnake reefuses his ministrations. "I'm what I be," says Rattlesnake. "As for that dark river you refers to, I ain't lookin' for no shallow ford."

"'This Rattlesnake,' continyoos Enright, 'is willin' to learn to the last. It's his way. Spring a new game on him, an' he's out instanter scoutin' for information an' advice. That's why he comes on so fast. Thar bein' nothin' to stand him on, for the purpose of bein' lynched, the Stranglers has posed Rattlesnake atop of a stack of hay, which is heaped up onder the tree they're yootilizin'. When the lariat is round his neck, an' he's disposed of the reeligious party who attempts to turn the business into a pra'r-meetin', Rattlesnake looks at the chief of the committee an' says, "This yere bein' hanged from a hay-cock is new to me entire, an' tharfore I'm obleeged to ask whether you-all expects me to jump off or slide."'

"'Well,' comments Jack Moore, drawin' a deep breath, 'the old murderer's game—misguided, mebby, but game.'

"'That may be as it may,' observes Boggs, plenty thoughtful, 'but after all I regyards these yere details Sam onfurls as chiefly valyooable as sheddin' a ray on this Miss Bark. On the chance that she takes after her old man, from now on I'm goin' to walk 'round her like she's a swamp.'

"It's, say, ten days after Miss Bark hits camp that things begins to focus. An old Mexican, the color of a blacksmith's apron, an' his wife, who's the same prosaic tint, comes creakin' along with a six-mule team—two wagons, lead an' trail, loaded to the gyards with stock an' fixtures. Said par'fernalia havin' arrived, Miss Bark busts in the door of the old deserted Lady Gay, an' takes possession. Armstrong, who runs the Noo York Store, is the owner, but onder the circumstances he allows it'll be the act of a boor to interfere. Besides, the attitoode of the young lady, herse'f, is plumb discouragin'.

"'I'd shore admire,' she reemarks, as with the aid of her Mexicans she goes slammin' things into p'sition, 'to see some male felon try to run a bluff about him havin' title to this Lady Gay, an' becomin' my landlord. Men have tyrannized a heap too long as it is over onprotected women, an' thar's one at least who's about bore all she will.'

"When Miss Bark's organized, she tacks up over the door a sign which the painter at the stage station preepar's. It reads, 'Votes For Women S'loon.'

"'Only get it straight,' says Miss Bark, when she has us close-herded at chuck-time in the dinin'-room of the O. K. Restauraw, 'I ain't openin' this s'loon none with a view

to sordid gain. I got money enough right now to buy an' burn this yere deboshed town of Wolfville, an' then prance over an' purchase an' apply the torch to that equally abandoned outfit, Red Dog. What I'm reachin' for is the p'litical uplift of this camp. Recognizin' whiskey as a permanency an' that s'loons has come to stay, I aims to show folks how them reesorts should be run. I hopes to see the day when every s'loon 'll be in the hands of ladies. For I holds that once woman controls the nose-paint of the nation, the ballot is bound to follow.'

"Once it's started, we-all manages to patronize the Votes For Women S'loon for a average of three drinks a day. Enright advises it as safer. 'Otherwise she might resent it,' explains Enright, 'an' armed to the teeth like she is, an' possessin' them perfervid idees, thar's no tellin' whar she'd end.'

"None of us feels like hangin' out thar. The atmosphere is too plumb formal. Besides, this yere Miss Bark has rooles. No kyards is permitted; an' moreover, you've got to go outdoors to sw'ar. As to drinks, the soberest among us can't get licker oftener than every other time, while Old Monte can't get none at all. That Votes For Women S'loon, considered as a house of call, an' put it mildest, is certainly deepressin'.

"When I speaks of us patronizin' Miss Bark for three daily drinks, that a-way, thar's exceptions. Old Monte, as I states, is barred by the lady personal on the grounds of him bein' a slave to drink, while Dave Tutt is forbid by Tucson Jennie. Dave chafes some at them mandates of Jennie's; but bein' keenly alive as to what's comin' to her, as well as what she's cap'ble of, in her dooal rôle of wife an' mother, he yields. As for Texas, while he subscribes to them three diurnal drinks, he insists that he has company.

"'It's all right,' Texas'd say; 'I ain't intimatin' that this Miss Bark goes cherishin' designs. But it's been my onbreakable roole, since them divorce experiences, to never enter the presence of onmarried ladies, onless I'm attended by witnesses.'

"Owin' to which, some of us allers trails in along with Texas when he visits the Votes For Women S'loon. Even when thus protected, he onflaggin'ly confines his observations to 'Licker, miss, please!' an' stops thar as dumb as graven images. Once the licker's before him, he heaves it into himse'f same as if it's drugs; after which he pulls his freight, a heap speedy, breathin' hard, an' as scared as a jack-rabbit that's heard the howl of a wolf.

"Miss Bark has been on the map for mebby it's a week, when thar occurs a eepisode which, while it makes no profound impression—deceased bein' a Mexican, that a-way—shows she ain't packin' her pap Rattlesnake's old Colt's .45 in a sperit of facetiousness. It's about second drink-time one evenin' when thar's the dull roar of a gun from over in the Votes For Women S'loon. When we arrives, we finds a dead Greaser carelessly quiled up near the door, an' Miss Bark snappin' the empty shell out of her six-shooter.

"'He was roode,' is the only explanation she vouchsafes; an' Enright, after lookin' at Peets a spell, who's lookin' at the ceilin', says it's s'fficient.

"'Only,' says Enright, when we're back safe in the Red Light, 'I sincerely trusts she won't get her hind sights notched up to whar she takes to bumpin' off *Americanos*. I shore don't know whatever in sech case we could do, vig'lance committees, in the very essence of their construction, possessin' no joorisdiction over ladies.'

"'That's right, Sam,' says Peets, plenty grave. 'If it ever gets to whar this Miss Bark turns her artillery loose on the camp permisc'us, the only hope would be to adjourn Wolfville *sine die*.'

"Miss Bark, however, never does grow homicidal toward any of us, an' the only effect of her puttin' that Mexican over is that it inclines folks gen'ral to step high an' softly on what occasions they're found in her s'ciety.

"One week, two weeks, three goes by, an' since a dead Mexican more or less ain't calc'lated to leave no oneffac'ble scars, the incident is all but forgot when a second uprisin' takes place in the Votes For Women S'loon. This time it's that sickly, curlew-voiced Abner who's the shriekin' center of events. Most of us is jest stringin' out of the O. K. Restauraw, pickin' our teeth after our matootinal salt hoss an' flapjacks, when we beholds this Abner person boilin' forth from the Votes For Women S'loon, all spraddled out. As this yere Abner party goes t'arin' down the street, Miss Bark takes a p'sition in the door, an' ca'mly pumps three loads at him out of her Winchester. When

I says she pumps them bullets at Abner, it's to be took conserv'tive; for none of 'em hits him, but only tosses up the dust about his flyin' feet. At the last shot, Abner cripples down in a shiverin' heap; an', with that, Texas an' Boggs, not knowin' the extent of his injuries, packs him into his room over at the O. K. Restauraw, so's Peets can prospect his frame all scientific, locatin' the lead. Thar bein' no lead, as reelated, Peets reeports final to that effect.

"'Only,' says Peets, 'he's scared up to sech a pitch that if that Joan of Ark had dusted his gaiters with so much as two more bullets, he'd shore have been beyond medical skill.'

"Followin' the foosilade, Miss Bark sends for Enright to explain. 'It's this a-way,' she goes on, when Enright arrives. 'That shorthorn, Abner, comes lurchin' in, an' asks for nose-paint. As he stands thar puttin' it onder his belt, me meanwhile swabbin' off the bar, he mentions that his paw's rich, an' his stepmaw's jest died, leavin' him an' his paw alone. Then he calls attention to the presence in camp of that strayed sky-pilot who preaches an' passes the hat the other evenin' over in the wareroom of the Noo York Store. It's now, havin' got the bar tittivated to my tastes, I has time to look this Abner person's way, an' I finds him gloatin' over me in form an' manner not to be mistook. "Whatever be you leerin' at?" I deemands, for I'm in no mood for insults. Tharupon he cuts loose a mouthful of platitoodes concernin' wedlock, an' about me bein' the soul of his soul. Havin' stood all I could, I grabs my Winchester, whar it's reposin' ready on the dripboard, an' you knows the rest.'

"'With your free consent, miss,' says Enright, 'I'd like to put one query. Was you aimin' to down or simply skeer this Abner?'

"'I was merely skeerin' him up some,' replies Miss Bark coyly. 'W'y, if I was reelly out for his skelp, I'd have shore got it. You can pin a patch the size of a dollar on that dispa'rin' lover's coat, an' I'll cut it nine times out of ten, offhand, at a hundred yards.'

"'Tests is not required,' Ensight interposes plenty hasty. 'It's part of the organic law of this yere camp that a lady's word, even if it's about her age, is to be took onchallenged.'

"'Which I'm flattered,' says Miss Bark. 'Now is thar anything else?'

"'Only this,' returns Enright. 'As long as he gives you cause, an' you can shoot like you says, whyever don't you down him?'

"'Which I confesses,' says Miss Bark, a blush mantlin' her brow an' her bloo eyes lookin' shy as a deer's, 'that sech is my original intentions when I reaches for my weepon. But jest as I sees that Abner through the sights, it comes upon me that thar's nothin' in bein' preecip'tate, an' mebby I'd better give myse'f the needed time to think his offer over.'

"Enright shakes his wisdom-freighted head ontil the shakin' is commoonicated to his 'possum-colored ha'r; an' later, when he reelates his talk to Doc Peets, the Doc shakes his head sim'lar in sapient yoonison with Enright's.

"'I'll bet a hatful of yellow chips,' says Boggs, who's stood listenin', 'ag'in a handful of whites, that this yere Miss Bark makes herse'f an' that Abner shorthorn man an' wife.'

"'Which I wouldn't wonder none,' observes Peets, replyin' to the wistful look in Enright's eye. 'That shootin' needn't count. A troo affection is freequent boisterous, that a-way.'

"'An' in case,' says Enright, 'the kyards do fall in favor of matrimony, it'll most likely be the end of that Votes For Women S'loon. I begins to see how this ongrateful outfit may yet get deep in debt to that egreegious Abner.'

"None of us ever says so, but it's the common belief that Texas connives at this yere Abner's escape. In any case, the next mornin' Abner goes catfoot out of the O. K. Restauraw, before folks is up, an' takes to hidin' out. It is proved later that he's layin' for Old Monte an' the stage about ten miles no'th of camp. Leastwise, he's thar a heap when Old Monte comes rackin' along, an' deemands that he be took up an' carried to Tucson.

"Of course it ain't no more'n first drink-time before this Abner's missed, an' by second drink-time the news has drifted over to Miss Bark. It's Peets who tells her, an' he brings back word that the way that deeserted lady knits her brows is a caution to philos'phers.

"'So,' she says at last, 'this seedoocer thinks to leave me in that heartless way. He'll find it's no light matter to charm into active life a love like mine.'

"'It's the theery, miss,' says Peets, 'of

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"The Bible sharp attempts to raise objections by askin' Abner does he do this of his own free will; but as he does, the bride begins to raise the Winchester, observin' which man'festation, he pronounces 'em man an' wife"

the best minds in camp, that this Abner's hit the Tucson trail afoot, with a plan of headin' off Old Monte an' the stage.'

"Ten minutes later Miss Bark is in the saddle an', with a lead pony gallopin' by her side, is off in pursoote of the dir'lect.

"'That lead pony looks some om'nous, Doc,' observes Enright, as the pa'r stands watchin' Miss Bark's departure.

"'It's prov'dential,' reemarks Peets, as a minute later he heads the procession to the Red Light, 'that that sky-pilot's aboard the stage. Whether it's to be a fooneral service or a marriage cer'mony, he'll work in handy.'

"Six hours later, Miss Bark comes surgin' back with that Abner foogitive, his heels tied onder the lead hoss. Anyone can see by his benumbed expression that he's a married man. The two p'ints straight for the Votes For Women S'loon, an' after boltin' her new he'pmeet into the back room, Miss Bark takes a peek in the glass, pats down her ha'r, an' goes behind the bar as yoosual.

"'Yes,' she replies, an' all a heap modest, as Peets an' Enright—actin' on behalf of the camp—gyardedly inquires if they're to offer congrat'lations, 'I reckon you may. An' the best part is that Abner's so plumb ready an' willin'. Which I never knows a bridegroom who gets married with so little struggle.'

"'How soon, Missis Freelinghuysen,' says Peets, 'do you-all reckon on lettin' this Abner husband out?'

"'Oh,' she returns, 'as soon as ever it's safe. Jest now he's some onstrung; but in a day or two I figger he'll begin to get reeconciled to his bliss. An' at that, my main idee in lockin' him up is one of reform rather than restraint. Abner's been overdrinkin' himse'f of late; an' I aims to get the whiskey out of him, so I can form some reas'nable estimate of jest how much of a husband that a-way I've done roped up.'

"'Is thar any objections,' asks Enright, 'to our visitin' this modern pris'ner of Chillon? We binds ourselves to say nothin' that'll set him to beatin' his life out ag'inst his bars.'

"'W'y, shore,' she replies, 'you-all is quite welcome. I only hopes you'll teach him to look at things in their proper light.'

"'It ain't so much,' sobs this Abner husband, when Enright an' Peets calls upon him in his captivity, 'that I've been hurried, onregyardful of my feelin's, into the married state; but, gents, my parent is doo, accordin' to his last letter, to come curvin' in yere any minute; an' whatever do you-all reckon he's goin' to say?'

"Enright an' Peets is so moved they promises Abner their support, an' this leaves him, if not hopeful, at least some cheered.

"Old Monte gives his version of them nuptials, when he returns from Tucson. 'Which it's this a-way, pards,' says he. 'I'm twenty miles no'th of yere, when somethin' flashes by, with a lead hoss, like arrers. Thinks I, "That's a hoss-thief gettin' away with some stock"; an' allowin' Jack Moore'll be hard on his neefarious hocks, I'm lookin' back a whole lot to see can I raise Jack's dust. The next I knows, an' all as sudden as a pan of milk from a top shelf, I hears a silv'ry voice remarkin', "Set your brake," an', turnin' my head, I finds a Winchester p'intin' as squar' between my eyes as you-all could lay your finger. Gents, thar's something mighty cogent about a Winchester that a-way, an' I shore shoves on the brake with sech enthoosiasm I snaps the shank short off.'

"'Wharever is this Abner party?' asks Enright.

"'He's with me on the box; an' when this yere intrepid Miss Bark takes to dom'neerin' at us with that rifle, he collapses. "It's you, Abner, that I want," observes this Miss Bark. "I concloodes, upon sober second thought, to accept that offer of marriage."'

"'Which at this eepock,' reemarks Peets, 'this Abner nacherally breaks into loud an' joyful cries.'

"'Not exactly. In fact his tones, if anything, is low sperited. "I takes it," he says, when he's able to command his feelin's, "that you declines them proffers with your Winchester at the time when made." But the lady dismisses this as a quibble, an', sayin' that she won't be paltered with no farther, orders Abner an' the Bible sharp, who's ridin' inside, to assemble by the side of the trail. The Bible sharp attempts to lay the foundations of fresh objections, by askin' Abner does he do this of his own free will; but as he does, the bride begins to raise the Winchester, which she all along reetains in her hand, observin' which man'festation, he pronounces 'em man an' wife. "What heaven has j'ined together," says he, "let no man put asunder." After which he blesses 'em, an' reports the last cinch fastened. "Pay him, Abner," whispers the bride. Whar-

upon Abner, his fingers tremblin', endows the Bible sharp with the price of a stack of reds, an' the deed is done. Later, she ropes his heels together onder the belly of her lead hoss, an' the happy pa'r goes romancin' back for Wolfville, while I kicks loose what's left of the brake an' p'ints out ag'in for Tucson.'

"On the third day, by givin' his parole an' promisin' to fondly report to his spouse once every hour, Abner is permitted to go reecreatin' about the camp. 'Only,' says the lady, by way of warnin' to Black Jack, 'thar's to be no drinks. I cannot b'ar to think of my dear husband becoming a debauchee.'

"These yere conditions preevails for mebby it's five days, when, as the stage swings in to the post-office one evenin', a stout florid old gent gets out. He comes puffin' up to Peets, a heap soopercilious.

"'Do you-all know a addle-pated an' semi-eediotic party,' says he, 'who's named Abner Freelinghuysen?'

"'Why, yes,' returns Peets, 'I do. Onless my mem'ry's pulled its picket-pin an' gone plumb astray, he's the eboolient young sharp who concloods a somewhat toomultuous courtship last week by gettin' married. He's in the shank of his honeymoon, as we stands chattin' yere.'

"The florid gent glares at Peets, feachures the color of liver, eyes stickin' out like the eyes of a snail. 'Married!' he gasps, an' falls in a apoplectic fit.

"It takes a week, an' all the drugs Peets has got, before that apoplectic's able to sit up an' call for nose-paint. An' whatever do you think? His daughter-in-law, *née* Miss Bark, utterly onbeknownst to him as sech, nurses him from soda to hock. Abner, joonior? By advice of Enright, that prodigal's took to cover over in Red Dog, ontil we're more informed about the fatted calf.

"The former Miss Bark puts up that nursin' game with Peets, an' day an' night she hangs over that apoplectic father-in-law of hers like a painter over a picture. She's certainly as cunnin' as a pet fox! She makes her voice as sweet an' low as a catbird's, an' her dress is as quietly sober as a dove's. In the end, she's got that patient hypnotized.

"After Peets declar's him out of danger, an', all propped up in his blankets, he's subscribed to mighty likely it's the fifth drink, the apoplectic begins one afternoon to shed tears a heap profoose, an' relate to the former Miss Bark—who's all sympathy—how his two wives has died a whole lot, leavin' him a lonely man. She, the former Miss Bark, is his only friend—he says—an' he winds up his lamentations by recommendin' that she become his third.

"'Which you're the only hooman heart who ever reelly onderstands me,' he wails, gropin' for her hand, 'an' now my ongrateful boy has contracted a messalliance, I shore wants you for my wife.'

"She hangs her head, like a flower at night, an' lets on she's confoosed.

"'Speak!' he pleads; 'tell me that you'll be mine.'

"'Which I'd shore admire to do so, but I can't,' she murmurs; 'I'm wedded to your son.'

"The old silvertip asks for more licker in a dazed way, an' sends for Peets. The Doc an' him goes into execootive session for most an hour. Meanwhile, the camp's on edge. However, the kyards fall right. At the close of the confab, the Doc eemerges plumb radiant.

"'Everything's on velvet,' he says. 'Thar's never a more joodicious convalescent! He freely admits, considerin' the sort of daughter-in-law he's acquired, that Abner, joonior, has a heap more sense than folks suspects.'

"Now that the skies is cl'ared, the bridegroom is fetched back from Red Dog, an' thar's a grand reeconciliation.

"'Which we'll all go back East together,' sobs Freelinghuysen *père*, holdin' both their hands.

"Two days later they starts, Missis Freelinghuysen joonior lookin' after Father-in-law Freelinghuysen as deevotedly as if he's a roast apple.

"The Votes For Women S'loon? It's kept a secret from father-in-law, at Peets' su'gestion, him bein' apoplectic that a-way. The stock is bought by public subscription of the camp, an' when the Freelinghuysen household is out of sight an' hearin', we invites Red Dog over in a body, an' cuts loose in a gyarded orgy. The sign, 'Votes For Women S'loon,' is now preeserved in the custody of the Wolfville Historical Society, which association is called into bein', upon motion of Doc Peets, while Red Dog an' us is drinkin' up the stock."

The next ***"Wolfville"*** story, ***"The Delicacy of Red Dog,"*** will appear in the August issue.

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Morton rose, a gleeful light in his eyes. "My career calls me," he said. "I'll make you a sporting proposition," said his mother. Morton's eyes challenged her. "If you quiet Winkles," she said, "I'll settle." "Done," said Morton, "and God bless you"

All That Troubled Them

For some little time now we have been telling you that in our very humble opinion Gouverneur Morris is one of the very few masters of short-story writing in this country to-day. And you agree. So a bit of good news is that we have persuaded Mr. Morris to keep right on doing his stories for Cosmopolitan—one a month. Did you read the "Radium" story last month? Well, here is the picture reversed. Morton is a luxurious bachelor; a young lady traveling with a baby upsets his comfort; the baby develops a penchant for Morton, and ignores its mother. Its mother? It's up to Morton to find out whether the baby belongs to the young woman, and what he did then is a story worth telling—that is, the way Mr. Morris tells it

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "Living Up to Mottoes," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"I'M really not going for more than a minute," said Morton, "so don't cry. I get to New York to-morrow at three thirty, if the train's on time, leave the next day at twelve thirty-eight, and get back here the day after at eleven thirty. Here's how!"

Seven members of the Aiken Club lifted seven drinks to their lips and wished Morton a prosperous journey.

He was going north in the height of the season, because his mother had suddenly made up her mind to attend a ball in London, and wished to be put on board the *Mauretania* by a member of her family. That Morton should travel forty-eight hours going and coming in order to hand her up a gangplank and present her with a bunch of violets seemed merely the abc of filial good manners to Mrs. Morton. To Morton, however, it seemed the xyz thereof, the last possible polish on the duty of a son. But he was fond of his mother, her eccentricities amused him instead of making him angry, and then, of course, she was whimsical about money, and if a son of hers wanted to live well he had to mind not only his abc's and xyz's, but his p's and q's as well.

To see that his mother got into the starboard royal suite instead of the port; that her green-eyed maid and her pop-eyed dog sailed in the same ship; to surprise her with violets, a steamer-letter, and a wireless in mid-ocean, ought, so Morton argued, to be worth a couple of thousand at least.

And so with complete and good-natured resignation, if not enthusiasm, he boarded the steel compartment-car "Lorenzo," and prepared to make himself as comfortable as he could in drawing-room A. His preparations, simple and knowing, consisted of two deliberate acts. The first was to slip a dollar bill into the porter's hand; the second was to slip a quart of Greenery and Pipesec into the water-cooler. Morton was one of those travelers who recognize the eternal truth that "no drinks are sold south of Washington," and remember never to forget it.

Just north of Blackville, South Carolina, the Limited stopped at a station where it was not supposed to stop. Morton summoned the porter.

"Why are we stopping here?"

"To take on a lady and a baby, sah."

"I hope they are not putting them in this car."

A piercing cry in the compartment next drawing-room A was his answer.

"Why," said Morton, "when the whole car is empty do you put them next me?"

"The lady had her choice, sah, and she says she's obliged to be near somebody in case the baby has an emergency."

"Is the child sick?"

"No, sah. I don't 'spec' he is."

"Thank you."

Morton was annoyed. He could stand almost any discomfort of travel except a yelling baby. Why couldn't they put the brat in drawing-room I at the opposite end of the car? Why did a railroad with a capitalization of a hundred and fifty millions stop at a station where it wasn't supposed to stop? Why did people have babies? And

if they did have them why did they travel with them?

The porter knocked.

"Come in. What is it?"

"The lady, sah, would like to know if you is a doctor."

"Good heavens, no. Why?"

"In case the baby has an emergency, sah."

Twenty minutes later the porter knocked again. "The lady, sah, would like to know if you can spare her a little sugar of milk, sah."

"I'm very sorry," said Morton, "I don't even know what it is."

"It's to put in the baby's milk, sah."

Morton blushed. "I have an idea," he began vaguely, "that nature—er—prescribed exactly the right blend in—er—the original package."

"This ain't that kind of a baby, sah. This am a bottle-baby."

From the compartment came an ominous sound of breaking glass, accompanied with an exclamation of dismay, and expelled with great feeling in a clear voice the words, "Great jumping rats!"

"Better go and pick up the pieces," said Morton. "Tell the lady not to cut herself."

Half an hour later the porter returned. His hair (it was really wool) was all mussed, his amiable face had an expression of despair. "I's done asked everybody in every cyar, 'n' they ain't got one, sah. Is you got one?" He looked as hopeful as he could.

"One what?"

"One rubber nipple, sah."

Morton was horrified, and he said in a freezing voice, "Certainly not."

A fourth time the porter knocked and was received without enthusiasm.

"The lady," he said, "wishes me to thank everyone for they interest, and tell them she have found the nipples, sah."

"Very clever of her, I'm sure," murmured Morton. "And she'll be still cleverer if she manages to keep out of Matteawan. Crazy woman! Chemical sugar, glass bottles, rubber—what you said before; why in the devil don't they have rubber babies while they're about it!"

The porter shook his head gloomily, and admitted that he was not a family man.

Morton lighted a cigar, and began to read one of Mirbeau's popular books.

For an hour he did not move except to turn the current into the little reading-lamp. Then he laid the book face down in his lap, and looked out the window. He wished very much that he could leave the car and walk off the effect of Mirbeau's masterpiece in the fresh air. In a vast amount of heterogeneous reading he could not recall so outlandishly dirty a book. He made a really serious effort to find an excuse for its existence, and failed. The landscape, sand, old sea-bottom set sparsely with long-needle pines, looked blood colored in the dusk. It seemed to him that he could hear faintly the slow tolling of the torture bell. He was running at top speed to escape from a horrible vampire named Clara—suddenly the bloody sand gripped his feet; he could not move. He felt her breath in his hair, it was like the blast from the open door of a furnace. He filled his lungs to the bursting point and—

"Come in."

"The lady, sah, says to say that the baby is asleep."

"What of it?"

"She says if you got to yell, please not to yell out loud, sah."

Morton was horribly mortified. "Please carry my compliments and apologies to the lady," he said, "and explain to her that I fell asleep and had an unusually horrible nightmare."

Once more Morton nodded, drowsed, and fell asleep. This time he enjoyed himself. He went a journey through a forest, swinging from branch to branch. He had four perfectly good hands, and a long tail, strong as a hemp rope. He used it to steady him in long leaps, and to make sudden anchorings. Toward the end of his journey he spied another monkey, named Mirbeau. He chased it, caught it, and gave it a sound thrashing. He was just on the delectable point of skinning it alive, using a piece of sharp flint to make the incisions, when he was waked to the cold ugly realities of life by piercing screams.

He smiled grimly, and rang for the porter.

"My compliments to the lady in the next compartment! And if the baby must scream will she be so good as to tell it not to scream out loud?"

The answer was prompt. "The lady says the baby am asleep and has a nightmare, and begs to make he apologies."

The train stopped with a series of hideous jerks.

"Why are we stopping?"

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The porter's face had an expression of despair. "I's done asked everybody in every cyar, 'n' they ain't got one, sah. Is you got one?" He looked as hopeful as he could. "One what?" asked Morton. "One rubber nipple, sah." Morton said in a freezing voice, "Certainly not"

"To take on water."

"Open the car then, will you; I want to get a breath of fresh air."

The lazy warmth of the day was all gone. A cold wind blew from the northwest. The stars shone with a wonderful clear brilliance.

Morton walked the length of the "Lorenzo" and back. As he passed the window of the next compartment he looked up, and saw a lovely profile set in the glare of electric lights. She was bending over the baby, an expression of almost holy sweetness upon her face. Mingled with the sweetness were anxiety and dauntless resolution.

He stood for a while on the steps of the car making a statement to, and asking questions of, the night. He said: "She is much too young to have a baby. She can't be more than eighteen. Why have I been so rude and sulky? Why isn't there a nurse to look after the baby? Then I could invite her to have dinner with me. When you find a girl that looks like that why does she always belong to some one else? Why isn't her fool of a husband traveling with her? She's too young to have a husband. She ought to have a nurse."

After the cold night air the atmosphere of the Pullman was suffocating. Morton had all the ventilators in his drawing-room opened, but the steamy, visible, malodorous hotness that kept sloughing off from the steam-pipes was too strong for even a cooling system of divine provision.

"Porter, is it necessary to have the car quite so hot?"

"The lady is afraid the baby will catch cold, sah."

Now Morton, like most of the men of his class, was selfish. For a whole moment he forgot how beautiful the girl was, and looked red and annoyed. Then he remembered.

"All right," he said, "she ought to know."

But it was not all right. The membranes in his nose thickened so that he had to breathe through his mouth. His throat consequently began to dry out like a wet sponge in Death Valley. He developed a most irritating cough. His brain seemed to swell in the heat and to pound against his skull. His head began to ache, dully, feverishly, acutely, infernally. He could not keep still for a stretch of two minutes. He suffered from that terrible form of nerves which is best known as "railroad legs." He left his drawing-room and tried sitting in another car. But the car contained a lady who had soused herself with a musky and horrible perfume. In still another car children ate bananas, and a gentleman entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness snored. So Morton returned to his own place.

During his absence the heat had increased. He rang for the porter.

"Porter," he said, "the heat in here is intolerable. You've got to shut it off. Tell the lady that I am quite an old gentleman—delicate—traveling for my health. Tell her that my doctors have ordered fresh air for me in large quantities."

The porter brought the lady's answer. It was to this effect: She was sorry. The baby *must* be kept warm. After all, the baby was very young and had all his life before him. With an old gentleman (she begged not to be considered rude), the opposite was, of course, the case. And furthermore she could not believe that too much heat was worse for a man than too much cold for a child.

Angry, prickly with heat, Morton lifted his bottle of champagne out of the water-cooler, dried it with a towel, and went in to dinner. Food and something to drink, he argued, couldn't but soothe his nerves. The bill of fare was inviting. He ordered whatever tempted his fancy, waited for twenty minutes in a suffocating atmosphere of cooking, and when at last his dinner began to be served found that he couldn't eat. And then, to add insult to all his misery, the bottle of vintage wine proved to be flat, and flavored not with French grape but with Spanish cork.

He had his berth made, undressed, and lay down upon coarse bedding that smelled of camphor. He was too long for his berth, and could not lie at full length. He tried, in the following order, sleep, smoke, reading, smoke, sleep, reading, sleep, smoke, reading, and succeeded only in increasing his nervousness and irritation. At last, however, though you could not call it sleeping, he lost part of his consciousness, and dreamed that he had gone to hell and been chained hand and foot to a redhot iron grid.

Looking upward, he could see, at the end, or rather at the tip-top of eternity, the face of the lady in the next compartment. Like the Blessed Damozel, she leaned out on the golden bar of heaven and looked down. It was wonderful how clearly they saw each other, considering how far apart

they were. Occasionally pale stars, the size of dinner plates, floated between them, and sometimes these stars put their fingers in their mouths and made insulting sounds like the drawing of corks.

The lady reached behind her and took a swaddled baby out of a clothes-basket. Here and there golden safety-pins glittered. Between her lovely hands, right out over the awful gulf of eternity, the lady held the child. Then with a smile of angelic tenderness, she dropped it; it fell like a shooting star, leaving a long wake of sparks and safety-pins. It was a plump baby, and would land obviously, at the rate of a hundred million miles a second, right in the pit of Morton's stomach. Morton, with one mighty spasm of fright, doubled up with such violence as to break the chain which bound him. He reached up his hands (there was a well-padded mit on the left) and caught the baby as an outfielder catches a high fly—and lo! and behold, it was not a baby but a bunch of flowers, gentian blue, wet, and wonderful. He recognized them for Asphodels gathered in the Elysian fields, and sold at a corner of the golden streets by cherubim and seraphim.

"*Asphodelii Elysiansis*," he murmured, and buried his face in the fresh beautiful blossoms. They smelled strongly of burning rubber.

Morton sat bolt upright with a sentience in his heart of calamity. The red-hot, cindery atmosphere was having what little life remained in it choked out by the heavy sulphurous fumes of the burning rubber. He turned on the lights, and at the same moment there was a sharp knocking on the door of the drawing-room, and a woman's voice, clear and commanding, said:

"The porter doesn't answer. Come quick."

"Right-o," Morton answered automatically, and he thrust his left arm into the right sleeve of his dressing-gown, and began to struggle like a madman. A moment later he was in the corridor, face to face with the lady. He noted that her dressing-gown was of pink silk, and that she carried the baby.

He felt dreadfully improper. He imagined, rightly, that his hair was in disorder, and that he looked as if he had been asleep.

"The porter doesn't answer," said the lady. "You must open the windows in our compartment, or Winkles will be asphyxiated."

"Right-o," said Morton.

An alcohol-lamp extinguished, a little boiler from which the fumes of burning rubber still poured, told a story of nipples boiled until the water had evaporated, and the metal heated red had set them on fire. Morton held his breath, knelt in the berth where Winkles had been so nearly asphyxiated, and began one of those struggles to get car windows open which are familiar to all travelers. He was a strong man; and he strove under the necessity of getting something done before he smothered. Inch by inch, in a cloud of loosened cinders, he fought up one inner window and one outer. The sweat burst from every pore in his body; and the ice-cold air of the night rushed in. He gulped for it, as a landed fish returned to the water gulps for that. His throat and nose were raw with the fumes of the rubber. He had broken the ends of four finger-nails. He took the boiler from the lamp, and flung it, together with its fuming contents, out the window. Then he thrust his head through the open door into the corridor.

"All right now?" he said.

The lady smiled and nodded. "You're very, very good," she said, "and I feel such a fool."

"I'm sure I look one," said Morton.

"Indeed you don't," she said. "I imagine that blue-and-white is very becoming to you."

Morton opened the door of an adjacent compartment. "I think you'd better sit in here," he said, "till yours airs out. The smell of burnt rubber is very persistent."

"Were the things quite ruined?" she asked.

"Quite," said Morton. "I threw them out the window."

"I don't see how Winkles is to take his bottle then."

"He will have to drink it like—a man. It takes very little to make the average man drink out of a bottle—eh, Winkles?"

Winkles, wide awake, regarded the stranger for a little with round, inscrutable eyes. This changed gradually to a look of approval. A smile dimpled. Two hands shaped like starfishes were thrust forward, and suddenly in a piercing voice, clear as a bell, Winkles exclaimed,

"Dadi Dada Dadá Dadá."

"His father," said the lady, not without embarrassment, "has a blue-and-white dressing-gown. Winkles is very fond of it.

He has a passion for turkish toweling. Does oo want to go to—"

"My name is Morton."

"Does oo want to go to man Morton?"

"Unh!" urged Winkles, meaning, "Yes—quick—hurry."

The child in his arms warmed Morton like a hot-water bag. One starfish hand patted his shoulder a series of the most engaging pats. The round eyes looked mischievously at the lady.

"He's trying to make me jealous," she said.

"Are you jealous?" Morton smiled.

"No," she said, "I've had to hold him in my arms almost all the time since we got on the train. There are limits to the ecstasy of being made much of by a baby."

"By a baby, yes," admitted Morton. "By any baby. But I should have thought that one's own baby—"

"Good heavens," she said, "he's not mine."

A ray of pure serene joy pierced Morton's heart as one of sunlight enters a dark room through closed blinds.

"He's my brother's wife's baby," she explained. "My brother came down with his appendix; of course his wife went to him by the first train. Winkles's milk hadn't come; so I was told to bring him by the next train."

"I hope your brother—"

"Yes. I had a telegram—just after we'd started, of course—telling us not to come. Please sit down. I know it's not proper, but who's going to see us? You can't get rid of Winkles, and I refuse to allow him out of my sight."

Morton seated himself facing the girl. She looked like a mixture of a Madonna and a fairy princess. Her dressing-gown was delicate and exquisite. She had a string of big rich pearls around her long slender throat; and one of her eyebrows was a little higher than the other. She looked a little like Miss Ellen Terry at seventeen. She held out her arms to Winkles.

"Come to Tante?"

Not at all. Winkles, scolding and guggling (to make her jealous), clung to Morton, reiterated that he was Dadi Dada, and lavished attentions upon him.

Morton's soul, harrowed by heat, flat champagne, and the fumes of rubber, was refreshed as with an exquisite bliss. Almost he wished that the baby was his, and hers. It was his first experience of intimate domesticity. Dressing-gowns, bare feet in bedroom slippers, the middle of the night, milk in bottles, rubber nipples, rumpled hair, and a gradual waning of all embarrassment.

The train bumped along through the darkness. Now it was necessary to amuse Winkles, and now to let him severely alone.

"What a perfect idiot you must think me," said the girl suddenly, "but honestly I've never traveled with a baby before; and my brother's wife gave me so many impossible directions, orders, admonitions, and threats of calamity that I suppose I blew up. She said not to let the car get too hot, or too cold." She shivered. "It was too hot; but it isn't now. It's too cold."

"If you'll take Winkles a moment I'll shut that window, and then you can both go back to bed."

"I just closed my eyes for a second," she said "and the rubber caught fire. Never again. Besides, it's bottle-time. Maybe he'll take it from you. I have to warm the bottle first. Do you mind holding him a little longer?"

It was as if Winkles understood. He exclaimed, "Mumymum," in a fatuous voice, and licked his rose-leaf lips with a greedy lick.

She went, was gone ten minutes, and returned with a warmed bottle and a teaspoon. She was shivering.

"My word!" she said, "it's cold in there."

"Give me those things," said Morton, "and you go into drawing-room A, and get my polo-coat. There is also a steamer-rug."

"Is that an order?" she said. "Because my teeth are about to knock one another out. And I obey."

She returned swathed in the polo-coat and carrying the steamer-rug. The latter she unfolded and spread over Morton's knees, he protesting to the last. But what can a poor man do when he is feeding teaspoonfuls of milk to a baby, in a violently jerking and jumping car?

She watched the pair with a sort of ecstasy.

"Do you realize," she said, "that Winkles has never before consented to taking *anything* out of a spoon?"

Morton had won many tall silver cups for prowess in sports, but now for the first time in his life he felt knowing and self-

sufficient. His heart swelled, and he said, "I have weaned hundreds of babies."

Then they both laughed, very softly, and Winkles, feeling that he was losing a part of that attention which was his due, and being drugged with milk, yawned twice, remarked, "By-by," in a decided voice, and fell asleep.

"I think you could put him down now," said the girl.

"I suppose so," said Morton. "And break the party up."

He rose gingerly, and, the girl following, carried Winkles back to his berth and laid him in it.

"Put his thumb in his mouth, please," said the girl. "My sister-in-law doesn't allow it; but for this once—the effect is that of a powerful narcotic. So. Good night, and thank you fifty million times. I think I ought to have a nurse myself, instead of trying to be one. Don't you?"

"A nurse?" said Morton deliberately. "No! Good night."

They shook hands, and in the same moment, in the voices of old and tried friends, "See you in the morning," they said.

It was already early morning, and before it was late morning they were to meet again. The wicked Winkles drew his narcotic thumb from his mouth, and from dreams of Dada and Mumymum woke with a pitiful cry. So sorry was Winkles for himself that even the cynical father of a dozen children might have thought him at the point of death.

Feeling that he might be needed at any moment, Morton rose, dressed with great haste, giving proper attention to his hair, and waited. The piteous cries of Winkles became screams, that alternated between rage and sorrow. Morton could hear the girl's voice, sweet, clear, patient, and utterly powerless to soothe. Morton's heart beat faster and faster. When would she call upon him for help in the hour of need? It must be soon. It was not soon enough. Therefore he knocked upon the door of her compartment, and when she answered, he said, "Please don't forget that I'm here."

"Thank heaven for that!" she said. "Do you mind seeing if you can quiet him?"

"Indeed I don't," said Morton, but he was troubled, for he knew that if he failed to quiet Winkles his prestige would be scattered like the ashes of a dead man.

Strong arms and a "What's troubling you, old hoss?" quieted Winkles like a blow on the head. He patted Morton's shoulder, yawned, defied his aunt with blinking eyes, snuggled, cooed a little, and fell asleep.

"Oh," said the girl, "what a wonder you are! But I suppose it's just experience."

Morton's neatly ordered hair rose a little. "Believe me," he said, "I'm playing this game for the first time."

"Then it's genius," she said. "You're a natural-born father."

Until four o'clock that day, Morton helped her with Winkles. The train dove into the tunnel under the Hudson River. Fears were expressed lest the delicate drums of Winkles's ears be burst by the pressure. They were not.

"Do you mind," said Morton, "if this isn't the last time of meeting? Can't I see you again—before long?"

"Of course," she said, "I want to."

"Shall you go South again?"

"No."

For the moment, the thought of the jasmine in the Aiken woods bursting into yellow flame hurt him. That passed, and he said, "Neither shall I." Then he sighed. "It's been rather fun, *I* think. I never traveled with a family before."

"Are there many men," she asked, "who can give up a whole night's sleep for a strange girl and a strange baby, and be polite and cheerful about it? I can still smell burning rubber. Can you?"

"Yes," he said, "and furthermore it is a smell that I have learned to like."

"I wish I could say good-by," she said, "with the feeling that you don't consider me an utterly incompetent little fool."

Morton looked her in the eyes with sudden masterful boldness. And he said, "Is *that* all that's troubling *you?*"

Morton, the girl departed, found that he was very tired. Many things wearied him: the fact that he was dependent upon an eccentric parent; the fact that he was a natural-born father with nothing, or rather nobody, to show for it; the fact that, given the impulse, he felt able to accomplish things, and that the impulse had always been lacking.

He bathed, napped, dressed, and dined with his mother in the breakfast-room, because the dining-room had been "put away" for the summer. Did he mind? "Not at all," he said, "so long as you give me some of the 1900; and refrain from tell-

ing me that I've got dark circles under my eyes. I have. If I slept a wink last night, I can't prove it."

Mrs. Morton said that he was a dear boy, and since he never drank too much, should have all the champagne he wanted, and she hoped he would sleep better in the near future, and he mustn't stare at her like that. What was the matter? After all, she was his mother, and she hoped he'd know her the next time he saw her. He was offered a penny for his thoughts.

"They are worth far more than that, mum," he said. "I was thinking how good looking you are. I think you've got a shade on Mrs. Spencer."

Mrs. Morton was delighted. She was very tall, very fair, very ready to laugh gaily. She wore black velvet cut very low, and black pearls grown very round and big. Morton often wished that they were his, so that he could sell them and live happily on the income.

"That thought," he resumed, "to a rich woman of your age ought to be worth more than a penny."

"Have you some bills that you want me to pay? Because I will."

He shook his head. "It's no pressing need," he said; "it's general. I've waked up. I think that every man ought to have a career."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton. "I know you will be drowned, or devoured by a lion."

"You don't get me," he said. "The career that I have in mind is far more dangerous than exploring or hunting, since failures in it are not killed outright, but maimed for life. I am thirty."

"Only when we are alone."

He laughed. "What do you care? You're perennial. How old are you, mum—honestly—when we're alone?"

"I married your father when I was eighteen," she said, "and you were as immediate a consequence as is allowed under the law of limitations."

"Tell me," he said, "when I was a baby—was I any fun—did you like me? Were you glad I came, or sorry, or just bored?"

"My dear boy," she said, "as soon as I was able, I drove all over town telling people how happy I was. I nursed you for fifteen months. That is why when my friends call me frivolous, I laugh in my sleeve—when I have one on."

At the moment her wonderful round arms were bare nearly to the shoulder.

"And ever since," he said, "you've made a baby of me, and kept me on leading-strings. The only standing I have is that of a rich woman's son. It's a little undignified, don't you think?"

"And so you've decided on a career."

"Yes," he said; "matrimony."

Her eyes sparkled. "I have preached it to you," she said.

"And I confess to being converted."

"When do you start?"

"The date is not settled. The navigator that I have in view has not yet been engaged."

"I want you to try this Virginia ham," she said; "it came from Colonel Schoffield. Do I know her?"

"Very probably. I didn't. But that's just accident. She's a sister of Mrs. Jack Wrutherford."

"Oh!" exclaimed his mother, "the Jordan girl—she's sweet. And so very rich. But she's not been at Aiken."

"I met her in the train coming up," said Morton. "Thank God. She was traveling with the Wrutherford baby, Winkles. Mrs. Jack had been called North, the baby's nurse had sat on a damp log and developed acute sciatica, and between us we brought the child through."

Then he told his mother all that happened in the night, and she was delighted and filled with mischievous thoughts.

"Now," said Morton, "a time will come when I must make a proposition. But I am in no position to do so. Why don't you unbelt a little? You could make me well off without feeling it, couldn't you?"

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Morton, "it is much too sudden—you can't be sure of your feelings—you don't know what she's really like. It is preposterous. I refuse to take you seriously. You can't be in love with the girl."

"Mother," he said mournfully, "is that all that's troubling you?"

"Yes," she said, "it is. I have always intended to settle money on you; but the details are a nuisance."

"Leave them to me," he suggested. "I'm not ashamed to take the money, or afraid to take the trouble. I'd steal for that girl. I'd work for her. But I want most of all to make her happy. And a man bound hand and foot, his nose pressed to the

grindstone, hasn't a fair chance. And—oh, mother," he said, "she'd make such a wonderful mother."

"From her success with Winkles," said Mrs. Morton, "I should have argued the opposite. However, love is blind. When I come back in the fall—"

The butler entered. He was blinking like a peony, and stifling laughter. He tried to say, "You are wanted on the 'phone, sir," and gave a little fleeting wail of laughter.

"What is the message?" said Morton sternly. He thought that the man had been drinking.

"It's Mrs. Wrutherford, sir, to say that they can't induce Master Winkles to go to sleep nohow, and will you please come at once."

Morton rose, a gleeful light in his eyes. "My career calls me," he said.

"I'll make you a sporting proposition," said his mother.

Morton's eyes challenged her.

"If you quiet Winkles," she said, "I'll settle."

"Done," said Morton, "and God bless you."

With Winkles history repeated itself. And so Morton informed his mother by special messenger. Mrs. Wrutherford said that she wanted to kiss him, and that he must live with them always. Then she vanished througn a pair of Spanish hangings, to bend over the sleeping Winkles, and to pray for him, and for the husband in the hospital, but quite out of danger—a full-fledged A. A. G.—Appendix All Gone.

Morton did not at once leave the house. He had his reason—if not his reasons. "Look here," he said, "I have had close visions of matrimony. I like it. I want to indulge. I want to push a go-cart, and be happy. Maybe I like somebody well enough to ask her if she feels the same way. But I don't know her well enough. It's a terrible position! What's the quickest time in which a man can show a girl exactly what he's like, and if he's worth her while or not?—show her just how generous he is—just how selfish—just how loving—just how engaging—just how weak—just how strong—just how restless—just how patient—"

"I think," she said, "that it might be managed very quickly if the man and the girl met in unusual circumstances."

"What do you mean by quickly—a month—a year?"

"Oh, no," she said, "minutes. The world travels a million miles a second—more or less; characters travel much faster, and in a brighter light—some characters."

"And what," said he, "do you think of men who don't work, who accept money from their mothers, and are blissfully unashamed?"

"Now look here," she said, "tell me frankly—at least we ought to be frank with each other—tell me—is that all that's troubling you?"

The next story by Gouverneur Morris, ***"Ancestors,"*** will appear in the August issue.

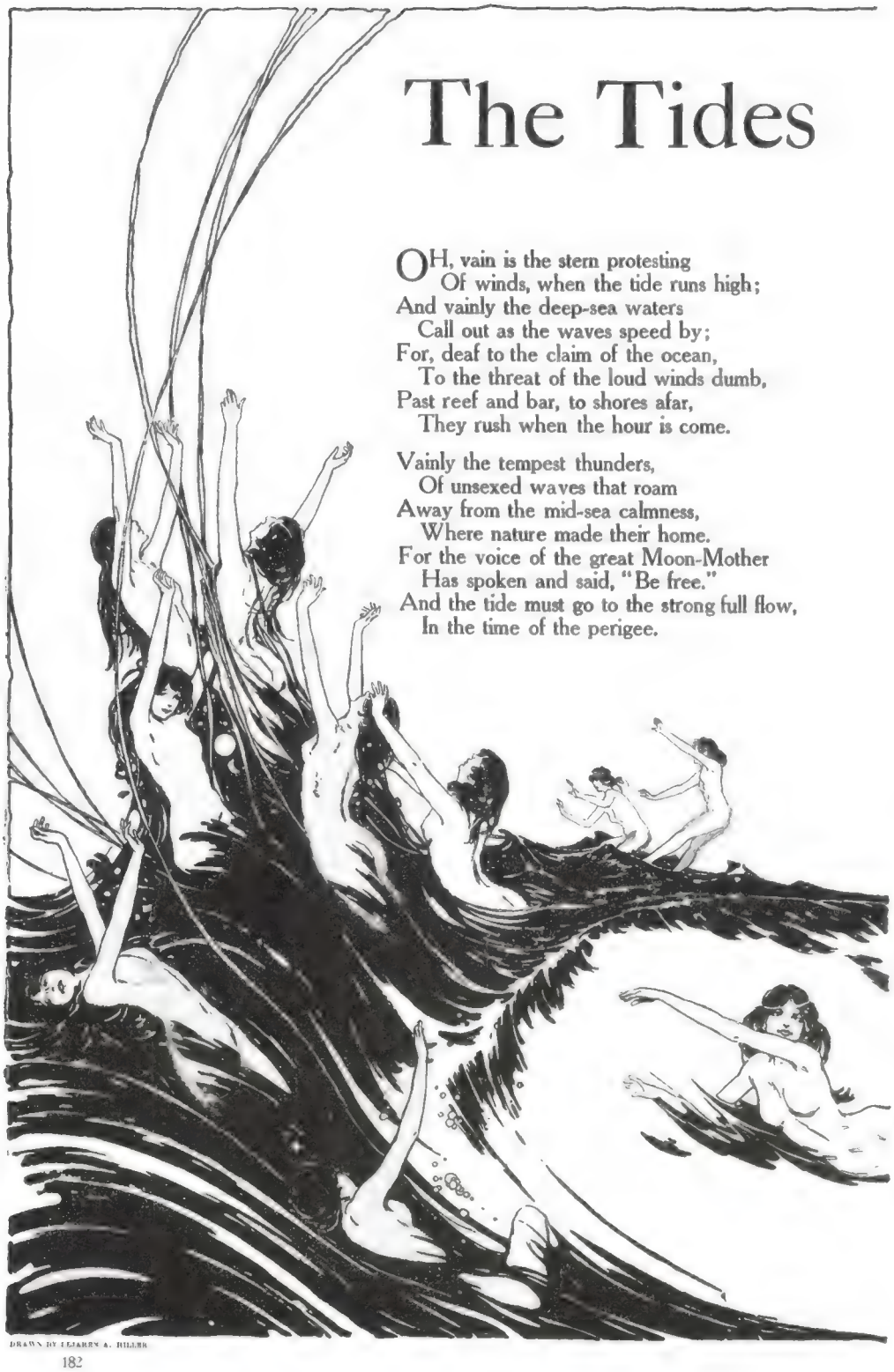
A Big New Feature Next Month — August Cosmopolitan

We congratulate you and ourselves on securing what we think will be the big humorous feature in the magazine world this year — a new, exclusive series of ***"Fables in Slang"*** *by* **George Ade,** *with illustrations by the man who made the picture end of the Fables famous —* ***John T. McCutcheon.*** *We know of no better combination to make a million people laugh. Both Mr. Ade and Mr. McCutcheon are keen to surpass their former big success — and you may bank on it — they have delivered the "goods." The first Fable is in the shop now. It is a winner. You will have it next month —* ***August Cosmopolitan*** *— on the news-stands — for a while — July 10th.*

The Tides

OH, vain is the stern protesting
Of winds, when the tide runs high;
And vainly the deep-sea waters
Call out as the waves speed by;
For, deaf to the claim of the ocean,
To the threat of the loud winds dumb,
Past reef and bar, to shores afar,
They rush when the hour is come.

Vainly the tempest thunders,
Of unsexed waves that roam
Away from the mid-sea calmness,
Where nature made their home.
For the voice of the great Moon-Mother
Has spoken and said, "Be free."
And the tide must go to the strong full flow,
In the time of the perigee.



DRAWN BY LEARRS A. HILLER

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

So vain is the cry of the masters,
And vain the plea of the hearth,
As the ranks of the strange New Woman
Go sweeping across the earth.
They have come from hall and hovel,
They have pushed through door and gate;
On the world's highway they are crowded to-day,
For the hour is the hour of fate.

Many are hurt in the crowding,
The light of the home burns dim;
And man is aghast at the changes,
Though all can be traced to him.
They sat too long at the hearthstone,
And sat too oft alone:
And the silence spoke, and their souls awoke,
And now they must claim their own.

Let no man hope to hinder,
Let no man bid them pause;
They are moved by a hidden purpose,
They follow resistless laws.
And out of the wreck and chaos
Of the order that used to be,
A strong new race shall take its place
In a world we are yet to see.

Oh, ever has man been leader,
Yet failed as woman's guide.
It is better that she step forward,
And take her place at his side.
For only from greater woman
May come the greater man,
Through life's long quest they should walk abreast—
As was meant by the primal plan.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Strelsa strove to think clearly, to reason; but only evoked the pale, amused face of Quarren from inner and chaotic consciousness until the visualization remained fixed, defying obliteration. And she accepted the mental specter for the witness-box. "Ricky," she said, "do you really love me?"

("*The Streets of Ascalon*")

The Streets of Ascalon

A STORY OF A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: The beginning of the story finds genteel New York excited over the advent of a beautiful Western widow, Strelsa Leeds, who is being vouched for by a *grande dame* of society. She is introduced to the reader at the Irish Legation, the abode of several congenial bachelors, among them Richard—also Rix, Ricky, and Dick—Quarren, a young man of no means but great talent, which he is devoting to society in return for its favors. He is a great favorite, but Strelsa seems not to care to meet him, and does not until her friends, the Wycherlys, open their new town house with a masked dance. Quarren is recognized as a harlequin, Mrs. Leeds as a Byzantine dancer dazzling with gold and jewels. Evading a swarm of admirers, she disappears through a wall of flowers. Quarren alone knows of a secret stairway, and he follows her to a concealed balcony. A battle of wits follows, Quarren making love to her, offering homage to her beauty, she, thinking her disguise is complete, coquetting with him. He offers to wager he can find out who she is. The forfeit is an hour out of life. He wins, and then, putting his arm about her, he tells her he is going to take the first minute in kissing her.

The moment for unmasking comes. When he tells her who he is she is pleasantly disappointed in him, as the hour with him has proved him to be not the type of man she had supposed him to be. It is the beginning of sincere friendship on her part, unseasonable love-making on his. They go to the supper-room together, avoiding the scions of great wealth who are looking for her, and behind the palms they pledge their new friendship—"with every sporting chance, worldly hazard, and heavenly possibility in it." And the possibilities he proceeds to put to the test. He calls her up at noon the next day, begs to be allowed to call at once, and does so, taking desperate chances with the favor he has gained, and almost meeting disaster when he asks Strelsa pointblank if she is engaged to be married. But she forgives him, defends him that afternoon in a Fifth Avenue dowager's drawing-room where he is being discussed with no flattery to himself, and writes to him from the South, whither she goes next day with the Wycherlys.

Mrs. Sprowl, the Fifth Avenue dowager, has assumed charge of a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, and warns off all comers but a Sir Charles Mallison, whom she sends South, whence news comes that Langly Sprowl, who takes what he wants where he finds it, has decided to take Strelsa. In the meantime rebellion against the authority of Mrs. Sprowl has broken out, with Quarren and Westguard the chief insurgents.

TOWARD the end of March, Strelsa, with the Wycherlys, returned to New York, dead tired. She had been flattered, run after, courted from Palm Beach to Havana; the perpetual social activity, the unbroken fever of change and excitement, had already made firmer the soft lineaments of the girl's features, had slightly altered the expression of the mouth.

By daylight the fatigues of pleasure were faintly visible—that unmistakable imprint which may perhaps leave the eyes clear and calm, but which edges the hardened contour of the cheek under them with deeper violet shadow. Not that hers was as yet the battered beauty of exhaustion; she had merely lived every minute to the full all winter long, and had overtaxed her capacity; and the fire had consumed something of her freshness. Not yet inured, not yet crystallized, to that experienced hardness which withstands the fierce flame of living too fast in a world where every minute is demanded and where sleep becomes a forgotten art, the girl was completely tired out, and while she herself did not realize it, her features showed it.

But nervous exhaustion alone could not account for the subtle change in her expression. Eyes and lips were still sweet, even in repose, but there was now a jaded charm about them—something unspoiled had disappeared from them—something of that fearlessness which vanishes after too close and too constant contact with the world of men.

Evidently her mind was quite as weary as her body, though even to herself she had not admitted fatigue; and a tired mind no longer defends itself. Hers had not; and the defense had been, day by day, imperceptibly weakening. So that things to which once she had been able at will to close her mind and, mentally deaf, let pass unheard, she had heard, and had even thought about. And the effort to defend her ears and mind became less vigorous, less instinctive—partly through sheer weariness.

At first she had kept her head fairly level in the whirlwind of adulation. To glimpses of laxity she closed her eyes. Sir Charles was always refreshing to her; but she could see little more of him than of other men—less than she saw of Langly Sprowl, however that happened—and it probably happened through the cleverness of Langly Sprowl. Again and again she found herself with him

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separated from the others—sometimes alone with him on deck—and never quite understood how it came about so constantly.

As for Sprowl, he made love to her from the first; and he was a trim, carefully groomed, and volubly animated young man, full of information, and with a restless, ceaseless range of intelligence which at first dazzled with its false brilliancy. But it was only a kind of flashlight intelligence. It seemed to miss occasionally; some cog, some screw somewhere, was either absent or badly adjusted or overstrained.

At first Strelsa found the young fellow fascinating. He had been everywhere and had seen everything; his mind was kaleidoscopic; his thought shifted, flashed, jerked, leaped like erratic lightning from one subject to another—from Japanese aeroplanes to a scheme for filling in the East River; from a plan to reconcile church and state in France to an idea for indefinitely prolonging human life. He had written several books about all kinds of things. Nobody read them.

The first time he spoke to her of love was on a magnificent star-set night off Martinique; and she coolly reminded him of the gossip connecting him with a pretty woman in Reno. She could not have done it a month ago.

He denied it so pleasantly, so frankly, that, astonished, she could scarcely choose but believe him.

After that he made ardent, headlong love to her at every opportunity, with a flighty recklessness which began by amusing her. At first, also, she found wholesome laughter a good defense; but there was an undercurrent of intelligent, relentless vigor in his attack which presently sobered her. And she vaguely realized that he was a man who knew what he wanted. A talk with Molly Wycherly sobered her still more; and she avoided him as politely as she could. But he being her host, it was impossible to keep clear of him. Besides, there was about him a certain unwholesome fascination, even for her. No matter how bad a man's record may be, few women doubt their ability to make it a better one.

"You little goose," said Molly Wycherly, "everybody knows the kind of man he is. Could anything be more brazen than his attentions to you while Mary Ledwith is in Reno?"

"He says that her being there has nothing to do with him."

"Then he lies," said Molly, shrugging her shoulders.

"He doesn't speak as though he were trying to deceive anybody, Molly. He is perfectly frank to me. I can't believe that scandal. Besides, he is quite open and manly about his unsavory reputation; makes no excuses; simply says that there's good in every man, and that there is always one woman in the world who can bring it out."

"Oh, mushy! What an out-of-date whine! He's bad all through, I tell you."

"No man is!" insisted Strelsa.

"What?"

"No man is. The great masters of fiction always ascribe at least one virtue to their most infamous creations."

"Oh, Strelsa, you talk like a pan of fudge! *I* tell you that Langly Sprowl is no good at all. I hope you won't have to marry him to find out."

"I don't intend to. How inconsistent you are, Molly. You—and everybody else—believe him to be the most magnificent match in—"

"If position and wealth are all you care for, yes. I didn't suppose you'd come to that."

Strelsa said candidly, "I care for both—I don't know how much."

"As much as that?"

"No; not enough to marry him. And if he is what you say, it's hopeless, of course. I don't think he is. Be decent, Molly; everybody is very horrid about him, and—and that is always a matter of sympathetic interest to a generous woman. When the whole world condemns a man it makes him interesting!"

"That's a piffling and emotional thing to say! He may be attractive in an uncanny way, because he's agreeable to look at, amusing, and very dangerous—a perfectly cold-blooded and, I think, slightly unbalanced social marauder. And that's the fact about Langly Sprowl. And I wish we were on land, the *Yulan* and her owner in—well, in the Erie Basin, perhaps."

Whether or not Strelsa believed these things, there still remained in her that curious sense of fascination in Sprowl's presence, arising partly, no doubt, from an instinctive sympathy for a young man so universally damned; partly, because she thought that perhaps he really was damned. Therefore, deep in her heart she felt that he must be dangerous; and there is, in that one

belief, every element of unwholesome fascination. And a mind fatigued is no longer wholesome.

Then, too, there was always Sir Charles Mallison to turn to for a refreshing moral bath. Safety of soul lay in his vicinity; she felt confidence in the world wherever he traversed it. With him she relaxed and rested; there was repose for her in his silences, strength for her when he spoke, and a serene comradeship which no hint of sentiment had ever vexed.

Perhaps only a few people realized how thoroughly a single winter was equipping Strelsa for the part she seemed destined to play in that narrow world with which she was already identified; and few realized how fast she was learning. Laxity of precept, easy morals, looseness of thought, idle and good-natured acquiescence in social conditions where all standards seemed alike, all ideals merely a matter of personal taste—this was the atmosphere into which she had stepped from two years of Western solitude after a nightmare of violence, cruelty, and depravity unutterable. And naturally it seemed heavenly to her; and each revelation inconsistent with her own fastidious instincts left her less and less surprised, less and less uneasy. And after a while she began to assimilate all that she saw and heard. A few unworldly instincts remained in her—gratitude for and quick response to any kindness offered from anybody; an inclination to make friends with stray wanderers into her circle, and to cultivate the socially useless.

Taking four o'clock tea alone with Mrs. Sprowl the afternoon of her return to town—an honor vouchsafed to few—Strelsa was relating, at that masterful woman's request, her various exotic experiences. Mrs. Sprowl had commanded her attendance early. There were reasons. And now, partly vexed, partly in unwilling admiration, the old lady sat smiling and all the while thinking to herself impatiently, "Baby! Fool! Little ninny! Imbecile!" while she listened, fat bejeweled hands folded, small green eyes shining in the expanse of powdered and painted fat.

After a while she could endure it no longer, and she said with a wheeze of good-natured disdain: "It's like a schoolgirl's diary—all those rhapsodies over volcanoes, palm-trees, and the color of the Spanish Main. Never mind geography, child; tell me about the men!"

"Men?" repeated Strelsa laughingly—"why, there were shoals and shoals of them, of every description!"

"I mean the *one* man," insisted Mrs. Sprowl encouragingly.

"Which one, please?"

"Nonsense! There *was* one, I suppose?"

"Oh, I don't think so. Your nephew, Langly, was exceedingly amiable."

"He's a plain beast," said his aunt bluntly. "I didn't mean him."

"He was very civil to me," insisted Strelsa, coloring.

"Probably he didn't have a chance to be otherwise. He's a rotter, child. Ask anybody. I know perfectly well what he's been up to. I'm sorry you went on the *Yulan*. He had no business to ask you—or any other nice girl—or anybody at all until that Reno scandal is officially made respectable. If it were not for his money—" she stopped a moment, adding cynically, "and if it were not for mine—certain people wouldn't be tolerated anywhere, I suppose. How did you like Sir Charles?"

"Oh, he is charming!" she said warmly.

"You like him?"

"I almost adore him."

"Why not adore him entirely?"

Strelsa laughed frankly. "He hasn't asked me to, for one reason. Besides—"

"No doubt he'll do it."

The girl shook her head, still smiling. "You don't understand at all. There isn't the slightest sentiment between us. He's only thoroughly nice and agreeable, and he and I are most companionable. I hope nobody will be silly enough to hint anything of that sort to him. It would embarrass him dreadfully."

Mrs. Sprowl's smile was blandly tolerant. "The man's in love with you. Didn't you know it?"

"But you are mistaken, dear Mrs. Sprowl. If it were true I would know it, I think."

"Nonsense! He told me so."

"Oh," said Strelsa in amazed consternation. She added, "If it *is* so I'd rather not speak of it, please."

Mrs. Sprowl eyed her with shifty but keen intelligence. "Little idiot," she thought; but her smile remained bland and calmly patronizing. For a second or two longer she studied the girl cautiously, trying to make up her mind whether there was really any character in Strelsa's soft beauty—anything firmer than material fastidiousness, any-

thing more real than a natural and dainty reticence. Mrs. Sprowl could ride roughshod over such details. But she was too wise to ride if there was any chance of a check from higher sources.

"If you married him it would be very gratifying to me," she said pleasantly. "Come; let's discuss the matter like sensible women. Shall we?"

Many people would not have disregarded such a wish. Strelsa flushed and lifted her purple-gray eyes to meet the little green ones scanning her slyly.

"I am sorry," she said, "but I couldn't discuss such a thing, you see. Don't you see I can't, dear Mrs. Sprowl?"

"Pooh! Rubbish! Anybody can discuss anything," rejoined the old lady with impersonal and boisterous informality. "I'm fond of you. Everybody knows it. I'm fond of Sir Charles. He's a fine figure of a man. You match him in everything except wealth. It's an ideal marriage."

"Please don't! I simply cannot—"

"Ideal," repeated Mrs. Sprowl loudly—"an ideal marriage."

"But when there is no love—"

"Plenty! Loads of it! He's mad about you—crazy!"

"I—meant—on my part."

"Good God!" shouted the old lady, beating the air with pudgy hands, "isn't it luck enough to have love on one side? What does the present generation want! I tell you it's ideal, perfect. He's a good man as men go, and a devilish handsome—"

"I know—but—"

"And he's got money!" shouted the old lady—"plenty of it, I tell you! And he has the entrée everywhere on the Continent—in England—everywhere!—which Dankmere has not—if you're considering that little whelk!"

Stunned, shrinking from the dreadful asthmatic noises in Mrs. Sprowl's voice, Strelsa sat dumb, wincing under the blows of sound, not knowing how to escape.

"I'm fond of you!" shrieked the old lady. "I can be of use to you, and I want to be. That's why I asked you to tea! I want to make you happy—and Sir Charles, too! What the devil do you suppose there is in it for me except to oblige hi—you both?"

"Th-thank you, but—"

"I'll bet a shilling that Molly Wycherly let you go about with any little spindle-shanked pill who came hanging around! And I told her what were my wishes—"

"Please—oh, *please*, Mrs. Sprowl—"

"Yes, I did! It's a good match! I want you to consider it!—I insist that—"

"Mrs. Sprowl!" exclaimed Strelsa, pink with confusion and resentment, "I am obliged to you for the interest you display, but it is a matter—"

"What!"

"I am really—grateful—but—"

"Answer me, child. Has that cursed nephew of mine made any impression on you? Answer me!"

"Not the kind you evidently mean!" said Strelsa helplessly.

"Is there anybody else?"

The outrageous question silenced the girl for a moment. Angry, she still tried to be gentle; tried to remember the age and the excellent intentions of this excited old lady; and she answered in a low voice,

"I care for no man in particular, unless it be Sir Charles—and—"

"And who?"

"Mr. Quarren, I think," she said.

Mrs. Sprowl's jowl grew purple with fury. "You—has that boy had the impudence—"

Strelsa sprang to her feet. "I really cannot remain," she said with decision, but the old lady only bawled:

"Sit down! Sit down!"

"I will not!"

"Sit *down!*" she roared in a passion. "What the devil—"

Strelsa, a little pale, started to pass her—then halted, astounded, for the old lady had burst into a passion of choking gasps. Whether the terrible sounds she made were due to impotent rage or asthma, Strelsa, confused, shocked, embarrassed, but still angry, had no notion; and while Mrs. Sprowl coughed fatly, she stood still, catching muffled fragments of reproaches directed at people who flouted friendship; who had no consideration for age, and no gratitude, no tenderness, no pity.

"I—I *am* grateful," faltered Strelsa, "only I cannot—"

"I wanted to be a mother to you! I've tried to be," wheezed the old lady in a fresh paroxysm; and beat the air.

For one swift instant the girl remembered what her real mother had been to her, and her heart hardened. "I care only for your friendship, Mrs. Sprowl; I do not wish you

to do anything for me; can we not be friends on that basis?"

Mrs. Sprowl swabbed her inflamed eyes and peered around the corner of the handkerchief. "I only wanted to be good to you, Strelsa. I'm just an old fool, I suppose."

"Oh, please don't—"

"That's all I am, child; just a sentimental old fool. The poor man's adoration of you touched my heart and—you do like him a little, don't you?"

"Very much. Thank you for—for wishing happiness to me. I really don't mean to be ungrateful; I have a horror of ingratitude. It's only that—the idea never occurred to me; and I am incapable of doing such a thing for material reasons, unless—I also really cared for a man."

"Of course, child. Maybe you will care for him some day. I won't interfere any more. Only—don't lose your heart to any of these young jackals fawning around your skirts. Every set is full of 'em. They're nothing but the capering chorus in this comic opera. And—don't be angry—but I am an older and wiser woman than you, and I am fond of you, and it's my duty to tell you that any of the lesser breed—take young Quarren, for example—are of no real account, even in the society which they amuse."

"I would scarcely class Mr. Quarren with the sort you mention."

"Why not? He's of no importance."

"Because he is kind, considerate, and unusually intelligent and interesting; and he is very capable of succeeding in whatever he undertakes," said Strelsa slowly.

"Ricky is a nice boy; but what does he undertake?" asked Mrs. Sprowl with good-natured contempt. "He undertakes the duties, obligations, and details of a useful man in the greater household, which makes him acceptable to us; and I'm bound to say that he does 'em very well. But outside of that he's a nobody. And I'll tell you just what he'll turn into; shall I? Society's third chief bottle-washer in succession. We had one, who evolved us. He's dead. We have another. He's still talking. When he ultimately evaporates into infinity Ricky will be his natural successor. Do you want that kind of a husband?"

"Did you suppose—"

"Don't get angry, Strelsa. I didn't suppose anything. Ricky, like every other man, dangles his good-looking, good-humored self in your vicinity. You're inclined to notice him. All I mean is that he isn't worth your pains. Now you won't be offended by a plain-spoken old woman who wishes only your happiness, will you, my child?"

"No," said Strelsa wearily, beginning to feel the fatigue of the scene.

She took her leave a few moments afterward, very unhappy because two of the pleasantest incidents in her life had been badly, if not hopelessly, marred. But Langly Sprowl was not one of them.

That hatchet-faced and immaculate gentleman, divining possibly that Strelsa might be with his aunt, arrived shortly after her departure; learned of it from a servant, and was turning on his heel without even asking for Mrs. Sprowl, when the thought occurred to him that possibly she might know Strelsa's destination.

When a servant announced him he found his aunt quite herself, grim, ready for trouble, her small green eyes fairly snapping. They indulged in no formalities, being alone together, and caring nothing for servants' opinions. Their greeting was perfunctory, their inquiries civil. Then there ensued a short silence.

"Which way did Mrs. Leeds go?" he asked, busily twisting his long mustache.

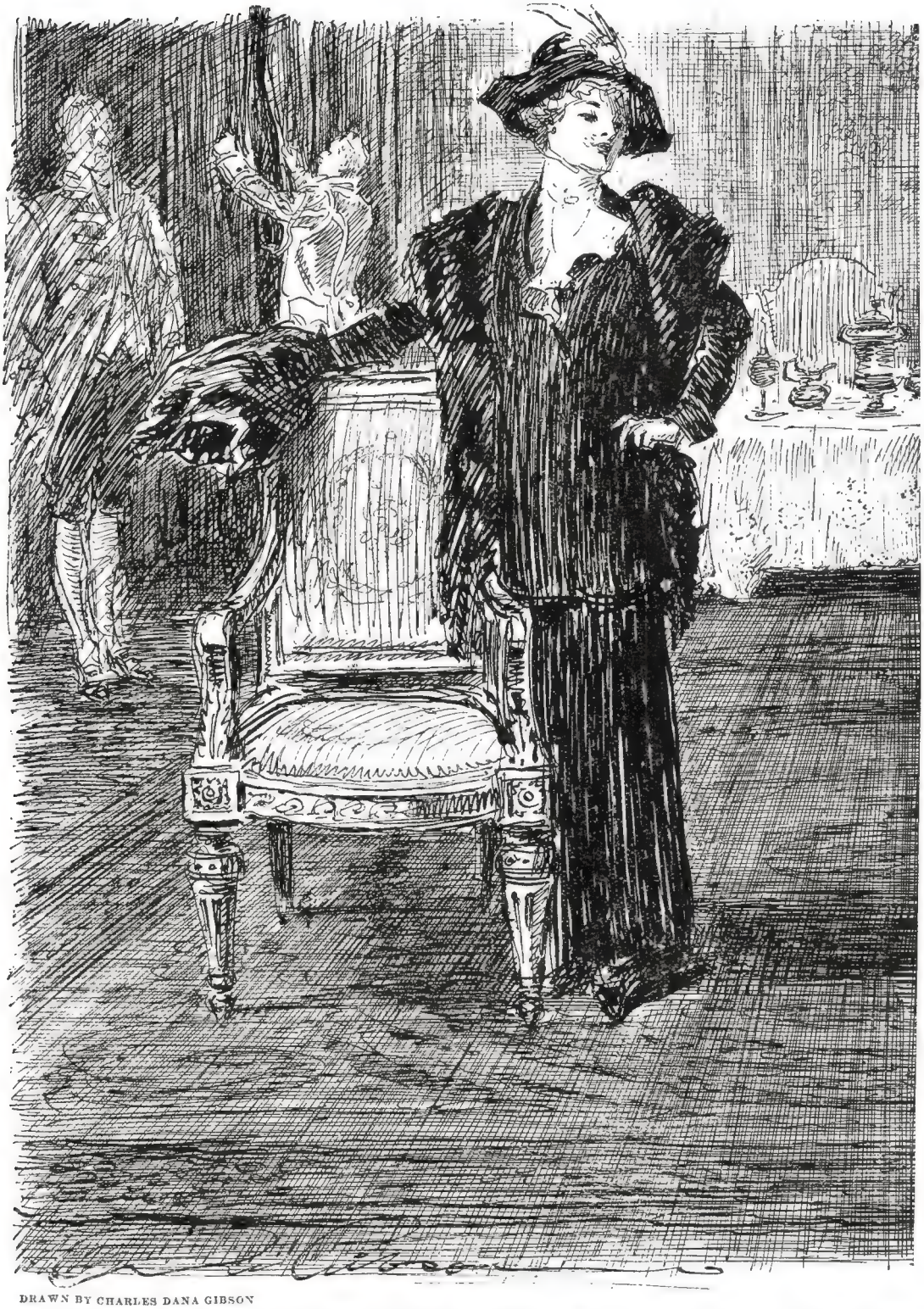
"None of your business," rejoined his aunt.

He looked up in slight surprise, recognized a condition of things which, on second thought, surprised him still more. Because his aunt had never before noticed his affairs—had not even commented on the Ledwith matter to him. He had always felt that she disliked him too thoroughly to care.

"I don't think I understood you," he said, watching her out of shifting eyes which protruded a trifle.

"I think you will understand me before I've done with you," returned his aunt grimly. "It's a perfectly plain matter; you've the rest of the female community to chase if you choose. Go and chase 'em for all I care—hunt from here to Reno if you like!—but I have other plans for Strelsa Leeds. Do you understand? I've put my private mark on her. There's no room for yours."

Langly continued his attentions to his mustache. His eyes roved; he looked at but did not see a hundred things in a second. "You don't know where she's gone?" he



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Ricky is a nice boy," said Mrs. Sprowl with good-natured contempt. "But he's a nobody. Do you want
rupted Mrs. Sprowl. "I didn't suppose anything. Ricky, like every other man, dangles
mean is that he isn't worth your pains. Now you won't be offended by a

that kind of a husband?" "Do you suppose—" began Strelsa, reddening. "Don't get angry, Strelsa," inter- his good-looking, good-humored self in your vicinity. You're inclined to notice him. All I plain-spoken old woman who wishes only your happiness, will you, my child?"

inquired with characteristic pertinacity and an absolutely stony indifference to what she had said.

"Do you mean trouble for that girl?"

"I do not."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"Do you want to marry her?"

"I said that I was considering nothing in particular. We are friends."

"Keep away from her! Do you understand?"

"I really don't know whether I do or not. I suppose you mean Sir Charles."

Mrs. Sprowl turned red. "Suppose what you like, you cold-blooded cad! But, by God! if you annoy that child I'll empty the family wash all over the sidewalk! And let the public pick it over!"

He rested his pale, protuberant eyes on her for a brief second. "Will any of your finery figure in it? Any relics or rags once belonging to the late parent of Sir Charles?"

Her features were livid; her lips twisted, tortured under the flood of injuries which choked her. Not a word came. Exhausted for a moment, she sat there grasping the gilded arms of her chair, livid as the dead save for the hell blazing in her tiny green eyes.

"I fancy that settles the laundry question," he said, while his restless glance ceaselessly swept the splendid room and his lean, sunburnt hand steadily caressed his mustache. Then, as though he had forgotten something, he rose and walked out. A footman invested him with hat and overcoat. A moment later the great doors clicked.

In the silence of the huge house there was not a sound except the whispers of servants; and these ceased presently. All alone, amid the lighted magnificence of the vast room, sat the old woman hunched in her chair, bloodless, motionless as a mass of dead flesh. Even the spark in her eyes was gone, the lids closed, the gross lower lip pendulous. Later two maids, being summoned, accompanied her to her boudoir, and were dismissed. Her social secretary, a pretty girl, came and left with instructions to cancel invitations for the evening.

A maid arrived with a choice of headache remedies; then, with the aid of another, disrobed her mistress and got her into bed.

Their offices accomplished, they were ordered to withdraw, but to leave one light burning. It glimmered over an old-fashioned photograph on the wall—the portrait of a British officer taken in the days when whiskers, "pill-box," and frogged frock-tunic were cultivated in Her British Majesty's service.

From where she lay she looked at him; and Sir Weyward Mallison stared back at her through his monocle.

Strelsa, at home, unpinning her hat before the mirror, received word over the telephone that Mrs. Sprowl, being indisposed, regretfully recalled the invitations for the evening. The girl's first sensation was relief, then self-reproach, quite forgetting that if Mrs. Sprowl's violent emotions had made that redoubtable old woman ill, they had also thoroughly fatigued the victim of her ill temper and made her very miserable.

She wrote a perfunctory note of regret and civil inquiry and despatched it, then surrendered herself to the ministrations of her maid. The luxury of dining alone for the first time in months appealed to her. She decided that she was not to be at home to anybody.

Langly Sprowl called about six, and was sent away. Strelsa, curled up on a divan, could hear the staccato racket that his powerful racing-car made in the street outside. The informality of her recent host aboard the *Yulan* did not entirely please her. She listened to his departure with quiet satisfaction.

Although it was not her day, several people came and went. Flowers from various smitten youths arrived; orchids from Sprowl; nothing from Quarren. Then for nearly two hours she slept where she lay, and wakened, laughing aloud at something Quarren had been saying in her dream. But what it was she could not recollect.

At eight her maid came and hooked her into a comfortable and beloved second-year gown; dinner was announced; she descended the stairway in solitary state, still smiling to herself at Quarren's forgotten remark, and passed by the library just as the telephone rang there. It may have been a flash of clairvoyance—afterward she wondered exactly what it was that made her say to her maid very confidently:

"That is Mr. Quarren. I'll speak to him."

It was Mr. Quarren. The amusing coincidence of her dream and her clairvoyance still lingering in her mind, she went leisurely to the telephone and said:

"I don't understand how I knew it was you. And I'm not sure why I came to the 'phone, because I'm not at home to anybody. But *what* was it you said to me just now?"

"When?"

"A few minutes ago while I was asleep."

"About eight o'clock?"

She laughed. "It happened to be a few minutes before eight. How did you know that? I believe you did speak to me in my dream. Did you?"

"I did."

"Really?"

"I said something aloud to you about eight o'clock."

"How odd! Did you know I was asleep? But you couldn't."

"No, of course not. I was merely thinking of you."

"You were—you happened to be thinking of *me?* And you said something aloud about me?"

"About you—and *to* you."

"How delightfully interesting! What was it, please?"

"Oh, I was only talking nonsense."

"Won't it bear repetition?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Mr. Quarren! How maddening! I'm dying with curiosity. I dreamed that you said something very amusing to me, and I awoke, laughing; but now I simply cannot recollect what it was you said."

"I'll tell you some day."

"Soon? Would you tell me this evening?"

"How can I?"

"That's true. I'm not at home to anybody. So you can't drop in, can you?"

"You are not logical; I could drop in because I'm not anybody."

"What!"

"I'm not anybody in particular."

"You know if you begin to talk that way, after all these days, I'll ring off in a rage. You are the only man in the world to whom I'm at home even over the telephone, and if that doesn't settle your status with me, what does? Are you well, Mr. Quarren?"

"Thank you, perfectly. I called you up to ask you about yourself."

"I'm tired, somehow."

"Oh, we all are that. Nothing more serious threatens you than impending slumber?"

"I said I was tired, not sleepy. I'm wide awake, but horribly lazy—and inclined to slump. Where are you; at the Legation?"

"At the Founders' Club—foundered."

"What are you doing there?"

"Absolutely nothing. Reading the *Evening Post.*"

"You are dining out, I suppose?"

"No."

She reflected until he spoke again, asking if she was still there.

"Oh, yes; I'm trying to think whether I want you to come around and share dinner with me. Do I want you?"

"Just a little—don't you?"

"Do you want to come?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"I can't tell you how much—over the telephone."

"That sounds both humble and dangerous. Which do you mean to be?"

"Humble—and very, very grateful, dear lady. May I come?"

"I—don't know. Dinner was announced a quarter of an hour ago."

"It won't take me three minutes—"

"If it takes you more you'll ring my door-bell in vain, young man."

"I'll start now! Good—"

"Wait! I haven't decided. Really I'm simply stupid with the accumulated fatigues of two months' frivolity. Do you mind my being stupid?"

"You know I don't."

"Shame on you! That was not the answer. Think out the right one on your way over. *A bientôt!*"

She had been in the drawing-room only a few moments, looking at the huge white orchids that Langly Sprowl had sent and which her butler was arranging, when Quarren was announced; and she partly turned from the orchids, extending her hand behind her in a greeting more confident and intimate than she had ever before given him.

"Look at these strange, pansy-shaped Brazilian flowers," she said. "Kindly observe that they are actually growing out of that ball of moss and fiber."

She had retained his hand for a fraction of a second longer than conventional acquaintance required, giving it a frank and friendly pressure. Now, loosing it, she found her own fingers retained, and drew them away with a little laugh of self-consciousness.

"Sentiment before dinner implies that you'll have no room for it after dinner. Here is your cocktail."

"Do you remember our first toast?" he asked, smiling.

"No."

"The toast to friendship?"

"Yes, I remember it."

She touched her lips to her glass, not looking at him. He watched her. After a moment she raised her eyes, met his gaze, returned it with one quite as audacious. "I am drinking that same toast again—after many days," she said.

"With all that it entails?"

She nodded.

"Its chances, hazards, consequences?"

She laughed, then, looking at him, deliberately sipped from her glass. Then with a quick impulse she put it down and turned and faced him once more, the defiant smile in her eyes still daring him and chance and destiny together.

When he took her out she was saying: "I really can't account for my mood tonight. I believe that seeing you again is reviving me. I was beastly stupid."

"My soporific society ought to calm, not exhilarate, you."

"It never did, particularly. What a long time it is since we have seen each other. I *am* glad you came."

Seated, she asked the butler to remove the flowers, which interrupted her view of Quarren.

"You haven't said anything about my personal appearance," she observed. "Am I very much battered by my merry bouts with pleasure?"

"Not much."

"You wretch! Do you mean to say that I am marked at all?"

"You look rather tired, Mrs. Leeds."

"I know I do. By daylight it's particularly visible. But—do *you* mind?"

Her charming head was bent over her grapefruit: she lifted her gray eyes under level brows, looking across the table at him.

"I mind anything that concerns you," he said.

"I mean—are you disappointed because I'm growing old and haggard?"

"I think you are even more beautiful than you were."

She laughed gaily and continued her dinner. "I had to drag that out of you, poor boy. But, you see, I'm uneasy; because imprudence *is* stamping the horrid imprint of maturity on me very rapidly; and I'm beginning to keep a more jealous eye on my suitors. You *were* one. Do you deny your guilt?"

"I do not."

"Then I shall never release you. I intend to let no guilty man escape. *Am* I very much changed, Mr. Quarren?" she said a trifle wistfully.

He did not answer immediately. After a few moments she glanced at him again and met his gaze.

"Well?" she prompted him, laughing; "are you not neglecting your manners as a declared suitor?"

"You *have* changed."

"What a perfect pill you are!" she exclaimed, vexed—"you're casting yourself for the rôle of the honest friend—and I simply hate it! Young sir, do you not understand that I've breakfasted, lunched, and dined too long on flattery to endure anything more wholesome? If you can't lie to me like a gentleman and a suitor your usefulness in my entourage is ended."

He said: "Do you want me to talk shop with you? I get rather tired of my trade, sometimes. It's my trade to lie, you know."

She looked up quickly, but he was smiling.

They remained rather silent after that. Coffee was served at table; she lighted a cigarette for him and, later, one for herself, strolling off into the drawing-room with it between her fingers, one hand resting lightly on her hip. She seemed to have an inclination to wander about or linger before the marble fireplace and blow delicate rings of smoke at her own reflection in the mirror.

He stood a little distance behind her, watching her, and she nodded affably to him in the glass.

"I'm quite changed; you are right. I'm not as nice as I was when I first knew you. I'm not as contented; I'm restless—I wasn't then. Amusement is becoming a necessity to me; and I'm not particular about the kind—as long as it does amuse me. Tell me something exciting."

"A cradle-song is what you require."

"How impudent of you. I've a mind to punish you by retiring to that same cradle. I'm dreadfully cross, too. Do you realize that?"

"I realize how tired you are."

"And—I'll never again be rested," she said thoughtfully, looking at her mirrored self. "I seem to understand that, now, for

the first time. Something in me will always remain a little tired. I wonder what. Do you know?"

"Conscience?" he suggested, laughing.

"Do you think so? I thought it was my heart."

"Have you acquired one?"

She laughed, too, then glanced at him askance in the glass, and turned around toward him, still smiling. "I believe I didn't have any heart when I first knew you. Did I?"

"I believe not," he said lightly. "Has one germinated?"

"I really don't know. What do you think?"

He took her cigarette from her and tossed it, with his own, into the fire. She seated herself on a sofa and bent toward the blaze, her dimpled elbows denting her silken knees, her chin balanced between forefinger and thumb.

Presently she said, not looking at him: "Somehow, I've changed. I'm not the woman you knew. I'm beginning to realize it. It seems absurd: it was only a few weeks ago. But the world has whirled very swiftly. Each day was a little lifetime in itself; a week, a century, condensed; time became only a concentrated essence, one drop of which contained æons of experience. I wonder whether my silly head *was* turned a little. People said too much to me: there were too many of them—and they came too near. And do you know—looking back at it now as I sit here talking to you—I—it seems absurd—but I believe that I was really a trifle lonely at times."

She interlaced her fingers and rested her chin on the back of them.

"I thought of you on various occasions," she added.

He was leaning against the mantel, one foot on the fender.

Her eyes rested on that foot, then lifted slowly until they remained fixed on his face, which was shadowed by his hand as though to shield his eyes from the bracket light. For a time she sat motionless, considering him, interested in his silence and abstraction—in the set of his shoulders, and the unconscious grace of him. Light, touching his short blond hair, made it glossy like a boy's where his hand had disarranged it above the forehead. Certainly it was very pleasant to see him again—agreeable to be with him—not exactly restful, perhaps, but distinctly agreeable—for even in the frequent silences that had crept in between them there was no invitation to repose of mind. On the contrary, she was perfectly conscious of a reserve force now awaking—of a growing sense of freshness within her; of physical renewal, of unsuspected latent vigor.

"Are you attempting to go to sleep, Mr. Quarren?" she inquired at last.

He dropped his hand, smiling; she made an instinctive move—scarcely an invitation, scarcely even perceptible. But he came over and seated himself on the arm of the lounge beside her.

"Your letters," he said, "did a lot for me."

"I wrote very few. Did they really interest you?"

"A lot."

"How?"

"They helped that lame old gaffer, Time, to limp along toward the back door of Eternity."

"How do you mean?"

"Otherwise he would never have stirred a step—until to-night."

"That is very gallant of you, Mr. Quarren—but a little sentimental, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?"

"I don't know. I'm a poor judge of real sentiment—being unaccustomed to it."

"How many men made you declarations?"

"Oh; is *that* real sentiment? I thought it was merely love."

He looked at her. "Don't," he said. "You mustn't harden. Don't become like the rest."

She said, amused, or pretending to be: "You are clever; I *have* grown hard. Today I can survey, unmoved, many, many things which I could not even look at yesterday. But it makes life more interesting. Don't you think so?"

"Do you, Mrs. Leeds?"

"I think so. A woman might as well know the worst truths about life—and about men."

"Not about men."

"Do you prefer her to remain a dupe?"

"Is anybody happy unless life dupes him?"

"By 'life' you mean 'men.' You have the seraglio point of view. You probably prefer your women screened and veiled."

"We are all born veiled. God knows why we ever tear the film."

"Mr. Quarren, are you becoming misanthropic?" she exclaimed, laughing. But

under his marred eyes of a boy she saw shadows, and the pale induration already stamped on the flesh over the cheek-bones.

"What have you been doing with yourself all these weeks?" she asked curiously.

"Working at my trade."

"You seem thinner."

"Fewer crumbs have fallen from the banquet, perhaps. I keep Lent when I must."

"You are beginning to speak in a way that you know I dislike—aren't you?" she asked, turning around in her seat to face him.

He laughed.

"You make me very angry," she said; "I like you—I'm quite happy with you—and suddenly you try to tell me that my friendship is lavished on an unworthy man; that my taste is low, and that you're a kind of a social jackal—an upper servant—"

"I feed on what the pack leaves—and I wash their fragile plates for them," he said lightly.

"What else?" she asked, furious.

"I take out the unfledged for a social airing; I exercise the mature; I smooth the plumage of the aged; I apply first aid to the socially injured; lick the hands that feed me, as in duty bound; tell my brother jackals which hands to lick and which to snap at; curl up and go to sleep in sunny boudoirs without being put out into the back yard; and give first-class vaudeville performances at a moment's notice, acting as manager, principals, chorus, prompter, and carpenter."

He laughed so gaily into her unsmiling eyes that suddenly she lost control of herself, and her fingers closed tight.

"What are you saying!" she said fiercely. "Are you telling me that this is the kind of a man I care enough for to write to—to think about—think about a great deal—care enough about to dine with in my own house when I denied myself to everybody else? Is that all you are, after all? And am I finding my level by liking you?"

He said slowly, "I could have been anything—I could be yet—if you—"

"If you are not anything for your own sake you will never be for anybody's!" she retorted. "I refuse to believe that you are what you say, anyway. It hurts—it hurts—"

"It hurts only me, Mrs. Leeds."

"It hurts *me!* I *do* like you. I was glad to see you—you don't know how glad. Your letters to me were—were interesting. *You* have always been interesting, from the very first—more so than many men—more so than most men. And now you admit to me what kind of a man you really are. If I believe it, what am I to think of myself? Can you tell me?"

Flushed, exasperated by she knew not what, and more and more in earnest every moment, she leaned forward looking at him, her right hand tightening on the arm of the sofa, the other clenched over her twisted handkerchief.

"I could stand anything—my friendship for you could stand almost anything except what you pretend you are—and what other malicious tongues will say if you continue to repeat it! And it *has* been said already about you! Do you know that? People *do* say that of you. People even say so to me—tell me you are worthless—warn me against—against—"

"What?"

"Caring—taking you seriously! And it's because you deliberately exhibit disrespect for yourself! A man—*any* man is what he chooses to be, and people always believe him what he pretends to be. Is there any harm in pretending to dignity and worth when—when you can be the peer of any man? What's the use of inviting contempt? This very day a woman spoke of you with contempt. I denied what she said. I'd rather they'd say anything else about you—that you had vices—a vigorous, wilful, unmanageable man's vices!—than to say *that* of you!"

"What?"

"That you amount to nothing."

"Do you care what they say, Mrs. Leeds?"

"Of course! It strikes at my own self-respect!"

"Do you care—otherwise?"

"I care—as a friend, naturally."

"Otherwise still?"

"No!"

"Could you ever care?"

"No," she said nervously.

She sat breathing faster and more irregularly, watching him. He looked up and smiled at her, rested so a moment, then rose to take his leave.

She stretched out one arm toward the electric bell, but her fingers seemed to miss it, and remained resting against the silk-hung wall.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Langly Sprowl called about six, and was sent away. Strelsa, curled up on a divan, could hear the staccato racket that his powerful racing-car made in the street outside. The informality of her recent host aboard the *Yulan* did not entirely please her. She listened to his departure with quiet satisfaction.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Must you?"

"I think I'd better."

"Very well."

He waited, but she did not touch the bell-button. She seemed to be waiting for him to go; so he offered his hand, pleasantly, and turned away toward the hall. And, rising leisurely, she descended the stairs with him in silence.

"Good night," he said again.

"Good night. I am sorry you are going."

"Did you wish me to remain a little longer?"

"I—don't know what I wish."

Her cheeks were deeply flushed; the hand he took into his again seemed burning.

"It's fearfully hot in here," she said. "Please muffle up warmly because it's bitter weather outdoors"—and she lifted the other hand as though unconsciously, and passed her finger-tips over his fur collar.

"Do you feel feverish?"

"A little. Do you notice how warm my hand is?"

"You haven't caught malaria in the tropics, have you?"

"No, you funny man. I'm never ill. But it's odd how burning hot I seem to be."

She looked down at her fingers, which still lay loosely across his.

They were silent for a while. And, little by little, it seemed to her as though within her a curious stillness was growing, responsive to the quiet around her—a serenity stealing over her, invading her mind like a delicate mist—a dreamy mental lethargy, soothing, obscuring sense and thought.

Vaguely she was aware of their contact. He neither spoke nor stirred; and her palm burned softly, meltingly, against his. At last he lifted her hand and laid his lips to it in silence. Small head lowered, she dreamily endured his touch—a slight caress over her forehead—the very ghost of contact; suffered his cheek against hers, closer, never stirring. Thought drifted, almost dormant, lulled by infinite and rhythmical currents which seemed to set her body swaying gently; and, listless, non-resistant, conscious of the charm of it, she gradually yielded to the sorcery.

Then, like a shaft of sunlight slanting through a dream and tearing its fabric into tatters, his kiss on her lips awoke her. She strove to turn her mouth from his—twisted away from him, straining, tearing her body from his arms; and leaned back against the stair-rail, gray eyes expressionless as though dazed. He would have spoken, but she shook her head and closed both ears with her hands; nor would she even look at him now.

Sight and hearing sealed against him, pale, expressionless, she stood there awaiting his departure. And presently he opened the iron and glass door; a flurry of icy air swept her; she heard the metallic snap of the spring lock, and opened her heavy eyes. Deadly tired she turned and ascended the stairs to her bedroom and locked the door against her maid.

Thought dragged, then halted with her steps as she dropped onto the seat before the dresser and took her throbbing head in her hands. Cheeks and lips grew hotter; she was aware of strange senses dawning; of strange nerves signaling; of stranger responses—of a subtle fragrance in her breath so strange that she became conscious of it.

She straightened up, staring at her flushed reflection in the glass, while through and through her shot new pulses, and every breath grew tremulously sweet to the verge of pain as she recoiled dismayed from the unknown.

Unknown still!—for she crouched there shrinking from the revelation—from the restless wonder of the awakening, wilfully deaf, blind, ignorant, defying her other self with pallid flashes of self-contempt.

Then fear came—fear of him, fear of herself, defiance of him, and defiance of this other self, glimpsed only as yet, and yet already dreaded with every instinct. But it was a losing battle. Truth is very patient. And at last she looked him in the eyes.

So, after all, she was what she had understood others were or must one day become. Unawakened, pure in her inherent contempt for the lesser passion, incredulous that it could ever touch her, out of nothing had sprung the lower menace, full armed, threatening her—out of a moment's lassitude, a touch of a man's hand, and his lips on hers! And now all her life was already behind her—childhood, girlhood, wifehood—all, all behind her now; and she, a stranger even to herself, alone on an unknown road; an unknown world before her.

With every instinct inherent and self-inculcated, instincts of modesty, of reticence, of self-control, of pride, she quivered

under this fierce humiliation born of self-knowledge—knowledge scornfully admitted and defied with every breath, but no longer denied.

Wretched, humiliated, she bowed her head above the flowers and silver on her dresser—the fairest among the Philistines, who had so long unconsciously thanked God that she was not like other women in the homes of Gath and in the sinful streets of Ascalon.

VI

STRELSA was no longer at home to Quarren, even over the telephone. He called her up two or three times in as many days, ventured to present himself at her house twice without being received, and finally wrote her a note. But at the end of the month the note still remained unanswered.

However, there was news of her, sometimes involving her with Langly Sprowl, but more often with Sir Charles Mallison. Also, had Quarren not dropped out of everything so completely, he might easily have met her dozens of times in dozens of places. But for a month now he had returned every day from his office to his room in the Legation, and even the members of that important diplomatic body found his door locked, after dinner, though his light sometimes brightened the transom until morning.

Westguard, after the final rupture with his aunt, had become a soured hermit—sourer because of the low motives of the public, which was buying his book by the thousands and reading it for the story exclusively.

His aunt had cast him off; to him she was the overfed embodiment of society, so it pleased him to consider the rupture as one between society and himself. It tasted of martyrdom, and now his own public had vulgarly gone back on him, according to his ideals: nobody cared for his economics, his social evils, his moral philosophy; only what he considered the unworthy part of his book was eagerly absorbed and discussed. The proletariat had grossly betrayed him; a hermit's exemplary but embittered career was apparently all that remained for his declining years. He was almost thirty.

So, after dinner, he too retired to seclusion behind bolted doors, pondering darkly on a philosophic novel which should be no novel at all but a dignified and crushing rebuke to mankind—a solid slice of moral cake thickly frosted with social economics, heavy with ethical plums, and without any story to it whatever.

Meanwhile his book had passed into the abhorred class of best sellers.

As for Lacy and O'Hara, both had remarked Quarren's abrupt retirement and his absence from that section of the social puddle which he was accustomed to embellish and splash in. O'Hara, inclining more toward sporting circles, noticed Quarren's absence less; but Lacy, after the first week, demanded an explanation at the dinner-table.

"You spoiled a party for Mrs. Lannis," he said, "and Winifred Miller was almost in tears over the charity tableaux."

"I wrote them both in plenty of time, Jack."

"Yes. But who is there to take your place? Whatever you touch is successful. Barent Van Dyne made a dub of himself."

"They must break in another pup," said Quarren, amused.

"You mean that you're chucking the whole bally thing for keeps?"

"Practically."

"Why?" asked O'Hara.

"Oh," said Quarren laughing, "I'm curious to find out what business I really am in. Until this week I've never had time to discover that I was trying to be a broker in real estate. And I've just found out that I've been one for almost three years, and never knew it."

"One's own company is the best," growled Westguard. "The monkey people sicken you, and the public make you ill. Solitude is the only remedy."

"Not for me," said Quarren; "I could breakfast, lunch, and dine with and on the public; and I'm laying plans to do it."

"They'll turn your stomach—"

"Oh, dry up, Karl!" said O'Hara; "there's a medium between extremes where you can get a good sportin' chance at anythin'—horse, dog, girl—anythin' you fancy. You'd like some of my friends, now, Ricky!—they're a good sort, all game, all jolly, all interestin' as the devil."

"*I* don't want to meet any cock-fighters," growled Westguard.

"They're all right, too, but there are all kinds of interestin' people in my circles—writers like you, huntin' people, a professional here and there—and then there's that

fascinatin' Mrs. Wyland-Baily, the best trap-shot—"

"Trap-shot," repeated Westguard in disgust, and took his cigar and himself into seclusion.

Quarren also pushed back his chair, preparing to rise.

"Doin' anythin'?" inquired O'Hara, desiring to be kind. "Young Calahan and the Harlem Mutt have it out at the Cataract Club to-night," he added persuasively.

"Another time, thanks," said Quarren. "I've letters to write."

He wrote them—all the business letters he could think of, concentrating his thoughts as much as possible. Afterward he lay down on the lounge with a book, and remained there for an hour, although he changed books every few minutes. This was becoming a bad habit. But it was difficult reading, although it ranged from Kipling to the Book of Common Prayer; and at last he gave it up and, turning over, buried his head in the cushions.

This wouldn't do either; he racked his brain for further employment, found excuses for other business letters, wrote them, then attacked a pile of social matters—notes and letters heretofore deliberately neglected to the ragged edge of decency. He replied to them all, and invariably in the negative.

It gave him something to do to go out to the nearest lamp-post and mail his letters. But when again he came back into his room the silence there left him hesitating on his threshold. But he went in and locked his door, and kept his back turned to the desk where pen and ink were tempting him as usual, and almost beyond endurance now. And at last he weakened, and wrote to her once more:

My dear Mrs. Leeds:

I feel sure that your failure to answer my note of last week was unintentional.

Some day, when you have a moment, would you write me a line saying that you will be at home to me?

Very sincerely yours,
Richard Stanley Quarren.

He took this note to the nearest district messenger office; then returned to his room. After an interminable time the messenger reported for the signature. Mrs. Leeds was not at home, and he had left the note as directed.

The night was a white one. He did not feel very well when he sat scanning the morning paper over his coffee. Recently he had formed the custom of reading two columns only in the paper—Real Estate News and Society. In the latter column Strelsa usually figured.

She figured, as usual, this morning; and he read the fulsome stuff attentively. Also, there was a flourish concerning an annual event at the Santa Regina. Quarren read this very carefully; and made up his mind as he finished the paragraph.

The conclusion he came to over his coffee and newspaper materialized that afternoon at a charity bazar, where, as he intended, he met Strelsa Leeds face to face. She said, coolly amiable:

"Have you been away? One never sees you these days."

"I have been nowhere," he said pleasantly.

She shook her pretty head in reproof. "Is it good policy for a young man to drop out of sight? Our world forgets overnight."

He laughed. "Something similar has been intimated to me by others—but less gently. I'm afraid I've offended some people."

"Oh, so you have already been disciplined?"

"Verbally trounced, admonished, and still smarting under the displeasure of the powers that reign. They seem to resent my Sunday out—yet even their other domestics have that. And it's the first I've taken in three years. I think I'll have to give notice to my missus."

"The specter of servitude still seems to obsess your humor," she observed indifferently.

"I *am* that specter, Mrs. Leeds."

"You certainly look pallid enough for any disembodied rôle. You have not been ill, by any chance?"—carelessly.

"Not at all, thank you. Rude health and I continue to link arms."

"Then it is by chance that you absent yourself from the various festivities where your part is usually supposed to be a leading one?"

"All cooks eventually develop a distaste for their own concoctions," he explained gravely.

She lifted her eyebrows. "Yet you are here this afternoon."

"Oh, yes. Charity has not yet palled on my palate—perhaps because I need so much myself."

"I have never considered you an object of charity."

"Then I must draw your kind attention to my pitiable case by doing a little begging. Could I ask your forgiveness, for example? And perhaps obtain it?"

Her face flushed. "I have nothing to forgive you, Mr. Quarren," she said with decision.

"Do you mean that?"

"Certainly."

"I scarcely know how to take your—generosity."

"I offer none. There is no occasion for generosity or for the exercise of any virtue, cardinal or otherwise. You have not offended me, nor I you—I trust. Have I?"

"No," he said.

Men came up to speak to her; one or two women nodded to her from near-by groups which presently mingled, definitely separating her from Quarren unless either he or she chose to evade the natural trend of things. Neither made the effort. Then Sir Charles Mallison joined her, and Quarren, smilingly accepting that gentleman's advent as his own congé, took his leave of Strelsa and went his way—which chanced, also, to be the way of Mrs. Lester Caldera, very fetching in lilac gown and hat.

Susanne Lannis, lips slightly curling, looked after them, touching Strelsa's elbow. "Cyrille simply cannot let Ricky alone," she said. "The bill-posters will find a fence for her if she doesn't come to her senses."

"Who?" asked Strelsa, as one or two people laughed guardedly.

"Why, Cyrille Caldera. *Elle s'affiche, ma chère!*"

"Mrs. Caldera!" repeated the girl, surprised.

"*And* Ricky! Are you blind, Strelsa? It's been on for two weeks or more. And she'd better not play too confidently with Ricky. You can usually forecast what a wild animal will do, never how a trained one is going to behave."

"Such scandal!" laughed Chrysos Lacy. "How many of us can afford to turn our backs to the rest of the cage even for an instant? Sir Charles, I simply don't dare to go away. Otherwise I'd purchase several of those glittering articles yonder—whatever they are. Do you happen to know?"

"Automatic revolvers. The cartridges are charged with Japanese perfumes. Did you never see one?" he asked, turning to Strelsa. But she was not listening; and he transferred his attention to Chrysos.

Several people moved forward to examine the pretty and apparently deadly little weapons; Sir Charles was called upon to explain the Japanese game of perfumes, and everybody began to purchase the paraphernalia, pistols, cartridges, targets, and counters.

Sir Charles came back, presently, to where Strelsa still stood, listlessly examining laces.

"All kinds of poor people have blinded themselves making these pretty things," she said, as Sir Charles came up beside her. "My only apparent usefulness is to buy them, I suppose."

He offered her one of the automatic pistols. "It's loaded," he cautioned her solemnly.

"What an odd gift!" she said, surprised, taking it gingerly into her gloved hand. "Is it really for me? And why?"

"Are you timid about firearms?" he asked jestingly.

"No. I don't know anything about them—except to keep my finger away from the trigger. I know enough to do that."

He supposed that she also was jesting, and her fastidious handling of the weapon amused him. And when she asked him if it was safe to carry in her muff, he assured her very gravely that she might venture to do so. "Turn it loose on the first burglar," he added, "and his regeneration will begin in all the forty-nine odors of sanctity."

Strelsa smiled without comprehending. Cyrille Caldera was standing just beyond them, apparently interested in antique jewelry, trying the effect of various linked gems against her lilac gown, and inviting Quarren's opinion of the results. Their backs were turned; Ricky's blond head seemed to come unreasonably close to Cyrille's at moments. Once Mrs. Caldera thoughtlessly laid a pretty hand on his arm as though in emphasis. Their unheard conversation was evidently amusing them.

Strelsa's smile remained unaltered; people were coming constantly to pay their respects to her; and they lingered, attracted and amused by her unusual gaiety, charm, and wit. Her mind seemed suddenly to have become crystal clear; her gay retorts to lively badinage and her laughing epigrams were deliciously spontaneous. A slight exhilaration, without apparent reason, was transforming her, swiftly, into an incarnation entirely unknown even to herself.

Conscious of a wonderful mood never

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Do you remember our first toast?" asked Quarren, smiling. "No," said Strelsa. "The toast to friend–
After a moment she raised her eyes, met his gaze, returned it with one quite as audacious.
entails?" She nodded. "Its chances, hazards, consequences?" She laughed, then,
pulse she put it down and turned and faced him once more, the defiant

ship?" "Yes, I remember it." She touched her lips to her glass, not looking at him. He watched her.
"I am drinking that same toast again—after many days," she said. "With all that it
looking at him, deliberately sipped from her glass. Then with a quick im-
smile in her eyes still daring him and chance and destiny together

before experienced, perfectly aware of her unusual brilliancy and beauty, surprised and interested in the sudden revelation of powers within her still unexercised, she felt herself, for the first time in her life, in contact with things heretofore impalpable—and, in spirit, with delicate fingers, she gathered up instinctively those intangible threads with which man is guided as surely as though driven in chains of steel.

And all the while she was aware of Quarren's boyish head bending almost too near to Cyrille Caldera's over the trays of antique jewels; and all the while she was conscious of the transformation in process—that not only a new self was being evolved for her out of the débris of the old, but that the world itself was changing around her—and a new heaven and a new earth were being born—and a new hell.

That evening she fought it out with herself with a sort of deadly intelligence. Alone in her room, seated, and facing her mirrored gaze unflinchingly, she stated her case to herself from beginning to end, minutely; then called the only witness for the prosecution—herself—and questioned that witness without mercy.

Did she care for Quarren? Apparently. How much? A great deal. Was she in love with him? She could not answer. Wherein did he differ from other men she knew—Sir Charles, for example? She only knew that he *was* different. Perhaps he was nobler? No. More intelligent? No. Kinder? No. More admirable? No. More gentle, more sincere, less selfish? No. Did he, as a man, compare favorably with other men—Sir Charles, for example? The comparison was not in Quarren's favor.

Wherein, then, lay her interest in him? She could not answer. Was she, perhaps, sorry for him? Very. Why? Because she believed him capable of better things. Then the basis of her regard for him was founded on pity. No; because from the beginning—even before he had unmasked—she had been sensible of an interest in him different from any interest she had ever before felt for any man.

This uncompromisingly honest answer silenced her mentally for some moments; then she lifted her resolute gray eyes to the eyes of the mirrored witness. If that is true, then the attraction was partly physical? She could not answer. Pressed for a statement, she admitted that it might be that.

Then the basis of her regard for him was ignoble? She found pleasure in his intellectual attractions. But the basis had not been intellectual? No. It had been material? Yes. And she had never forgotten the light pressure of that masked harlequin's spangled arm around her while she desperately counted out the seconds of that magic minute forfeited to him? No, she had never forgotten. It was a sensation totally unknown to her before that moment? Yes. Had she experienced it since that time? Yes. When? When he first told her that he loved her. And afterward? Yes. When? In the cheeks of the mirrored witness a faint fire began to burn; her own face grew pink; but she answered, looking the shadowy witness steadily in the eyes,

"When he took my hand at the door—and during—whatever happened—afterward."

And she excused the witness and turned her back to the looking-glass.

The only witness for the defense was the accused—unless her own heart were permitted to testify. Or—and there seemed to be some slight confusion here—*was* Quarren on trial? Or was she herself?

This threatened to become a serious question; she strove to think clearly, to reason; but only evoked the pale, amused face of Quarren from inner and chaotic consciousness until the visualization remained fixed, defying obliteration. And she accepted the mental specter for the witness-box.

"Ricky," she said, "do you really love me?"

But the clear-cut, amused face seemed to mock her question with the smile she knew so well—so well, alas!

"Why are you unworthy," she said again—"you who surely are equipped for a nobler life? What is it in you that I have responded to? If a woman is so colorless as to respond merely to love in the abstract, she is worth nothing better, nothing higher, than what she has evoked. For you are no better than other men, Ricky; indeed you are less admirable than many; and to compare you to Sir Charles is not advantageous to you, poor boy—poor boy."

In vain she strove to visualize Sir Charles; she could not. All she could do was mentally to enumerate his qualities; and she did so, the amused face of Quarren looking on at her out of empty space.

"Ricky, Ricky," she said, "am I no better than that?—am I fit only for such a

response?—to find the contact of your hand so wonderful?—to thrill with the consciousness of your nearness—to let my senses drift, contented merely by your touch—yielding to the charm of it—suffering even your lips' embrace—"

She shuddered slightly, drawing one hand across her eyes, then she faced his smiling phantom, resolute to end it now forever.

"If I am such a woman," she said, "and you are the kind of man I know you to be—then it is time for me to fast and pray, lest I enter into temptation. Into the one temptation I have never before known, Ricky—and which, in my complacency and pride, I never dreamed that I should encounter.

"And it is coming to that! A girl must be honest with herself, or all life is only the same smiling lie. I'm ashamed to be honest, Ricky; but I must be. You are not very much of a man—otherwise I might find some reason for caring; and now there is none; and yet—I care—God knows why—or what it is in you that I care for! But I do—I am beginning to care—and I don't know why; I—don't—know why."

She dropped her face in her hands, sitting there bowed low over her knees. And there, hour after hour, she fought it out with herself and with the amused specter ever at her elbow—so close at moments that some unaroused nerve fell a-trembling in its sleep, threatening to awaken those quiet senses that she already feared for their unknown powers.

The season was approaching its end, still kicking now and then spasmodically, but pretty nearly done for. No particularly painful incidents marked its demise except the continued absence of Quarren from social purlieus accustomed to his gay presence and adroit executive abilities.

After several demoralized cotillions had withstood the shock of his absence, and a dozen or more functions had become temporarily disorganized because he declined to occupy himself with their success; and after a number of hostesses had filled in his place at dinner, at theaters, at week-ends, on yachts and coaches; and after an unprecedented defiance of two summonses to the hazardous presence of Mrs. Sprowl, he obeyed a third subpœna, and presented himself with an air of cheerful confidence that instantly enraged her.

The old lady lay abed with nothing more compromising than a toothache; Quarren was conducted to the inner shrine; she glared at him hideously from her pillows; and for one moment he felt seriously inclined to run.

"Where have you been?" she wheezed.

"Nowhere in particu—"

"I know you've been nowhere," she burst out. "Molly Wycherly's dance went to pieces because she was fool enough to trust things to you. Do you know who led? That great oaf, Barent Van Dyne! He led like a trick elephant, too!"

Quarren looked politely distressed.

"And there are a dozen hostesses perfectly furious with you," continued the old lady, pounding the pillows with a fat arm—"parties of all sorts spoiled, idiocies committed, dinners either commonplace or blank failures—what the devil possesses you to behave this way?"

"I'm tired," he said politely.

"What!"

He smiled. "Oh, the place suits, Mrs. Sprowl; I haven't any complaint; and the work and wages are easy; and it's comfortable below-stairs. But—I'm just tired."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking *about* my employers, and I'm talking *like* the social upper servant that I am—or was. I'm merely giving a respectable warning; that is the airy purport of my discourse, Mrs. Sprowl."

"Do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes, I think so," he said wearily.

"Well then, what the devil *are* you saying?"

"Merely that I've dropped out of service to engage in trade."

"You can't!" she yelled, sitting up in bed so suddenly that her unquiet tooth took the opportunity to assert itself. She clapped a pudgy hand to her cheek, squinting furiously at Quarren. "You *can't* drop out," she shouted. "Don't you ever want to amount to anything?"

"Yes, I do. That's why I'm doing it."

"Don't act like a fool! Haven't you any ambition?"

"That also is why," he said pleasantly. "I am ambitious to be out of livery and see what my own kind will do to me."

"Well, you'll see!" she threatened—"you'll see what we'll do to you."

"*You're* not my kind. I always supposed you were, but you all knew better from the day I took service with you."

"Ricky!"

"It is perfectly true, Mrs. Sprowl. My admittance included a livery and the perennial prerogative of amusing people. But I had no money, no family affiliations with the very amiable people who found me useful. Only, in common with them, I had the inherent taste for idleness and the genius for making it endurable to you all. So you welcomed me very warmly; and you have been very kind to me. But, somewhere or other—in some forgotten corner of me—an odd and old-fashioned idea awoke the other day. I think perhaps it awoke when you reminded me that to serve you was one thing and to marry among you something very different."

"Ricky! Do you want to drive me to the yelling verge of distraction? I didn't say or intimate or dream any such thing! You know perfectly well you're not only with us but *of* us. Nobody ever imagined otherwise. But you can't marry any girl you pick out. Sometimes she won't; sometimes her family won't. It's the same everywhere. You have no money. Of course I intend that you shall eventually marry money—What the devil are you laughing at?"

"I beg your pardon—"

"I said that you would marry well. Was that funny? I also said, once, and I repeat it now, that I have my own plans for one or two girls—Strelsa Leeds included. I merely asked you to respect my wishes in that single matter; and bang! you go off and blow up and maroon yourself and sulk until nobody knows what's the matter with you. Don't be a fool. Everybody likes you; every girl *can't* love you—but I'll bet many of 'em do. Pick one out and come to me—if that's your trouble. Go ahead and pick out what you fancy; and ten to one it will be all right, and between you and me we'll land the little lady!"

"You're tremendously kind—"

"I know I am. I'm always doing kindnesses—and nobody likes me, and they'd bite my head off, every one of 'em—if they weren't afraid it would disagree with them," she added grimly.

Quarren rose and came over to the bedside. "Good-by, Mrs. Sprowl," he said kindly. "And—I like you—somehow—I really do."

"The devil you do," said the old lady.

"It's a curious fact," he insisted, smiling.

"Get out with you, Ricky! And I want you to come—"

"No—please."

"What?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I want to see some real people again. I've forgotten what they resemble."

"That's an insolent remark, Ricky!" she gasped.

"Not meant to be. *You* are real enough, Heaven knows. But," and his smile faded, "I've taken a month off to think it out. And so, you know, thinking being an unaccustomed luxury, I've enjoyed it. Imagine my delight and surprise, Mrs. Sprowl, when I discovered that my leisurely reflections resulted in the discovery that I had a mind—a real one—capable of reason and conclusions. And so when I actually came to a conclusion my joy knew no bounds."

"Ricky! Stop those mental athletics! Do you hear? I've a toothache and a backache, and I can't stand 'em!"

Quarren was laughing now; and presently a grim concession to humor relaxed the old lady's lips till her fat face creased.

"All right," she said; "go and play with the ragged boy around the corner, my son. Then when you're ready come home and get your face washed."

"May I come occasionally to chat with you?"

"As though you'd do that if you didn't have to!" she exclaimed incredulously.

"I think you know better."

"No, I don't!" she snapped. "I know men and women; that's all I know. And as you're one of the two species, I don't expect anything celestial from you. And you'd better go now."

She turned over on her pillow with a grunt. Quarren laughed, lifted one of her pudgy and heavily ringed hands from the coverlet, and, still smiling, touched the largest diamond with his lips.

"I think," he said, "that you are one of the very few I really like in your funny unreal world. You're so humanly bad."

"What!" she shouted, floundering to a sitting posture. But, looking back at her from the door, he found her grinning.

The next instalment of ***"The Streets of Ascalon"*** will appear in the August issue.

Frederick MacMonnies-Sculptor

"Victory"—the famous Battle Monument at West Point

By Charles Henry Meltzer

A MAN in the young forties, tall and spare, sat in an armchair, on a terrace facing the green hills above the stream known as the Epte at Giverny. He had pale gray eyes. His hair was brown, with a red chestnut tinge. His mouth was sensitive. His face, his hands, his movements, told of breeding. The man had seen the world, thought much and toiled. The twitching of his lips showed that he was quick to receive impressions, perhaps tired of them. And when he spoke—as he did slowly and reluctantly—his voice was low and soft and musical, though it fell jerkily and spasmodically on the ear.

It had not been easy to get near to Frederick MacMonnies, the unusual-looking artist whom I have endeavored to describe. Of late years he has lived aloof from life, planning and working in the retirement which he courts and loves. Since the commotion caused by his "Bacchante," he has been widely talked of. Now all he asks is to be left alone, free to dream, free to conceive, free to create.

With George Grey Barnard, the inventor of the great groups at Harrisburg, and with Paul Bartlett, who fathered the statue of "Lafayette," Frederick MacMonnies is in the front rank of American sculptors. His works have been attacked, condemned, abused. But they have held their own, and they have found their pedestals. One stands in the Luxembourg. Another may be seen at Prospect Park. A third adorns the New York City Hall Park. Quite lately, too, a fourth has been unveiled in the Far West, at Denver.

All artists are affected by their environment. So it may not be out of place to tell you something of the restful little spot in which MacMonnies lives. It is a simple, gabled house, on the long dusty road leading from Vernon to the village of Giverny, between Mantes and Rouen. Centuries ago it was a monastery. Earlier still, the house and the adjacent grounds which sink in terraces down to the Epte served as a lazaret. Lepers found shelter there. And, as the peasants of the past crept by the place, they crossed themselves.

Most of the front of the MacMonnies house is filled by the large window of the artist's

studio. On entering the building and descending a winding stone stairway, you come to a vast music-room which was once a refectory. It is hung with rare and costly tapestry and paved with marble. A piano fills one corner of the room. Facing it are a harpsichord, two tall gilded candelabra, and some busts. Beyond, you pass into a small but lovely garden. Laburnums, with their golden yellow hues, form a bright contrast to the greens and browns of poplars, elms, and chestnuts. A parapet, dotted with Pompeian bronzes, bounds the highest of three garden terraces. Below this an Algerian donkey, oddly named Othello, frisks. It is a pet and chartered libertine, quite spoilt.

In days gone by, the valley of the Epte, overlooked by the MacMonnies house, lay on the border line between the possessions of the first William of England and the French king. Within easy reach of what is now called Giverny stood one of the castles of the Lion-Hearted Richard. Battles have been fought in the neighborhood. But on the day when I was last at Giverny the only sounds which broke the reigning peace were the braying of Othello, the hymning of the thrush, and the faint cuckoo call.

It seemed a long, long way from the rusticity of Giverny to Brooklyn, where MacMonnies came into the world. He left his native town long since, but he has never ceased to think of it with fondness.

COURTESY THEODORE B. STARR, INC.

The statue of Shakespeare in the Congressional Library at Washington—one of MacMonnies's best known sculptures

The Old World and the New are strangely mingled in the affections of MacMonnies. Both are reflected on his face. Both mark his character. America is stamped all over him. Yet when he speaks one almost doubts his origin.

From his father, William MacMonnies, a Scot of unswerving honesty, he inherited his thoroughness and his longing for perfection. This father was a man of high ideals, and, though himself engaged in business, he could sympathize with his boy's dreams. Even when he lost his fortune, he was too broad and kind to check his son's career. To his mother, Juliana Eudora West, an American, MacMonnies was perhaps indebted for his artistic tendencies. She was not, in the narrow sense, an artist, but she was constantly in touch with art, and more especially with music.

When he was three years old Frederick MacMonnies showed plain signs of budding genius. He drew and modeled and painted. His nurse would bring him lumps of wax and bread-crumbs, out of which he formed dogs and horses which excited the admiration and compelled

the amazement of his neighbors. He copied flowers and decorated shells. And, to this day, when he has tired of sculpture, he finds it pleasant to devote himself to painting. As he grew older, he stopped modeling animals and devised nymphs and dancing fauns. This harking back to pagan taste and art was perhaps due to atavism.

Some Scottish ancestor of his may have had Roman blood in him.

Pagan and Puritan. There is something of both in MacMonnies. The love of beauty has possessed him since his childhood. The thirst for perfection has obsessed him all his life.

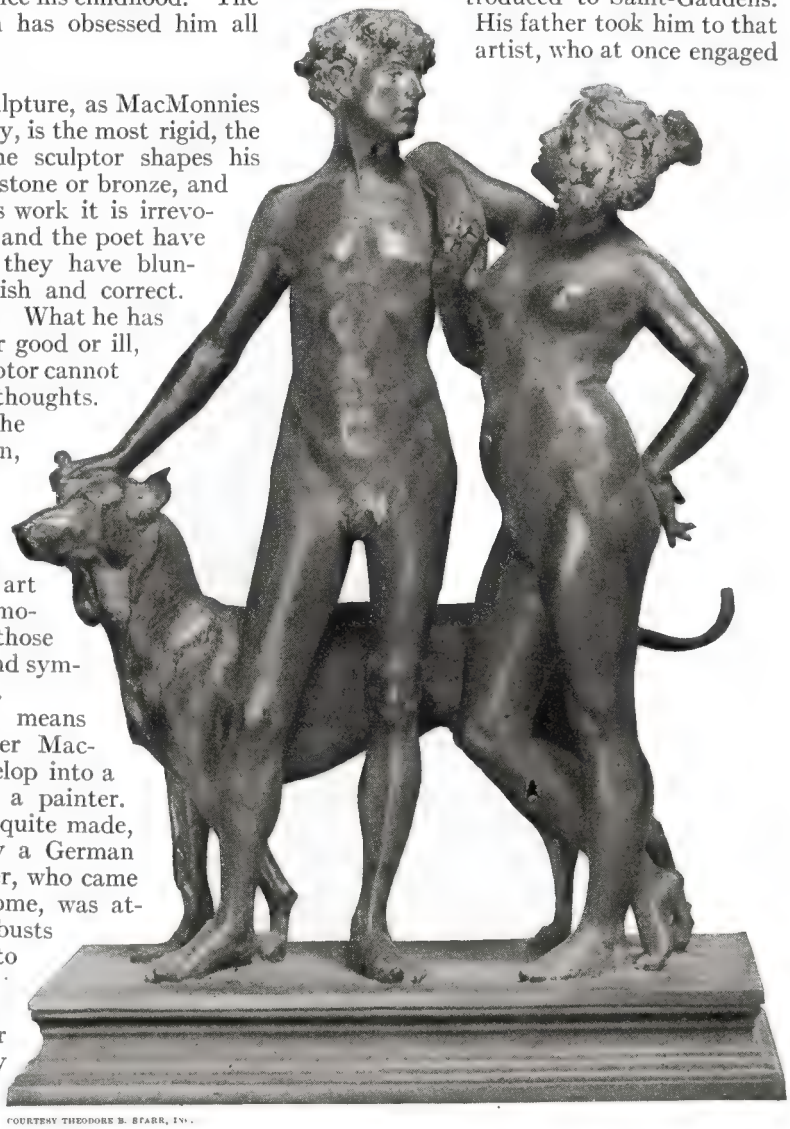
Of all the arts, sculpture, as MacMonnies said to me at Giverny, is the most rigid, the most exacting. The sculptor shapes his dreams out of dead stone or bronze, and once he has done his work it is irrevocable. The painter and the poet have a simpler task. If they have blundered, they can polish and correct. Not so the sculptor. What he has fashioned stands, for good or ill, eternally. The sculptor cannot give effect to afterthoughts. Moreover, through the medium he has chosen, he must synthesize. In one fixed form, or in one group of forms, he must symbolize an idea. His art is intellectual and emotional. And only those who have intellect and sympathy can fathom it.

It seemed by no means sure at first whether MacMonnies would develop into a sculptor or become a painter. His choice was not quite made, indeed, till one day a German sculptor named Muer, who came frequently to his home, was attracted by one of his busts and advised him to make sculpture his life work. Just then, however, his father lost most of the money he had saved, and Frederick, then a lad, was sent to "business." At night, when he had done his drudgery, he went to Cooper Union and modeled from the antique, under the guidance of an Italian teacher. One morning he met Mr. Muer, who asked him how his art was getting on.

"Oh, I'm in business now," the boy replied.

"You tell your father that I'm coming round to see him about that to-morrow," said Mr. Muer. "Your place is in some sculptor's studio."

Through Mr. Muer MacMonnies was introduced to Saint-Gaudens. His father took him to that artist, who at once engaged



COURTESY THEODORE B. STARR, INC.

"Venus and Adonis." The pagan world attracts most artists soon or late. This is MacMonnies's best known mythological group

him as studio-boy: to sweep the floor, wash windows, make himself useful, to do almost everything, in fact, except sculpture. Whenever he had a few moments, MacMonnies worked at a copy of a bas-relief by Donatello which he had found. One day Saint-Gaudens saw the copy and was so much impressed by it that he at once said that it would pay him to get another boy to wash windows and let MacMonnies devote his whole time to sculpture as his assistant. While he remained with his first master, the young 'prentice made hundreds of sketches for projected monuments, until he hit on something that satisfied Saint-Gaudens. He took an active part in all about him, and gained practical experience in setting up big figures, inventing bas-reliefs, and making designs.

After two years, Frederick MacMonnies went to France to complete his training at the Beaux-Arts. He had grown so useful by that time that Saint-Gaudens was loath to part with him and even offered to double his salary if he would stay in America. But the young artist felt the need of French experience. Saint-Gaudens understood. He had not been slow to see his assistant's gifts. When he was asked one day to supply a colossal fountain for the World's Fair of '93, being too busy to undertake so large a work alone, he accepted the commission only on condition that MacMonnies, who was then abroad, should cooperate with him. On finding that, for artistic reasons, his pupil was not willing to collaborate, he suggested that MacMonnies, and not he, should be entrusted with the whole execution of the projected fountain.

The masterly way in which the young beginner acquitted himself of this colossal undertaking, many will remember. On his way home from Chicago, after seeing the completed work, Saint-Gaudens wrote this letter.

> You have produced a *chef-d'œuvre*. It's the swellest fountain that has ever been made. It seems to me that as regards composition no other fountain can be compared with it. You have done the fountain forever, just as you have personified America forever in the crowning figure. Your fountain is the apotheosis of youth; and you can go ahead now and die, and leave us poor beggars to pass the rest of our lives in admiration of the fellow that's gone, instead of envy and black jealousy of the fellow who still lives.

Although, later, the relationship between MacMonnies and Saint-Gaudens changed, esteem and admiration of the two for each other did not weaken. A year or two after the completion of the Chicago group, Saint-Gaudens, writing to M. Bion, a French friend, of MacMonnies's "Bacchante," of which an example had been made for the Luxembourg, said this:

> I have just seen Mac's "Bacchante." To me it seems an adorable masterpiece—the *dernier mot* of grace and life. No one has ever done better. No one will ever do better. From this you may imagine what a profound impression it has made on me. It is not he who has been honored by the Luxembourg and the Legion of Honor; it is the Legion of Honor and the Luxembourg who have been honored by that work.

On leaving Saint-Gaudens, MacMonnies studied both in Germany and at the Beaux-Arts in Paris under Falguière. Later he worked for a time in Falguière's private studio, and

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"Diana"—one of the sculptor's earliest works and one of his best known. He himself rates it very highly

then he set up a studio for himself. He won a prize in the first year of his stay at the great Paris school, and was soon treated with respect by all his comrades. His exhibits at the Salon in 1891 soon brought him into prominence. They were his portrait statue of Mr. Stranahan, and his "Nathan Hale." The former, which is now in Brooklyn, has never attracted half as much notice in America as in Paris. French artists all remember what they called "Le Bonhomme au Chapeau."

His model, by the way, was an old-fashioned Brooklyn man who had devoted a good deal of time and money to the adornment of the town he lived in.

No poet ever took more pains than this American sculptor to give fitting and precise expression to his ideas. Yet he has been a most prolific artist, and in a dozen styles, ranging from the uncompromising classic to the extremely modern. He has made portrait busts and statues, idealized heroes, invented fountains, symbolized abstractions. He has lent life in bronze and marble to old myths. He has made modern busts. His works include such excellent achievements as his "Bacchante"; his "Shakespeare"; his "Pax Victrix"; his "Colonel Roosevelt" and "General Woodward"; his Brooklyn "Horses"; his "Venus and Adonis," and the most recent of his many public monuments, the huge Denver fountain. As an example of his scrupulous conscientiousness, I may mention, on his own authority, that, before sending this last work out West, he had made and destroyed five earlier models.

One of the most saddening incidents in the career of this remarkable American was the destruction, through neglect or carelessness, of his Chicago fountain. It had been intended to give permanent life to this ambitious work in stone or bronze. But, when the World's Fair closed, the Chicago authorities lost interest in the fountain, and the huge plaster model, which had cost such pains, fell all to pieces. Fortunately the artist has preserved his original design, with its triumphal barge, its figures symbolizing the arts and sciences, and its enthroned Columbia. Some day he may refashion it. As to his "Bacchante," opinions, even among artists, differ. But it is now generally regarded by good judges as a work of unusual merit; pagan indeed—for what else could a Bacchante be?—but living and beautiful.

"Bacchante," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, where it was put after being refused a place in the Boston Public Library

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Moldini said, "You say you have no money?" "No, but I shall get it," replied Mildred. "You may have to p
high for it—yes?" She colored, but did not flinch. "At worst, it will be—unpleasant. But that's all"

The Price She Paid

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR AND AGAINST LOVE

By David Graham Phillips

Author of "The Hungry Heart," "The Husband's Story," "The Grain of Dust," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

MILDRED thought out several more or less ingenious indirect routes into Mr. Crossley's stronghold, for use in case frontal attack failed. But she did not need them. Still, the hours she spent in planning them were by no means wasted. No time is wasted that is spent in desperate, concentrated thinking about any of the practical problems of life. And Mildred Gower, as much as any other woman of her training—or lack of training—was deficient in ability to use her mind purposefully. Most of us let our minds act like a sheep in a pasture—go wandering hither and yon, nibbling at whatever happens to offer. Only the superior few deliberately select a pasture, select a line of procedure in that pasture and keep to it, concentrating upon what is useful to us, and that alone. So it was excellent experience for Mildred to sit down and think connectedly and with wholly absorbed mind upon the phase of her career most important at the moment. When she had worked out all the plans that had promise in them she went tranquilly to sleep, a stronger and a more determined person, for she had said with the energy that counts: "I shall see him, somehow. If none of these schemes work, I'll work out others. He's got to see me."

But it was no occult "bearing down" that led him to order her admitted the instant her card came. He liked her; he wished to see her again; he felt that it was the decent thing, and somehow not difficult gently but clearly to convey to her the truth. On her side she, who had looked forward to the interview with some nervousness, was at her ease the moment she faced him alone in that inner office. He had extraordinary personal charm—more than Ransdell, though Ransdell had the charm invariably found in a handsome human being with the many-sided intellect that gives lightness of mind. Crossley was not intellectual, not in the least. One had only to glance at him to see that he was one of those men who reserve all their intelligence for the practical sides of the practical thing that forms the basis of their material career. He knew something of many things, had a wonderful assortment of talents—could sing, could play piano or violin, could compose, could act, could do mystifying card tricks, could order women's clothes as discriminatingly as he could order his own—all these things a little, but nothing much except making a success of musical comedy and comic opera. He had an ambition, carefully restrained in a closet of his mind, whence it could not issue forth and interfere with his business. This ambition was to be a giver of grand opera on a superb scale. He regarded himself as a mere money-maker—was not ashamed of this, but neither was he proud of it. His ambition then represented a dream of a rise to something more than business man, to friend and encourager and wet nurse to art.

Mildred Gower had happened to set his imagination to working. The discovery that she was one of those whose personalities rouse high expectations only to mock them had been a severe blow to his confidence in his own judgment. Though he pretended to believe, and had the habit of saying that he was "weak and soft," was always being misled by his good nature, he really believed himself an unerring judge of human beings, and, as his success evidenced, he was not far wrong. Thus, though convinced that Mildred was a "false alarm," his secret vanity would not let him release his original idea. He had the tenacity that is an important element in all successes; and tenacity become a fixed habit has even been known to ruin in the end the very careers it has made.

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Said Mildred, in a manner which was astonishingly unemotional and businesslike: "I've not come to tattle and to whine, Mr. Crossley. I've hesitated about coming at all, partly because I've an instinct it's useless, partly because what I have to say isn't easy."

Crossley's expression hardened. The old story—excuses, excuses, self-excuse—somebody else to blame.

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Ransdell—the trouble he took with me, the coaching he gave me—I'd have been a ridiculous failure at the very first rehearsal. But—it is to Mr. Ransdell that my failure is due."

"My dear Miss Gower," said Crossley, polite but cold, "I regret hearing you say that. The fact is very different. Not until you had done so—so unacceptably at several rehearsals that news of it reached me by another way—not until I myself went to Mr. Ransdell about you did he admit that there could be a possibility of a doubt of your succeeding. I had to go to rehearsal myself and directly order him to restore Miss Esmond and to lay you off."

Mildred was not unprepared. She received this tranquilly. "Mr. Ransdell is a very clever man," said she with perfect good humor. "I've no hope of convincing you, but I must tell my side."

And clearly and simply, with no concealment through fear of disturbing his high ideal of her ladylike delicacy, she told him the story. He listened, seated well back in his tilted desk-chair, his gaze upon the ceiling. When she finished he held his pose a moment, then got up and paced the length of the office several times, his hands in his pockets. Said he:

"And your bad throat? Did Ransdell give you a germ?"

She colored. He had gone straight at the weak point.

"If you'd been able to sing," he went on, "nobody could have done you up."

She could not gather herself together for speech.

"Didn't you know your voice wasn't reliable when you came to me?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"And wasn't that the *real* reason you had given up grand opera?" pursued he mercilessly.

"The reason was what I told you—lack of money," replied she. "I did not go into the reason why I lacked money. Why should I when, even on my worst days, I could get through all my part in a musical comedy—except songs that could be cut down or cut out? If I could have made good at acting, would you have given me up on account of my voice?"

"Not if you had been good enough," he admitted.

"Then I did not get my engagement on false pretenses?"

"No. You are right. Still your fall-down as a singer is the important fact. Don't lose sight of it."

"I sha'n't," said she tersely.

His eyes were frankly laughing. "As to Ransdell—what a clever trick! He's a remarkable man. If he weren't so shrewd in those little ways, he might have been a great man. Same old story—just a little too smart, and so always doing the little thing and missing the big thing. Yes, he went gunning for you—and got you." He dropped into his chair. He thought a moment, laughed aloud, went on: "No doubt he has worked that same trick many a time. I've suspected it once or twice, but this time he fooled me. He got you, Miss Gower, and I can do nothing. You must see that I can't look after details. And I can't give up as invaluable a man as Ransdell. If I put you back, he'd put you out—would make the piece fail rather than let you succeed."

Mildred was gazing somberly at the floor.

"It's hard lines—devilish hard lines," he went on sympathetically. "But what can I do?"

"What can I do?" said Mildred.

"Do as all people do who succeed—meet the conditions."

"I'm not prepared to go as far as that, at least not yet," said she with bitter sarcasm. "Perhaps when I'm actually starving and in rags—"

"A very distressing future," interrupted Crossley. "But—I didn't make the world. Don't berate me. Be sensible—and be honest, Miss Gower, and tell me—how could I possibly protect you and continue to give successful shows? If you can suggest any feasible way, I'll take it."

"No, there isn't any way," replied she, rising to go.

He rose to escort her to the hall door. "Personally, the Ransdell sort of thing is—distasteful to me. Perhaps if I were not so busy I might be forced by my own giddy

misconduct to take less high ground. I've observed that the best that can be said for human nature at its best is that it is as well behaved as its real temptations permit. He was making you, you know. You've admitted it."

"There's no doubt about that," said Mildred.

"Mind you, I'm not excusing him. I'm simply explaining him. If your voice had been all right—if you could have stood to any degree the test he put you to, the test of standing alone—you'd have defeated him. He wouldn't have dared go on. He's too shrewd to think a real talent can be beaten."

The strong lines, the latent character, in Mildred's face were so strongly in evidence that looking at her then no one would have thought of her beauty or even of her sex, but only of the force that resists all and overcomes all. "Yes—the voice," said she. "The voice."

"If it's ever reliable, come to see me. Until then—" He put out his hand. When she gave him hers, he held it in a way that gave her no impulse to draw back. "You know the conditions of success now. You must prepare to meet them. If you put yourself at the mercy of the Ransdells—or any other of the petty intriguers that beset every avenue of success—you must take the consequences, you must conciliate them as best you can. If you don't wish to be at their mercy, you must do your part."

She nodded. He released her hand, opened the hall door. He said:

"Forgive my little lecture. But I like you, and I can't help having hope of you." He smiled charmingly, his keen, inconstant eyes dimming. "Perhaps I hope because you're young and extremely lovely and I am pitifully susceptible. You see, you'd better go. Every man's a Ransdell at heart where pretty women are concerned."

She did not leave the building. She went to the elevator and asked the boy where she could find Signor Moldini. His office was the big room on the third floor where voice candidates were usually tried out, three days in the week. At the moment he was engaged. Mildred, seated in the tiny anteroom, heard through the glass door a girl singing, or trying to sing. It was a distressing performance, and Mildred wondered that Moldini could be so tolerant as to hear her through. He came to the door with her, thanked her profusely, told her he would let her know whenever there was an opening "suited to your talents." As he observed Mildred, he was still sighing and shaking his head over the departed candidate.

"Ugly and ignorant!" he groaned. "Poor creature! Poor, poor creature! She makes three dollars a week—in a factory owned by a great philanthropist. Three dollars a week. And she has no way to make a cent more. Miss Gower, they talk about the bad naughty girls who sell themselves in the street to piece out their wages. But think, dear young lady, how infinitely better off they are than the ugly ones who can't piece out their wages."

There he looked directly at her for the first time. Before she could grasp the tragic sadness of his idea, he, with the mobility of candid and highly sensitized natures, shifted from melancholy to gay, for in looking at her he had caught only the charm of dress, of face, of arrangement of hair. "What a pleasure!" he exclaimed, bursting into smiles and seizing and kissing her gloved hands. "Voice like a bird, face like an angel—only not *too* good, no, not *too* good. But it is so rare—to look as one sings, to sing as one looks."

For once compliment, sincere compliment from one whose opinion was worth while, gave Mildred pain. She burst out with her news: "Signor Moldini, I've lost my place in the company. My voice has gone back on me."

Usually Moldini abounded in the consideration of fine natures that have suffered deeply from lack of consideration. But he was so astounded that he could only stare stupidly at her, smoothing his long greasy hair with his thin brown hand.

"It's all my fault. I don't take care of myself," she went on. "I don't take care of my health. At least, I hope that's it."

"Hope?" he said, suddenly angry.

"Hope so, because if it isn't that, then I've no chance for a career," explained she.

He looked at her feet, pointed an uncannily long forefinger at them. "The crossings and sidewalks are slush—and you, a singer, without overshoes! Lunacy! Lunacy!"

"I've never worn overshoes," said Mildred apologetically.

"Don't tell me! I wish not to hear. It makes me—like madness here." He struck his low sloping brow with his palm. "What vanity! That the feet may look well to the

passing stranger, no overshoes! Rheumatism, sore throat, colds, pneumonia. Is it not disgusting! If you were a man I should swear in all the languages I know—which are five, including Hungarian, and when one swears in Hungarian it is 'going some,' as you say in America. Yes, it is going quite some."

"I shall wear overshoes," said Mildred.

"And indigestion—you have that?"

"A little, I guess."

"Much—much, I tell you!" cried Moldini shaking the long finger at her. "You Americans! You eat too fast and you eat too much. That is why you are always sick, and consulting the doctors who give the medicines that make worse, not better. Yes, you Americans are like children. You know nothing. Sing? Americans cannot sing until they learn that a stomach isn't a waste-basket, to toss everything into. You have been to that throat specialist, Hicks?"

"Ah, yes," said Mildred brightening. "He said there was nothing organically wrong."

"He is an ass, and a criminal. He ruins throats. He likes to cut, and he likes to spray. He sprays those poisons that relieve colds and paralyze the throat and cords. Americans sing? It is to laugh! They have too many doctors, they take too many pills. Do you know what your national emblem should be? A dollar-sign—yes. But that for all nations. No, a pill—a pill, I tell you. You take pills?"

"Now and then," said Mildred, laughing. "I admit I have several kinds always on hand."

"You see!" cried he triumphantly. "No, it is not mere art that America needs, but more sense about eating—and to keep away from the doctors. People full of pills, they cannot make poems and pictures, and write operas and sing them. Throw away those pills, dear young lady, I implore you."

"Signor Moldini, I've come to ask you to help me."

Instantly the Italian cleared his face of its half-humorous, half-querulous expression. In its place came a grave and courteous eagerness to serve her that was a pleasure to see, even if it was not altogether sincere. And Mildred could not believe it sincere. Why should he care what became of her, or be willing to put himself out for her?

"You told me one day that you had at one time taught singing," continued she.

"Until I was starved out," replied he. "I told people the truth. If they could not sing I said so. If they sang badly I told them why, and it was always the upset stomach, the foolish food, and people will not take care about food. They will eat what they please, and they say eating is good for them, and that anyone who opposes them is a crank. So most of my pupils left, except those I taught for nothing—and they did not heed me, and came to nothing."

"You showed me in ten minutes one day how to cure my worst fault. I've sung better, more naturally, ever since."

"You could sing like the birds. You do—almost. You could be taught to sing as freshly and sweetly and naturally as a flower gives perfume. That is *your* divine gift, young lady—song as pure and fresh as a bird's song raining down through the leaves from the tree-top."

"I have no money. I've got to get it, and I shall get it," continued Mildred. "I want you to teach me—at any hour that you are free. And I want to know how much you will charge, so that I shall know how much to get."

"Two dollars a lesson. Or, if you take six lessons a week, ten dollars. Those were my terms. I could not take less."

"It is too little," said Mildred. "The poorest kinds of teachers get five dollars an hour—and teach nothing."

"Two dollars, ten dollars a week," replied he. "It is the most I ever could get. I will not take more from you."

"It is too little," said she. "But I'll not insist—for obvious reasons. Now, if you'll give me your home address, I'll go. When I get the money, I'll write to you."

"But wait!" cried he, as she rose to depart. "Why so hurried? Let us see. Take off the wrap. Step behind the screen and loosen your corset. Perhaps even you could take it off?"

"Not without undressing," said Mildred. "But I can do that if it's necessary." She laughed queerly. "From this time on I'll do *anything* that's necessary."

"No, never mind. The dress of woman—of your kind of women! It is not serious." He laughed grimly. "As for the other kind, their dress is the only serious thing about them. It is a mistake to think that women who dress badly are serious. My experience has been that they are the most foolish of

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Donald," she said, "I love you. Take me in your arms and make me behave." He looked past her: his arms hung at his sides. Said he: "And to-night I'd get a note by messenger saying that you had taken it all back. No, the girl in the photograph—that was you. She wasn't made to be *my* wife"

all. Fashionable dress—it is part of a woman's tools. It shows that she is good at her business. The women who try to dress like men, they are good neither at men's business nor at women's."

This, while Mildred was behind the screen loosening her corset—though, in fact, she wore it so loose at all times that she inconvenienced herself simply to show her willingness to do as she was told. When she came out, Moldini put her through a rigid physical examination—made her breathe while he held one hand on her stomach, the other on her back, listened at her heart, opened wide her throat and peered down, thrust his long strong fingers deep into the muscles of her arms, her throat, her chest, until she had difficulty in not crying out with pain.

"The foundation is there," was his verdict. "You have a good body, good muscles, but flabby—a lady's muscles, not an opera singer's. And you are stiff—not so stiff as when you first came here, but stiff for a professional. Oh, we must go at this scientifically, thoroughly."

"You will teach me to breathe—and how to produce my voice naturally?"

"I will teach you nothing," replied he. "I will tell you what to do, and you will teach yourself. You must get strong—strong in the supple way—and then you will sing as God intended. The way to sing, dear young lady, is to sing. Not to breathe artificially, and make faces, and fuss with your throat, but simply drop your mouth and throat open and let it out!"

Mildred produced from her hand-bag the Keith paper. "What do *you* think of that?" she asked.

Presently he looked up from his reading. "This part I have seen before," said he. "It is Lucia Rivi's. Her cousin, Lotta Drusini, showed it to me—she was a great singer also."

"You approve of it?"

"If you will follow that for two years, faithfully, you will be securely great, and then you will follow it all your singing life—and it will be long. But remember, dear young lady, I said *if* you follow it, and I said *faithfully*. I do not believe you can."

"Why not?" said Mildred.

"Because that means self-denial, colossal self-denial. You love things to eat—yes?"

Mildred nodded.

"We all do," said Moldini. "And we hate routine, and we like foolish, aimless little pleasures of all kinds."

"And it will be two years before I can try grand opera—can make my living?" said Mildred slowly.

"I did not say that. I said, before you would be great. No, you can sing, I think, in—wait."

Moldini flung rapidly through an enormous mass of music on a large table. "Ah, here!" he cried, and he showed her a manuscript of scales. "Those two papers. It does not look much? Well, I have made it up myself. And when you can sing those two papers perfectly, you will be a greater singer than any that ever lived." He laughed delightedly. "Yes, it is all there—in two pages. But do not weep, dear lady, because you will never sing them perfectly. You will do very well if— Always that if, remember! Now, let us see. Take this, sit in the chair, and begin. Don't bother about me. I expect nothing. Just do the best you can."

Desperation, when it falls short of despair, is the best word for achievement. Mildred's voice, especially at the outset, was in far from perfect condition. Her high notes, which had never been developed properly, were almost bad. But she acquitted herself admirably from the standpoint of showing what her possibilities were. And Moldini, unkempt, almost unclean, but as natural and simple and human a soul as ever paid the penalties of poverty and obscurity and friendlessness for being natural and simple and human, exactly suited her peculiar temperament. She knew that he liked her, that he believed in her; she knew that he was as sympathetic toward her as her own self, that there was no meanness anywhere in him. So she sang like a bird—a bird that was not too well in soul or in body, but still a bird out in the sunshine, with the airs of spring cheering his breast and its foliage gladdening his eyes. He kept her at it for nearly an hour. She saw that he was pleased, that he had thought out some plan and was bursting to tell her, but had forbidden himself to speak of it. He said,

"You say you have no money?"

"No, but I shall get it."

"You may have to pay high for it—yes?"

She colored, but did not flinch. "At worst, it will be—unpleasant. But that's all."

"Wait one—two days—until you hear from me. I may—I do not say will, but may—get it. Yes, I who have nothing."

He laughed gaily. "And we—you and I—we will divide the spoils." Gravely: "Do not misunderstand. That was my little joke. If I get the money for you it will be quite honorable and businesslike. So wait, dear young lady."

As she was going, she could not resist saying,

"You are *sure* I can sing?—*if*, of course—always the if."

"It is not to be doubted."

"How well, do you think?"

"You mean how many dollars a night well? You mean as well as this great singer or that? I do not know. And you are not to compare yourself with anyone but yourself. You will sing as well as Mildred Gower at her best."

For some reason her blood went tingling through her veins. If she had dared she would have kissed him.

X

THAT same afternoon Donald Keith, arrived at the top of Mrs. Belloc's steps, met Mildred coming out. Seeing their greeting, one would have thought they had seen each other but a few minutes before or were casual acquaintances. Said she,

"I'm going for a walk."

"Let's take the taxi," said he.

There it stood invitingly at the curb. She felt tired. She disliked walking. She wished to sit beside him and be whirled away—out of the noisy part of the city, up where the air was clean and where there were no crowds. But she had begun the regimen of Lucia Rivi. She hesitated. What matter if she began now or put off beginning until after this one last drive?

"No, we will walk," said she.

"But the streets are in a frightful condition."

She thrust out a foot covered with a new and shiny storm-rubber.

"Let's drive to the park then. We'll walk there."

"No. If I get into the taxi, I'll not get out. Send it away."

When they were moving afoot up Madison Avenue, he said: "What's the matter? This isn't like you."

"I've come to my senses," replied she. "It may be too late, but I'm going to see."

"When I called on Mrs. Brindley the other day," said he, "she had your note, saying that you were going into musical comedy with Crossley."

"That's over," said she. "I lost my voice, and I lost my job."

"So I heard," said he. "I know Crossley. I dropped in to see him this morning, and he told me about a foolish fashionable girl who made a bluff at going on the stage; he said she had a good voice and was a swell looker, but proved to be a regular 'four-flusher.' I recognized you."

"Thanks," said she dryly.

"So I came to see you."

She inquired about Mrs. Brindley and then about Stanley Baird. Finding that he was in Italy, she inquired, "Do you happen to know his address?"

"I'll get it and send it to you. He has taken a house at Monte Carlo for the winter."

"And you?"

"I shall stay here, I think."

"You may join him?"

"It depends"—he looked at her—"upon you."

He could put a wonderful amount of meaning into a slight inflection. She struggled—not in vain—to keep from changing expression.

"You realize now that the career is quite hopeless?" said he.

She did not answer.

"You do not like the stage life?"

"No."

"And the stage life does not like you?"

"No."

"Your voice lacks both strength and stability?"

"Yes."

"And you have found the one way by which you could get on—and you don't like it?"

"Crossley told you?" said she, the color flaring.

"Your name was not mentioned. You may not believe it, but Crossley is a gentleman."

She walked on in silence.

"I did not expect your failure to come so soon, or in quite that way," he went on. "I got Mrs. Brindley to exact a promise from you that you'd let her know about yourself. I called on Mrs. Belloc one day when you were out, and gave her my confidence, and got hers—and assured myself that you were in good hands. Crossley's tale gave me—a shock. I came at once."

"Then you didn't abandon me to my fate, as I thought?"

He smiled in his strange way. "I—when I loved you? Hardly."

"Then you did interest yourself in me because you cared—precisely as I said," laughed she.

"And I should have given you up if you had succeeded—precisely as I said," replied he.

"You wished me to fail?"

"I wished you to fail. I did everything I could to help you to succeed. I even left you absolutely alone, set you in the right way—the only way in which anyone can win success."

"Yes, you made me throw away the crutches and try to walk."

"It was hard to do that. Those strains are very wearing at my time of life."

"You never were any younger, and you'll never be any older," laughed she. "That's your charm—one of them."

"Mildred, do you still care?"

"How did you know?" inquired she mockingly.

"You didn't try to conceal it. I'd not have ventured to say and do the things I said and did if I hadn't felt that we cared for each other. But, so long as you were leading that fatuous life and dreaming those foolish dreams, I knew we could never be happy."

"That is true—oh, *so* true," replied she.

"But now—you have tried, and that has made a woman of you. And you have failed, and that has made you ready to be a wife—to be happy in the quiet, private ways."

She was silent.

"I can make enough for us both—as much as we will need or want—as much as you please, if you aren't too extravagant. And I can do it easily. It's making little sums—a small income—that's hard in this ridiculous world. Let's marry, go to California or Europe for several months, then come back here and live like human beings."

She was silent. Block after block they walked along, as if neither had anything especial in mind, anything worth the trouble of speech. Finally he said,

"Well?"

"I can't answer—yet," said she. "Not to-day—not till I've thought."

She glanced quickly at him. Over his impassive face, so beautifully regular and, to her, so fascinating, there passed a quick dark shadow, and she knew that he was suffering. He laughed quietly, his old careless, indifferent laugh.

"Oh, yes, you can answer," said he. "You have answered."

She drew in her breath sharply.

"You have refused."

"Why do you say that, Donald?" she pleaded.

"To hesitate over a proposal is to refuse," said he with gentle raillery. "A man is a fool who does not understand and sheer off when a woman asks for time."

"You know that I love you!" she cried.

"I also know that you love something else more. But it's finished. Let's talk about something else."

"Won't you let me tell you why I hesitate?" begged she.

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does. Yes, I do refuse, Donald. I'll never marry you until I am independent. You said a while ago that what I've been through had made a woman of me. Not yet. I'm only beginning. I'm still weak—still a coward. Donald, I must and will be free."

He looked full at her, with a strange smile in his brilliant eyes. Said he, with obvious intent to change the subject, "Mrs. Brindley's very unhappy that you haven't been to see her."

"When you asked me to marry you, the only reason I almost accepted was because I want some one to support me. I love you—yes. But it is as one loves before one has given oneself and has lived the same life with another. In the ordinary sense, it's love that I feel. But—do you understand me, dearest?—in another sense, it's only the hope of love, the belief that love will come."

He stopped short and looked at her, his eyes alive with the stimulus of a new and startling idea.

"If you and I had been everything to each other, and you were saying 'Let us go on living the one life' and I were hesitating, then you'd be right. And I couldn't hesitate, Donald. If you were mine, nothing could make me give you up; but when it's only the hope of having you, then pride and self-respect have a chance to be heard."

He was ready to move on. "There's something in that," said he, lapsed into his usual seeming of impassiveness. "But not much."

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I'm tired through and through," said Mildred, "but it isn't the kind of tired that could be rested except throwing up this frightful nightmare of a career." "And you can't do that." "I won't," said Mildred, her lips compressed and her eyes narrowed. So she and Moldini—and fat, funny little Mrs. Moldini—went to the mountains. And she worked on

"I never before knew you to fail to understand."

"I understand perfectly. You care, but you don't care enough to suit me. I haven't waited all these years before giving a woman my love, to be content with a love seated quietly and demurely between pride and self-respect."

"You wouldn't marry me until I had failed," said she shrewdly. "Now you attack me for refusing to marry you until I've succeeded."

A slight shrug. "Proposal withdrawn," said he. "Now let's talk about your career, your plans."

"I'm beginning to understand myself a little," said she. "I suppose you think that sort of personal talk is very silly and vain and trivial."

"On the contrary," replied he, "it isn't absolutely necessary to understand oneself. One is swept on in the same general direction anyhow. But understanding helps one to go faster and steadier."

"It began away back, when I was a girl —this idea of a career. I envied men and despised women—the sort of women I knew and met with. I didn't realize why, then. But it was because a man had a chance to be somebody in himself and to do something, while a woman was just a—a more or less ornamental belonging of some man's —what you want me to become now."

"As far as possible from my idea."

"Don't you want me to belong to you?"

"As I'd belong to you."

"That sounds well, but it isn't what could happen. The fact is, Donald, that I want to belong to you—want to be owned by you and to lose myself in you. And it's that I'm fighting."

She felt the look he was bending upon her, and glowed and colored under it, but did not dare to turn her eyes to meet it. Said he: "Why fight it? Why not be happy?"

"Ah, but that's just it," cried she. "I shouldn't be happy. And I should make you miserable. The idea of a career—the idea that's rooted deep in me and can't ever be got out—Donald, it would torment me. You couldn't kill it, no matter how much you loved me. I'd yield for the time. Then I'd go back—or, if I didn't, I'd be wretched and make you wish you'd never seen me."

"I understand," said he. "I don't believe it, but I understand."

"You think I'm deceiving myself, because you saw me wasting my life, playing the idler and the fool, pretending I was working toward a career when I was really making myself fit for nothing but to be Stanley Baird's mistress."

"And you're still deceiving yourself. You won't see the truth."

"No matter," said she. "I must go on and make a career—some kind of a career."

"At what?"

"At grand opera."

"How'll you get the money?"

"Of Stanley, if necessary. That's why I asked his address. I sha'n't ask for much. He'll not refuse."

"A few minutes ago you were talking of self-respect."

"As something I hoped to get. It comes with independence. I'll pay any price to get it."

"Any price?" said he, and never before had she seen his self-control in danger.

"I sha'n't ask Stanley until my other plans have failed."

"What other plans?"

"I'm going to ask Mrs. Belloc for the money. She could afford to give—to lend—the little I'd want. I'm going to ask her in such a way that it will be as hard as possible for her to refuse. That isn't ladylike, but—I've dropped out of the lady class."

"And if she refuses?"

"Then I'll go to one after another of several very rich men I know, and ask them as a business proposition."

"Go in person," advised he with an undisguised sneer.

"I'll raise no false hopes in them," said she. "If they choose to delude themselves, I'll not go out of my way to undeceive them—until I have to."

"So *this* is Mildred Gower?"

"You've made that remark before."

"Really?"

"When Stanley showed you a certain photograph of me."

"I remember. This is the same woman."

"It's me," laughed she. "The real me. You'd not care to be married to her?"

"No," said he. Then, after a brief silence: "Yet, curiously, it was that woman with whom I fell in love. No, not exactly in love, for I've been thinking about what you said as to the difference between love *in posse* and love *in esse*, to put it scientifically—between love as a prospect and love as a reality."

"And I was right," said she. "It explains why marriages go to pieces and affairs come to grief. Those lovers mistook love's promise to come for fulfilment. Love doesn't die. It simply fails to come—doesn't redeem its promise."

"That's the way it might be with us," said he.

"That's the way it would be with us," rejoined she.

He did not answer. When they spoke again it was of indifferent matters. An hour and a half after they started, they were at Mrs. Belloc's again. She asked him to have tea in the restaurant next door. He declined. He went up the steps with her, and said:

"Well, I wish you luck. Moldini is the best teacher in America."

"How did you know Moldini was to teach me?" exclaimed she.

He smiled, put out his hand in farewell. "Crossley told me. Good-by."

"He told Crossley! I wonder why." She was so interested in this new phase that she did not see his outstretched hand, or the look of bitter irony that came into his eyes at this proof of the subordinate place love and he had in her thoughts.

"I'm so nervous and anxious," she said apologetically. "Moldini told me he had some scheme about getting the money. If he only could! But no such luck for me," she added sadly.

Keith hesitated, debated with himself, said: "You needn't worry. Moldini got it—from Crossley. Fifty dollars a week for a year."

"You got Crossley to do it?"

"No. He had done it before I saw him. He had just promised Moldini, and was cursing himself as 'weak and soft.' But that means nothing. You may be sure he did it because Moldini convinced him it was a good speculation."

She was radiant. She had not vanity enough where he was concerned to believe that he deeply cared, that her joy would give him pain because it meant forgetfulness of him. Nor was she much impressed by the expression of his eyes. And even as she hurt him, she made him love her the more; for he appreciated how rare was the woman who, in such circumstances, does not feed her vanity with pity for the poor man suffering so horribly because he is not to get her precious self.

It flashed upon her why he had not offered to help her. "There isn't anybody like you," said she, with no explanation of her apparent irrelevancy.

"Don't let Moldini see that you know," said he, with characteristic fine thoughtfulness for others in the midst of his own unhappiness. "It would deprive him of a great pleasure."

He was about to go. Suddenly her eyes filled and, opening the outer door, she drew him in. "Donald," she said, "I love you. Take me in your arms and make me behave."

He looked past her; his arms hung at his sides. Said he: "And to-night I'd get a note by messenger saying that you had taken it all back. No, the girl in the photograph—that was you. She wasn't made to be *my* wife. Or I to be her husband. I love you because you are what you are. I should not love you if you were the ordinary woman, the sort who marries and merges. But I'm old enough to spare myself—and you—the consequences of what it would mean if we were anything but strangers to each other."

"Yes, you must keep away—altogether. If you didn't, I'd be neither the one thing nor the other, but just a poor failure."

"You'll not fail," said he. "I know it. It's written in your face." He looked at her. She was not looking at him, but with eyes gazing straight ahead was revealing that latent, inexplicable power which, when it appeared at the surface, so strongly dominated and subordinated her beauty and her sex. He shut his teeth together hard and glanced away.

"You will not fail," he repeated bitterly. "And that's the worst of it." Without another word, without a handshake, he went. And she knew that, except by chance, he would never see her again—or she him.

Moldini, disheveled and hysterical with delight and suspense, was in the drawing-room—had been there half an hour. At first she could hardly force her mind to listen; but as he talked on and on, he captured her attention and held it.

The next day she began with Moldini, and put the Lucia Rivi system into force in all its more than conventual rigors. And for about a month she worked like a devouring flame. Never had there been such energy, such enthusiasm. Mrs. Belloc was alarmed for her health, but the Rivi system

took care of that; and presently Mrs. Belloc was moved to say: "Well, I've often heard that hard work never harmed anyone, but I never believed it. Now I know the truth."

Then Mildred went to Hanging Rock to spend Saturday to Monday with her mother. Presbury, reduced now by various infirmities—by absolute deafness, by dimness of sight, by difficulty in walking—to where eating was his sole remaining pleasure, or, indeed, distraction, spent all his time in concocting dishes for himself. Mildred could not resist—and who can when seated at table with the dish before one's eyes and under one's nose! The Rivi regimen was suspended for the visit. Mildred, back in New York and at work again, found that she was apparently none the worse for her holiday, was in fact better. So she drifted into the way of suspending the regimen for an evening now and then—when she dined with Mrs. Brindley, or when Agnes Belloc had something particularly good. All went well for a time. Then—a cold. She neglected it, feeling sure it could not stay with one so soundly healthy through and through. But it did stay; it grew worse. She decided that she ought to take medicine for it. True, starvation was the cure prescribed by the regimen, but Mildred could not bring herself to two or three days of discomfort. Also, many people told her that such a cure was foolish and even dangerous. The cold got better, got worse, got better. But her throat became queer, and at last her voice left her.

She was ashamed to go to Moldini in such a condition. She dropped in upon Hicks, the throat specialist. He "fixed her up" beautifully with a few sprayings. A week—and her voice left her again, and Hicks could not bring it back. As she left his office, it was raining—an icy, dreary drizzle. She splashed her way home, in about the lowest spirits she had ever known. She locked her door and seated herself at the window and stared out, while the storm raged within her. After an hour or two she wrote and sent Moldini a note: "I have been making a fool of myself. I'll not come again until I am all right. Be patient with me. I don't think this will occur again." She first wrote "happen." She scratched it out and put "occur" in its place. Not that Moldini would have noted the slip; simply that she would not permit herself the satisfaction of the false and self-excusing "happen." It had not been a "happen." It had been a deliberate folly, a lapse to the Mildred she had buried the day she sent Donald Keith away. When the note was on its way, she threw out all her medicines, and broke the new spraying-apparatus Hicks had instructed her to buy.

She went back to the Rivi regimen. A week passed, and she was little better. Two weeks, and she began to mend. But it was six weeks before the last traces of her folly disappeared. Moldini said not a word, gave no sign. Once more her life went on in uneventful, unbroken routine—diet, exercise, singing—singing, exercise, diet—no distractions except an occasional visit to the opera with Moldini, and she was hating opera now. All her enthusiasm was gone. She simply worked doggedly, drudged, slaved.

When the days began to grow warm Mrs. Belloc said: "I suppose you'll soon be off to the country? Are you going to visit Mrs. Brindley?"

"No," said Mildred.

"Then come with me."

"Thank you, but I can't do it."

"But you've got to rest somewhere."

"Rest?" said Mildred. "Why should I rest?"

Mrs. Belloc started to protest, then abruptly changed. "Come to think of it, why should you? You're in perfect health, and it'll be time enough to rest when you 'get there.'"

"I'm tired through and through," said Mildred, "but it isn't the kind of tired that could be rested except by throwing up this frightful nightmare of a career."

"And you can't do that."

"I won't," said Mildred, her lips compressed and her eyes narrowed.

She and Moldini—and fat, funny little Mrs. Moldini—went to the mountains. And she worked on. She would listen to none of the suggestions about the dangers of keeping too steadily at it, about working oneself into a state of staleness, about the imperative demands of the artistic temperament for rest, change, variety. "It may be so," she said to Mrs. Brindley. "But I've gone mad. I can no more drop this routine than—than you could take it up and keep to it for a week."

"I'll admit I couldn't," said Cyrilla. "And, Mildred, you're making a mistake."

"Then I'll have to suffer for it. I must do what seems best to me."

"But I'm sure you're wrong. I never knew anyone to act as you're acting. Everyone rests and freshens up."

Mildred lost patience, almost lost her temper. "You're trying to tempt me to ruin myself," she said. "Please stop it. You say you never knew anyone to do as I'm doing. Very well. But how many girls have you known who have succeeded?"

Cyrilla hesitatingly confessed that she had known none.

"Yet you've known scores who've tried."

"But they didn't fail because they didn't work enough. Many of them worked too much."

Mildred laughed. "How do you know why they failed?" said she. "You haven't thought about it as I have. You haven't *lived* it. Cyrilla, I served my apprenticeship at listening to nonsense about careers. I want to have nothing to do with inspiration, and artistic temperament, and spontaneous genius, and all the rest of the lies. Moldini and I know what we are about. So I'm living as those who have succeeded lived and not as those who have failed."

Cyrilla was silenced, but not convinced. The amazing improvement in Mildred's health, the splendid slim strength and suppleness of her body, the new and stable glories of her voice—all these she knew about, but they did not convince her. She believed in work, in hard work, but to her work meant the music itself. She felt that the Rivi system and the dirty, obscure little Moldini between them were destroying Mildred by destroying all "temperament" in her.

It was the old, old criticism of talent upon genius. Genius has always won in its own time and generation all the world except talent. To talent contemporaneous genius, genius seen at its patient, plodding toil, seems coarse and obvious and lacking altogether in inspiration. Talent cannot comprehend that creation is necessarily in travail and in all manner of unloveliness.

Mildred toiled on like a slave under the lash, and Moldini and the Rivi system were her twin relentless drivers. She learned to rule herself with an iron hand. She discovered the full measure of her own deficiencies, and she determined to make herself a competent lyric soprano, perhaps something of a dramatic soprano. She dismissed from her mind all the "high" thoughts, all the dreams wherewith the little people, even the little people who achieve a certain success, beguile the tedium of their journey along the hard road. She was not working to "interpret the thought of the great masters" or to "advance the singing art yet higher" or even to win fame and applause. She had one object—to earn her living on the grand-opera stage, and to earn it as a prima donna because that meant the best living. She frankly told Cyrilla that this was her object, when Cyrilla forced her one day to talk about her aims. Cyrilla looked pained, broke a melancholy silence to say:

"I know you don't mean that. You are too intelligent. You sing too well."

"Yes, I mean just that," said Mildred. "A living."

"At any rate, don't say it. You give such a false impression."

"To whom? Not to Crossley, and not to Moldini, and why should I care what any others think? They are not paying my expenses. And regardless of what they think now, they'll be at my feet if I succeed, and they'll put me under theirs if I don't."

"How hard you have grown!" cried Cyrilla.

"How sensible, you mean. I've merely stopped being a self-deceiver and a sentimentalist."

"Believe me, my dear, you are sacrificing your character to your ambition."

"I never had any real character until ambition came," replied Mildred. "The soft, vacillating, sweet, and weak thing I used to have wasn't character."

"But, dear, you can't think it superior character to center one's whole life about a sordid ambition."

"Sordid?"

"Merely to make a living."

Mildred laughed merrily and mockingly. "You call that sordid? Then for Heaven's sake what is high? You had left you money enough to live on, if you have to. No one left me an income. So I'm fighting for independence—and that means for self-respect. Is self-respect sordid, Cyrilla?"

And then Cyrilla understood—in part, not altogether. She lived in the ordinary environment of flapdoodle and sweet hypocrisy and sentimentality; and none such can more than vaguely glimpse the realities.

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Moldini came to her dressing-room at the intermission. He stretched out his arms, but emotion overcame him and kissed him. She was almost calm. The *great* fear had seized her—Can I keep what that," said she. "I am nervous, yes, horribly nervous. But you have taught

him, and he dropped to a chair and sobbed and cried and laughed. Mildred came and put her arms round
I have won? "I am a fool," cried Moldini. "I will agitate you." "Don't be afraid of
me so that I could sing, no matter what was happening." It was true

Toward the end of the summer Moldini said:

"It's over. You have won."

Mildred looked at him in puzzled surprise.

"You have learned it all. You will succeed. The rest is detail."

"But I've learned nothing as yet," protested she.

"You have learned to teach yourself," replied the Italian. "You at last can hear yourself sing, and you know when you sing right and when you sing wrong, and you know how to sing right. The rest is easy. Ah, my dear Miss Gower, you will work *now!*"

Mildred did not understand. She was even daunted by that "You will work *now!*" She had been thinking that to work harder was impossible. What did he expect of her? Something she feared she could not realize. But soon she understood—when he gave her songs, then began to teach her a rôle, the part of Madam Butterfly herself. "I can help you only a little there," he said. "You will have to go to my friend Ferreri for rôles. But we can make a beginning."

She had indeed won. She had passed from the stage where a career is all drudgery—the stage through which only the strong can pass without giving up and accepting failure or small success. She had passed to the stage where there is added pleasure to the drudgery, for the drudgery never ceases. And what was the pleasure? Why, more work—always work—bringing into use not merely the routine parts of the mind, but also the imaginative and creative faculties. She had learned her trade—not well enough, for no superior man or woman ever feels that he or she knows the trade well enough—but well enough to begin to use it.

Said Moldini: "When the great one, who has achieved and arrived, is asked for advice by the sweet enthusiastic young beginner, what is the answer? Always the same: 'My dear child, don't! Go back home, and marry and have babies! You know why now?"

And Mildred, looking back over the dreary drudgery that had been, and looking forward to the drudgery yet to come, dreary enough for all the prospect of a few flowers and a little sun—Mildred said, "Indeed I do, maestro."

"They think it means what you Americans call morals—as if that were all of morality! But it doesn't mean morals; not at all. Sex and the game of sex is all through life everywhere—in the home no less than in the theater. In town and country, indoors and out, sunlight, moonlight, and rain—always it goes on. And the temptations and the struggles are no more and no less on the stage than off. No, there is too much talk about 'morals.' The reason the great one says 'don't' is the work." He shook his head sadly. "They do not realize, those eager young beginners. They read the story-books and the lives of the great successes and they hear the foolish chatter of commonplace people—those imbecile 'cultured' people who know nothing! And they think a career is a triumphal march. What think you, Miss Gower—eh?"

"If I had known I'd not have had the courage, or the vanity, to begin," said she. "And if I could realize what's before me, I probably shouldn't have the courage to go on."

"But why not? Haven't you also learned that it's just the day's work—doing every day the best you can?"

"Oh, I shall go on," rejoined she.

"Yes," said he, looking at her with awed admiration. "It is in your face. I saw it there, the day you came—after you sang the 'Batti, batti' the first time and failed."

"There was nothing to me then."

"The seed," replied he. "And I saw it was an acorn, not the seed of one of those weak plants that spring up overnight and wither at noon. Yes, you will win." He laughed gaily, rolled his eyes and kissed his fingers. "And then you can afford to take a little holiday, and fall in love. Love! Ah, it is a joyous pastime—for a holiday. Only for a holiday, mind you. I shall be there, and I shall seize you and take you back to your art."

In the following winter and summer Crossley disclosed why he had been sufficiently interested in grand opera to begin to back undeveloped voices. Crossley was one of those men who are never so practical as when they profess to be, and fancy themselves, impractical. He became a grand-opera manager and organized for a season that would surpass in interest any New York had known. Thus it came about that on a March night Mildred made her début.

The opera was "Faust." As the three principal men singers were all expensive—the tenor alone, twelve hundred a night—Crossley put in a comparatively modestly salaried Marguerite. She was seized with a cold at the last moment, and Crossley ventured to substitute Mildred Gower. The Rivi system was still in force. She was ready—indeed, she was always ready, as Rivi herself had been. And within ten minutes of her coming forth from the wings Mildred Gower had leaped from obscurity into fame. It happens so, often, in the story-books, the newly and gloriously arrived one having been wholly unprepared, achieving by sheer force of genius. It occurs so, occasionally, in life—never when there is lack of preparation, never by force of unassisted genius, never by accident. Mildred succeeded because she had got ready to succeed; how could she have failed?

Perhaps you read the stories in the newspapers—how she had discovered herself possessed of a marvelous voice, how she had decided to use it in public, how she had coached for a part, had appeared, had become one of the world's few hundred great singers all in a single act of an opera? You read nothing about what she went through in developing a hopelessly uncertain and far from strong voice into one which, while not nearly so good as thousands of voices that are tried and cast aside, yet sufficed, with her will and her concentration back of it, to carry her to fame—and wealth.

That birdlike voice! So sweet and spontaneous, so true, so like the bird that "sings of summer in full-throated ease!" No wonder the audience welcomed it with cheers on cheers. Greater voices they had heard, but none more natural.

Moldini came to her dressing-room at the intermission. He stretched out his arms, but emotion overcame him, and he dropped to a chair and sobbed and cried and laughed. She came and put her arms round him and kissed him. She was almost calm. The *great* fear had seized her —Can I keep what I have won?

"I am a fool!" cried Moldini. "I will agitate you."

"Don't be afraid of that," said she. "I am nervous, yes, horribly nervous. But you have taught me so that I could sing, no matter what was happening." It was true. And her body was like iron to the touch.

He looked at her, and though he knew her and had seen her train herself and had helped in it, he marveled. "You are happy?" he said eagerly. "Surely—yes, you *must* be happy."

"More than that," answered she. "You'll have to find another word than happiness—something bigger and stronger and deeper."

"Now you can have your holiday," laughed he. "But"—with mock sternness —"in moderation! He must be an incident only. With those who win the high places, sex is an incident—a charming, necessary incident, but only an incident. He must not spoil your career. If you allowed that you would be like a mother who deserts her children for a lover. He must not touch your career!"

Mildred, giving the last touches to her costume before the glass, glanced merrily at Moldini by way of it. "If he did touch it," said she, "how long do you think he would last with me?"

Moldini paused half-way in his nod of approval, was stricken with silence and sadness. It would have been natural and proper for a man thus to put sex beneath the career. It was necessary for anyone who developed the strong character that compels success and holds it. But—the Italian could not get away from tradition; woman was made for the pleasure of one man, not for herself and the world.

"You don't like that, maestro?" said she, still observing him in the glass.

"No man would," said Moldini, with returning cheerfulness. "It hurts man's vanity. And no woman would, either; you rebuke their laziness and their dependence."

She laughed and rushed away to fresh triumphs.

Reproductions of This Month's Cover

In response to the insistent demand from our readers for reproductions of the Harrison Fisher cover paintings, we have printed a special edition of this month's cover. The pictures carry no advertising or other printed matter, and a de luxe quality of engraver's plate paper has enabled us to retain all the superb coloring of the oil-painted original. We will send you one, postpaid, for 10 cents. Be sure to mention the July issue when you send your order. Address

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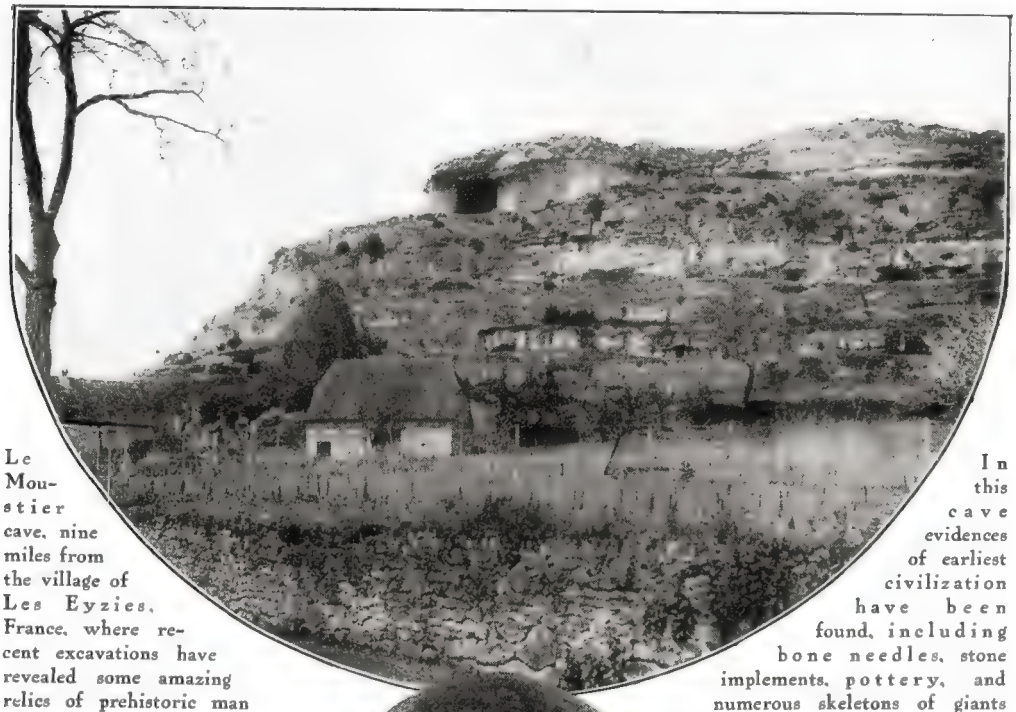
Earth's First Artisans

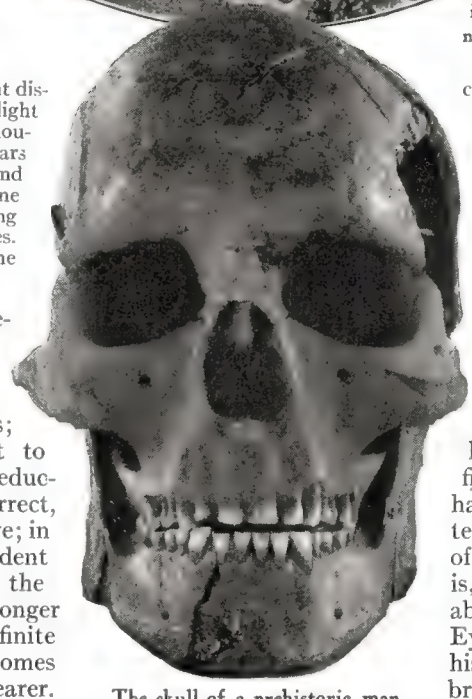
By Professor Alfred Hertig



Le Moustier cave, nine miles from the village of Les Eyzies, France, where recent excavations have revealed some amazing relics of prehistoric man

In this cave evidences of earliest civilization have been found, including bone needles, stone implements, pottery, and numerous skeletons of giants

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Recent discoveries in the prehistoric caves of France have brought to light the first art work of man, executed more than twelve thousand years ago. Professor Alfred Hertig, for many years director of the great Institute Pestalozzi in Zurich, and a noted authority on the life of primitive man, is one of the paleologists who are bringing to light the amazing treasures of these recently discovered prehistoric caves. Professor Hertig's article here printed is one of the romances of modern science.

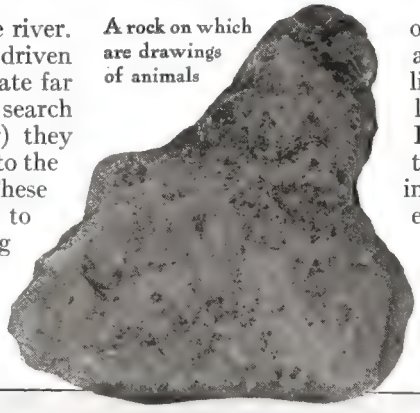


The skull of a prehistoric man found in one of the caves of Les Eyzies

UNTIL quite recently nothing definite was known of the prehistoric ages; we had to be content to judge of them by deductions more or less correct, more or less imaginative; in short, we were dependent on the hypotheses of the scientists. It is no longer so; we now have definite knowledge which becomes daily fuller and clearer.

We see, then, the dawn of a new and real science, and a new day appears on the horizon.

Since the beginning of the twentieth century, Les Eyzies, a little hamlet in France, about fifty miles from Bordeaux, has become to a great extent the capital and center of the scientific world. It is, in fact, beside the Vézère, about ten miles from Les Eyzies, that thirty-two prehistoric grottoes have been brought to light. Picture to yourself a series of openings in the face of the



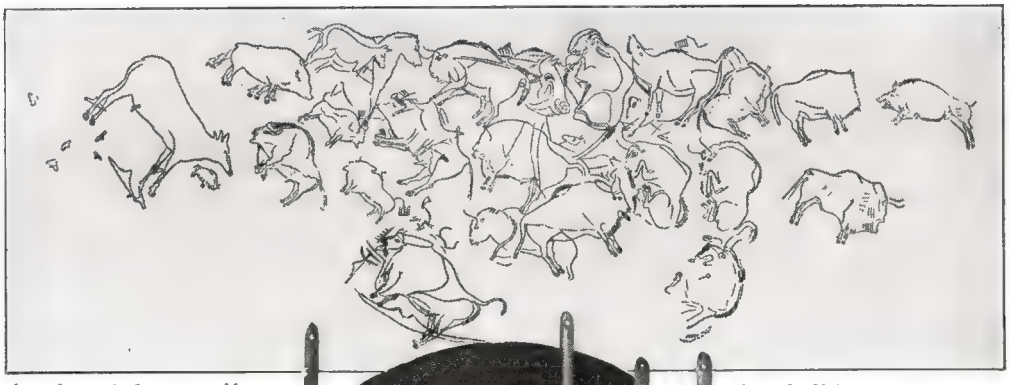
A rock on which are drawings of animals

mountain overlooking the river. Local curiosity had never driven the inhabitants to penetrate far into these caves, until in search of kaolin (porcelain clay) they advanced little by little into the interior of the rock. These cavities then proved each to be an entrance to a long natural tunnel, a kind of irregular tube winding its way through the heart of the rock, a mile or more in length, now high and wide, now low and narrow, leading into one or more spacious chambers with smooth walls and ceilings.

These caverns were at once the dwelling-places, the workshops, and the tombs of the men of the stone age. There they were born, lived, and were buried; and, like the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, they have left the well-nigh indelible imprints of their existence at the moment when a cataclysm abruptly closed their career. Here truly may the archeologist reap a harvest to his heart's content, discovering and deciphering the enigmas of the past. What wonders the ages have heaped up pell-mell within! And when we remember that for twelve thousand years or more these treasures have remained hidden or rather undiscovered, we can

This rock at Les Eyzies is made caves in which pre- the period of the Bib- Workmen excavating

pierced with numerous man- historic families lived before lical Flood.—(Bottom) for prehistoric relics



A prehistoric drawing of horses, deer, buffaloes, and wild hogs. This picture was found on the wall of a cave in the recently excavated area at Les Eyzies

appreciate their tremendous historic value.

Here have been brought to light skeletons by the hundred, so well preserved that by the teeth one may judge of their age and sex; and by the configuration of the head, and particularly of the bony case of the skull, we may know the status, more or less advanced, of the inhabitants of such and such a grotto. Thence a complete classification, known to the French experts under the names of

The complete skeleton of a huge prehistoric man found at Les Eyzies. Central panel: some bone needles used by prehistoric women

Workmen in the stratum of La Micogne in the near vicinity of Les Eyzies

Aurignacian, Iolutrean, Magdalenian, corresponding to the places and approximately to the epochs which they named Old Paleolithic, Upper Paleolithic, and Neolithic, that is, the age of polished stone. Here are also the workshops with their stone benches found in position, and in addition thousands of objects, from a simple bone needle, so finely chiseled that one could use it to-day, to weapons of defense, and even necklets and other ornaments; but above all—the wonder of wonders!—mural paintings, sculptures in relief, men, animals, birds, which leave no doubt as to the origin of the artist and his epoch. One of the grottoes alone, the Font de Gaume, contains forty-two paintings, perfectly clear and distinct. The subject was first engraved with flint in the wall, then afterward painted with natural ocher mixed with warm blood. In addition there have been found unique objects, such as a lamp, and even hieroglyphs so much the more valuable that they are primitive in the broadest sense of the word.

Skull of a man who lived 12,000 years ago. It is almost intact, being preserved in the calcareous rock

In conclusion be it said that we find ourselves face to face with a man who, in structure, is perhaps more akin to the monkey than to the man of to-day, but whose skill, born of necessity, has truly created many things of which we are but the imitators; and what is more, we see here a divine spark shining in man alone to distinguish him from the brute. This ancient man was clearly an artist. With how much reason, then, may we say that centuries count for nothing in the immensity of Time!

Evidences of the first dawn of architecture

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

Have you ever bought a bunch of those nice, pink, "phony" certificates, all beautifully engraved and bearing the "believe-me-you-can't lose" of some glib talk-faker? If you haven't you're a wonder. Most of us have—and the list is rapidly growing. That is one reason why Wallingford keeps up his tremendous popularity. We like to see the other fellow "stung"—and Wallingford knows all the tricks in the bag. Best of all he has a lot of fun working them and it's the kind of fun that "gets across." Even when Wallingford gets mad—just plain mad—he makes you laugh. The fact is, the Wallingford-Blackie combination is about as good fiction entertainment as we know anything about. Read here how Wallingford "reduces"

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

THE fat bicycle-rider stopped near the brow of the hill through sheer lack of momentum, allowed his wheel to drop from under him, and waddled painfully to the roadside, where he sat on a stone and puffed. The thin rider, who was abnormally picturesque in red sweater and hose, blue knickerbockers and cap, and tan pumps, went on to the very top of the steep road, dismounted, and looked back in disappointment.

"Buck up, Jim," he called. "Aim for the highest."

J. Rufus Wallingford mopped his brow with a dusty handkerchief, and glared his scorching anger at Blackie Daw. "When you die, and go where you belong," he panted, "I hope you get the hottest kettle of pitch in the whole blazing place!"

"You ungrateful cuss!" reproached Blackie. "Are we taking this trip for my benefit? Am I in danger from fatty degeneration of the works? Am I shaped like an Edam cheese? Is the doctor or my family worried about me?"

"Shut up!" groaned Wallingford. "You cooked up this trip so you could kid me, and I'm through. I don't care if I get so fat that I have to travel in sections like a cattle-train. Where's Paul Pollet and that automobile?"

"Sad news, Jim," commiserated Blackie, surveying the landscape from the hilltop. "The tracks of the tires are here, and the smiling village lies below. I behold white houses and red barns; I perceive windmills and haystacks, and orchards, and cows—"

"Where's that auto?" demanded J. Rufus, sturdily resisting the panic which threatened him.

"— and horses, and wagons, and chickens, and a babbling brook, but in all the peaceful scenic effect, Jim—"

With a groan, Wallingford rose from his stone, and took up the burden of weary life. He did not, however, take up his machine. He left it lie just where it had fallen, and trudged up the hill alone. He took one comprehensive survey of the wintry landscape and swore with much earnestness.

"Where's that village?" he demanded.

"Yonder in the middle distance," returned Blackie with a grin, pointing to where their road was intersected by another. At the crossing were a church, a school, a store, and a blacksmith shop. This was all, unless a yellow farmhouse, lying slightly nearer, could be considered part of the municipality. "Robins' Corners," explained Blackie cheerfully; "so called because a little robin redbreast makes his home in the old church tower."

"No wonder Polly went straight on through," decided Wallingford, in deep aggravation. "He's probably still hunting the burg."

Blackie straddled his machine. "You do wrong to desert your steed at this stage of the game," he chided. "It's all down hill to yonder rural hamlet, and pleasant coasting."

He gave himself a start, and, his bicycle gathering momentum, he threw his legs over the handle-bar and went sailing down

the hill with a howl of joy like a boy just let out from school. Wallingford watched him enviously, and looked back, with sad speculation, at his own wheel. Finally, shaking his head, he left the contraption to its fate and started stolidly after Blackie on foot, through with weight-reducings and bicycles forever.

It was a long, and a slow, and a painful walk, and, as the fates would have it, he stumbled on a frozen clod and fell, just in front of the yellow farmhouse, and bruised his knee-cap, and lay there scattering profanity into the surrounding atmosphere until a man, with ear-muffs and a straw hat and gum overshoes on his wrinkled knee-length boots, came clomping out of the yellow house, on the porch of which gathered mother and the three girls, whose ages could have been told by the pounds, so regularly were they graduated in roundness.

"Hurt you, neighbor?" he wanted to know, in a voice like a nutmeg-grater.

"No," snapped Wallingford, endeavoring to rise. "I'm just sitting here to enjoy the scenery."

"Folks always does admire the view from here," returned the farmer dryly, and backed up against the fence.

"Is he hurt, Paw?" shrilled the oldest and roundest of the quartet.

"Naw, he only cracked a joke," snickered Paw.

Blackie came whirling back, and helped Wallingford to his feet, but the big fellow could not stand.

"I knew your infernal bicycle trip would be the death of me," he charged, as he leaned heavily on Blackie.

"Welcher!" retorted Blackie. "If you'd stuck to your bicycle you wouldn't have been hurt. What's the matter?"

"Knee-cap," replied Wallingford, wincing with pain. "I think I've punctured it. It's swelling to beat the band."

"They have a telephone at the store," suggested Blackie. "If you can only get that far, you can rest until we locate the machine, or until it comes back."

"I can't make it," declared Wallingford, testing his foot on the ground, and paling from the pain. Big drops of perspiration were pouring down his face, and he was quite obviously in agony.

"If the gentleman's through looking at the beauties of nature," observed the farmer, "I might offer to help get him into my house."

"So you might," accepted Blackie with alacrity. "If you'll just grab Mr. Wallingford on his light side over there, I'll struggle along with his heavy side."

Between the two they managed to get the huge Wallingford into the house, while the row of calico-clad women disappeared like a perspective of bowling-pins, the little one first. The pain increasing with every step, the men took Wallingford directly into the front bedroom and put him to bed, and the farmer, seizing the golden opportunity, telephoned to Pinkyville for Old Doc Tutt.

Blackie made an entirely useless examination of his foolish little pocket flask, and, urged on by the suffering Wallingford, issued an earnest requisition for some first aid to the sober.

"I got some, but I dassent sell it," returned the farmer. "You can get it down at Sam Bludgeon's Emporium."

Blackie, who was a man of action, started for the door. The farmer followed him out into the crape-paper sitting-room.

"Reckon you might as well register before you go," he suggested, producing a thin-ruled blank-book labeled "Compositions."

"Is this a hotel?" inquired Blackie, much pleased.

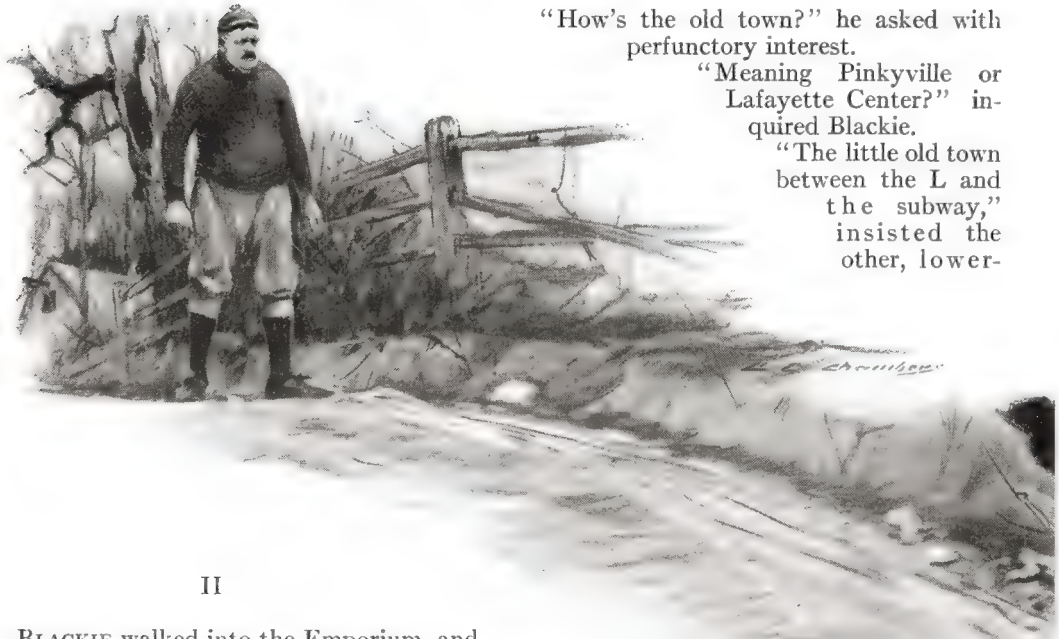
"Well, sort o' so," replied the proprietor. "I take care of most of the strangers that come this way. They call this the Purty House, because I'm Jeff Purty. I got a big house and a wife and three growed-up girls that ain't doing much, except the milkin' and churnin' and washin' and bakin' and scrubbin', and such chores, in the off season this way, and I ain't one to refuse ready cash."

"Such is the custom of our country," agreed Blackie, writing solemnly, at the top of the first blank page in the composition book:

The Travelers.

There came to the splendidly appointed Purty House, on the mild autumn day of November thirtieth, nineteen eleven, two distinguished gentlemen, one fat and ill favored, and the other slender and handsome; the name of the former being J. Rufus Wallingford, of Tarryville, and of the latter, Horace G. Daw, mayor of the same thriving and exclusive suburb. Parlor A. Dinner. The end.

Jeff Purty looked over the composition, chewing a quill tooth-pick reflectively. "Rates, one dollar a day each," he stated, and closed the book.



"How's the old town?" he asked with perfunctory interest.

"Meaning Pinkyville or Lafayette Center?" inquired Blackie.

"The little old town between the L and the subway," insisted the other, lowering his big demijohn to the floor as if it had been a thimble full of feathers.

"It's still the best summer and winter resort on earth," claimed Blackie. "How long have you been away from it?"

"Six months since the last visit; but I haven't lived there for years. I left when they tamed the Bowery."

"I get you," replied Blackie, looking at him wonderingly. "You came to Robins' Corners to be near the excitement."

"Get new," admonished the bartender. "I can see you're stuffed up with The Old Homestead idea that the country is too moral for a tough man to enjoy, but you never walked into a cross-roads saloon on a Saturday night. When Willie Richboy goes on a bender in the city he laps up certain quarts of champagne, takes a swift whiz down the avenue, and maybe insults his chauffeur; but when Willie Acres goes on a bender in the country he swallows twelve drinks of liquor made out of raw alcohol

II

BLACKIE walked into the Emporium, and through the whisk-broom department, the dry-goods section, the hardware counter, and the grocery aisle, straight around a glass-paneled screen, where he found, behind an abnormally short bar, a red-faced man with a luxuriant yellow mustache, and his hair parted and pasted as if it had been done with a trowel, pouring whiskey from a huge demijohn into a string of variously labeled bottles.

"When you get to the best grade of rye, pour me out about a pint, will you?" requested Blackie.

The bartender, who was muscled like a derrick, regarded Blackie with a friendly eye. "Any particular brand?" he asked, as he went on pouring.

Blackie smiled appreciatively, as his eye rolled over the line of bottles and discerned every well-known label. "No, I think I'll take mine right out of the jug," he decided.

"You don't look like a guy that would be after the cheap goods," commented the bartender; "but you never can tell," and, reaching back, he took a flask from the shelf and filled it with rye from the demijohn, after which he filled up a bottle labeled "Fine Old Kentucky Bourbon."

Blackie took his pint flask and laid down a dollar. The salesman flipped it nonchalantly into a drawer, and tossed back a quarter.

and tobacco, takes a knife in one hand and a gun in the other, and starts whooping. They'll begin to tie up at the hitching-rails in about half an hour. By night there'll be forty or fifty rigs out there, and you can hear the celebration over in Pinkyville. Stick around."

"I'll stick," promised Blackie. "My partner squashed his knee-cap, and I've just put him to bed over at Jeff Purty's."

"Why didn't you say you wanted that liquor for a sick man?" demanded the bartender, promptly opening a bottle with an unbroken seal. "Feed him some of this, and use that fighting whiskey for liniment. Dollar, please. If you ain't busy, drop over a little while after supper-time and get stabbed," he invited.

"Thanks," accepted Blackie. "I'll try it and see how I like it," and he hurried back to the Purty House, where he soothed Wallingford with alternate doses from his two bottles.

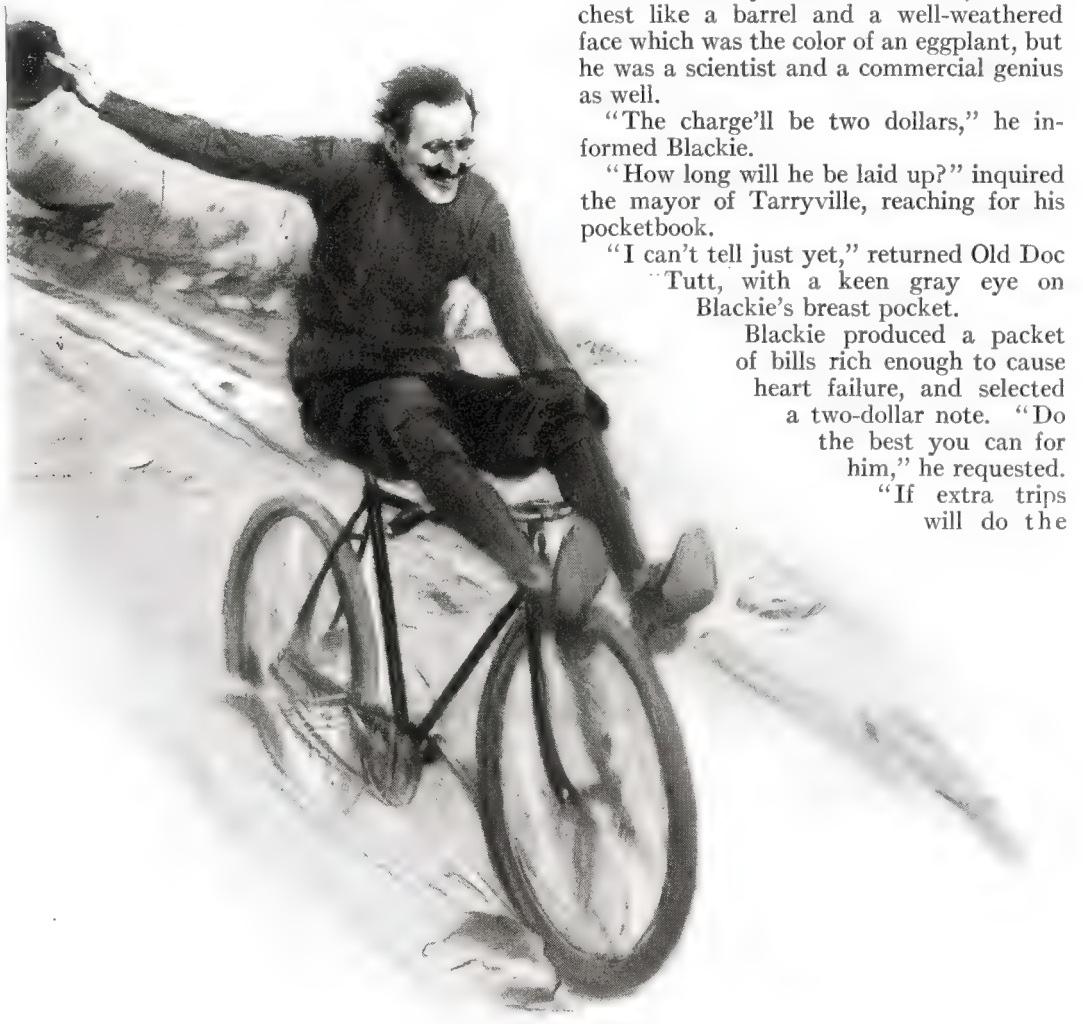
Old Doc Tutt arrived by the time Wallingford's eyes were beginning to glaze, and put a bandage around the injured knee. He was a hairy-handed old man, with a chest like a barrel and a well-weathered face which was the color of an eggplant, but he was a scientist and a commercial genius as well.

"The charge'll be two dollars," he informed Blackie.

"How long will he be laid up?" inquired the mayor of Tarryville, reaching for his pocketbook.

"I can't tell just yet," returned Old Doc Tutt, with a keen gray eye on Blackie's breast pocket.

Blackie produced a packet of bills rich enough to cause heart failure, and selected a two-dollar note. "Do the best you can for him," he requested. "If extra trips will do the



Blackie threw his legs over the handle-bar and went sailing down the hill, with a howl of joy like a boy just let out from school. Wallingford watched him enviously, and looked back, with sad speculation, at his own wheel. Finally shaking his head, he left the contraption to its fate and started stolidly after Blackie on foot, through with weight-reducings and bicycles forever

business, come over two or three times a day."

"If that man puts his foot to the floor inside of two weeks," decided Doc Tutt instantly, "he'll be a cripple for life."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Blackie anxiously.

"We'll have to wait for the inflammation to subside before we can determine," replied the doctor gravely, putting on his spectacles, as he always did to deliver an opinion. "I wouldn't go so far as to say that Mr. Wallingford has sustained a compound fracture of the patella, but he has certainly involved a severe lesion of the cartilaginous tissue," and, leaving Blackie to recover from that shock as best he might, Old Doc Tutt strode out to his buckboard.

"Is he bad hurt, Doc?" asked Jeff Purty, much concerned commercially.

"Awful bad," pronounced the doctor with conviction. "I reckon he'll be with us about two weeks."

Jeff Purty scratched his head. "I suppose he's got folks that'll take care of him," he speculated.

"He don't need it," responded Doc Tutt. "Them two's rich."

"Durn it!" ejaculated Jeff Purty.

Ten minutes later, still regretful, he walked down to Sam Bludgeon's Emporium. A short farmer, with a red shirt and a paper collar and no necktie, stood on the porch.

"Hello, Jeff," he hailed, leering up at the sky, from force of habit. "Hear you got some rich New York folks at the house. Doc Tutt just told me."

"Uh-huh," agreed Jeff, visibly worried. "They got scads of money."

"Well, you know what they do to us in the city," suggested the little farmer. "My cousin Eb's son went to New York last summer, and they charged him two dollars a day for his room alone. Not a bite of eating."

"Dog-gone it," confessed Jeff. "I already made 'em a price. Just regular rates; quarter for a bed, and a quarter for each meal."

"There's always some way to get around it," advised the little farmer. "Come in, and I'll play you seven-up to see who stands treat."

"I reckon not," refused Jeff. "It's cheaper in the long run by the jug. I just come over to get a peck of beans."

"Of Sam Bludgeon!" protested the little farmer. "Gee, you must be rich."

"It's the poor that gets robbed," replied Jeff, and went in.

An overly plump woman, beautified with a yellow shawl and a red hat with a green feather, shook hands with Jeff and inquired about Mrs. Purty and the girls. "I hear you got some rich New York folks over at your house," she told him. "Millie Parsons just told me. Doc Tutt told her. Millie says the slim one looks like an actor. She seen him at the window as she drove past. I think I'll go over and visit your women folks a spell."

"They'll be glad to see you, soon as they get through primpin' up," returned Jeff.

"Doc Tutt says the strangers is likely to be here a couple of weeks," suggested the woman. "You'd ought to make quite a bit of ready cash."

"Twenty-eight dollars, all told," figured Jeff. "I already made 'em a price; a dollar a day apiece," and the expression of pain on his face deepened.

"Why, jiminy crickets, Jeff!" exclaimed the lady. "That's no price to charge New York folks. My Aunt Matilda Jenkins' second husband took her to New York on their honeymoon, and went to a hotel and asked for the best there was in the house. My Heavens, Jeff! That hotel wanted twelve dollars a day, just for the room alone, and it didn't even have a comb and brush in it!"

"Gosh!" commented Jeff. "Well, it's too late. The price is made, and the worst of it is, I'm out of beans. I got to buy some."

"Of Sam Bludgeon!" protested the stout matron. "Why, he'll rob you out of all your profits. It's plumb dishonest the prices he charges!"

A stoop-shouldered old farmer, who was practising an occasional hoe-down step, grabbed Jeff as he entered the bar. "Hear you got some New York folks over at your place," he observed. "You ought to stand treat on it."

"I dassent," returned Jeff glumly. "By the time I buy provisions, I'll lose money."

"Dang 'em, gouge 'em," advised the stoop-shouldered one. "That's what they do to us in New York."

"Too late!" groaned Jeff. "I already made 'em a price. Regular rates; dollar a day apiece."

"If I show you how to get around that will you stand treat?" bargained the other, his little red eyes leering up with a shrewd twinkle.

"Well, let's hear it," cautiously held out Jeff.

"Little snake-oil, Sam," jubilated the inventor, and danced his little pigeon-toed hoe-down. "Simple as a, b, c," he went on. "You just tell them folks that the price you made 'em was for the room. Meals extra."

"By jinks, I'll pay for the treat!" declared Jeff recklessly. "That lets me add seventy-five cents a day on each one."

Sam Bludgeon, setting out the snake-oil, suddenly chuckled. "Two bits a meal," he scorned. "Here, I'll give you a New York bill of fare. I brought it home from Broadway last trip," and, from his safe, he produced a gaudily printed souvenir menu of one of the Lobster Square cafés.

Jeff opened that awe-inspiring publication and studied it with gasps. "Great Jehosaphat!" he exclaimed. "Ham and eggs, eighty cents! How much ham and eggs is that?"

"For one person," explained Sam with quiet pride. "One slice of ham the size and thickness of a theater ticket and two regular eggs. Bread and butter free; but toast and potatoes and jam and griddle cakes all extra, and from two to four bits apiece."

"Gosh a'mighty!" breathed Jeff. "Say, I dassent do it, ask 'em these prices. Besides I ain't got hardly any of the stuff that's on this bill."

"Tell 'em you're out," advised Sam. "That's what they do in New York. Wait; I'll fix you."

Seizing a flower postal-card from his stationery case, he pasted it on the outside of the big folder over the name of the restaurant.

"Now take my rubber stamp outfit and print on there 'Hotel Purty Café.'"

"I hear you got some rich New York folks over at your house," she told him. "Millie Parsons just told me. Doc Tutt told her. Millie says the slim one looks like an actor"

III

The middle-weight Miss Purty, who was now in a pink gingham hobble skirt which allowed her to sag wherever she felt like it, presented that astounding menu to Blackie, and simpered while the handsome stranger studied it with gasping incredulity.

"This is an unexpected treat," he assured the ample young lady, looking up at her,

and smiling with a friendly wish to share the joke with some one.

Miss Purty shyly averted her bulging blue eyes, and giggled.

"I think I'll have some purée St. Germaine, some —"

"Where?" asked the girl, looking hastily over his shoulder.

Courteously Blackie pointed out the item. "Purée St. Germaine, seventy-five cents for two persons or fifty cents for one, if this were a real card, and I may say, lady— By the way, what is your name?"

"Mushewanka," she told him, and put one hand behind her head, and giggled.

"Mush—" he gasped, and stopped.

"—ewanka," she finished for him, holding the pose. "It's an Indian name. Maw got it from the picture of a beautiful Indian princess on the label of Swanker's Root and Bark Bitters; but we don't use that medicine any more, since the *Ladies' Constant Adviser* exposed it. It's the prettiest name in the county, everybody says."

"It's considerable name," admitted Blackie; "musical, rhythmical, and mystical; but what do they call you when you're not all dolled up? I know! Don't tell me! I guess it! Mushy!"

She looked at him and giggled. "Well, the boys do call me that," she confessed; then, giggling again, she cast at him a daredevil glance, and, putting her hands over her face, ran out of the room, while Blackie looked speculatively at the sleeping Wallingford, debating whether to wake him up or not.

Presently a smaller edition of the bulgingly coy Mushewanka came in, with her one braid of hair ornamented by a huge plaid bow and the four top shoe buttons open, for self-explanatory reasons. "Mush has got the giggles and can't come back," explained the youngest hope of the house of Purty, studying Blackie with so frankly interested directness of gaze that he almost blushed. "What's the rest of your order?"

"Oh, yes, the rest of my order," mused Blackie wonderingly. "First of all, do I get the purée St. Germaine?"

"Sure as shootin'," she contemptuously assured him. "It's only pea-soup. Nasturtium, that's my oldest sister, she looked it up in *Ladies' Constant Adviser Cook Book*. What else?"

"Thus being so," murmured Blackie, consulting the card with fresh hope; "we'll try if we may have a nice, plain, fried spring chicken, country style, with some ordinary French fried potatoes, some stewed beans, a little salad of some convenient sort, and a demitasse."

"Demitasse?" she repeated. "Where?"

"Here," he politely informed her, placing his forefinger on the spot.

"Oh," she observed, and went away blankly.

She came back a few minutes later, still distressed.

"I found out about that demitasse," she assured him; "but is this the chicken you meant?" and she pointed to the appalling line, "Milk-fed Spring Chicken, Fried Country Style, $2.50."

"That's it," he agreed, looking as much puzzled as she did. He saw no French to confuse the intellect.

"Oh," returned the girl. "Well, Mr. Daw, I'll have to tell you something. We ain't got any milk-fed chickens. We're— we're out."

"Tell you the truth, I don't believe there are any in the world," replied Blackie cheerfully; "and, as a matter of fact, I prefer regular chicken, anyhow."

"Oh," commented the girl, still more faintly. "Would you rather have spring chicken?"

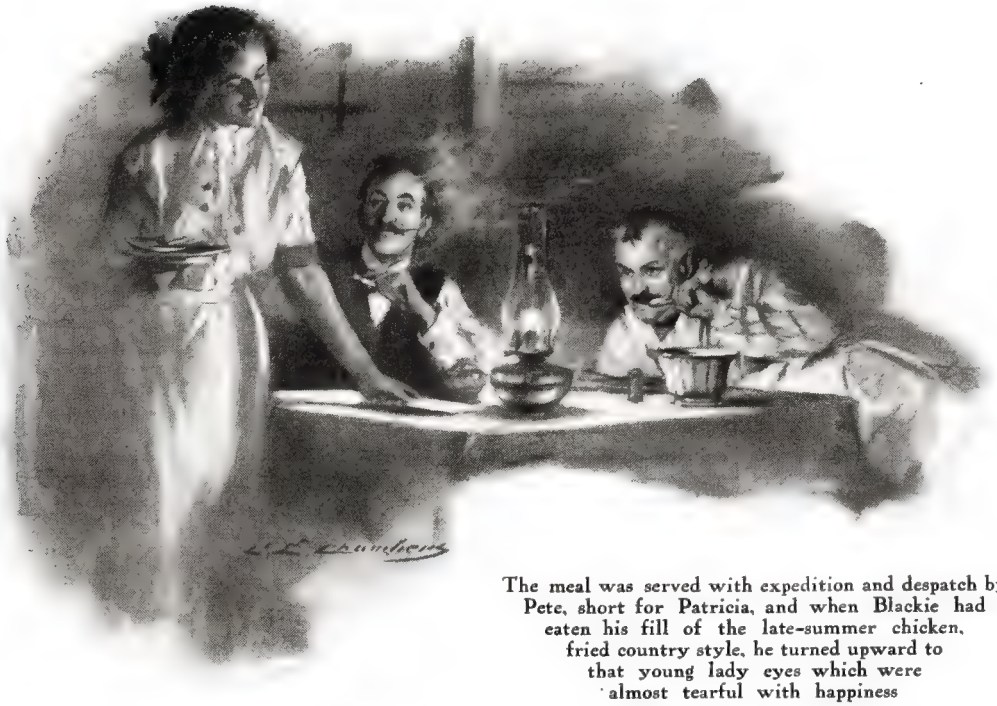
Blackie began to lose faith. "I have an immoderate fondness for spring chicken," he confessed.

"Well, we got some," she hesitated; "but it's awful late in the fall now, and they're tough. We got some that was hatched late in the summer that's just right for fryin'."

"You have my permission to fry the late-summer crop," granted Blackie heartily. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Pete," she told him briskly, and left the room.

Wallingford was lying with his eyes closed when dinner-time came, but when his purée St. Germaine was brought into the room, in a deep yellow bowl with a nick in the rim, he sat straight up. Blackie, taking his dinner at the bedside by special arrangement, sipped of the soup from his own blue bowl, and hitched his chair closer. Mushy did not appear during the meal, which was served with expedition and despatch by Pete, short for Patricia, and when Blackie had eaten his fill of the late-summer chicken,



The meal was served with expedition and despatch by Pete, short for Patricia, and when Blackie had eaten his fill of the late-summer chicken, fried country style, he turned upward to that young lady eyes which were almost tearful with happiness

fried country style, he turned upward to that young lady eyes which were almost tearful with happiness.

"It's a lie," he confided to Wallingford, when Pete had departed with the platter of chicken bones and all the other débris.

"I know it," agreed Wallingford with an oily sigh. "Nothing like this ever happened in the country. I'm going to find out which one of those girls fried that chicken, and insinuate her name into my will."

"Hush!" admonished Blackie. "There is more to follow."

The more was a decorative low bowl of dried grasses in various red and brown colors, which was deposited hastily in the center of the white cloth by the promptly vanishing Pete, whose next appearance was with two platters of salad and two clean forks. The salad was of celery chopped with apples and nuts, covered with cream mayonnaise and garnished with strips of red peppers; and at last Blackie knew the answer.

"*The Ladies' Constant Adviser*," he guessed, tasting the salad with approval.

"Yes, we get everything from that," stated Pete; "fashions and cooking receipts and etiquette and art, but we don't get to practise much. We hobbled all our dresses last spring, but now the hobble's gone out, and the *Adviser* hasn't published any article on how to unhobble them. Say! We haven't any demitasse cups. Do you care if we fill a regular cup half full?"

"You may do anything you please, and go as far as you like," granted Blackie. "I'm going to subscribe to the *Ladies' Constant Adviser*."

Filled and comforted, and soothing himself with a cigarette, Blackie sat watching Wallingford drop into satisfied slumber, when Jeff Purty plodded in and sat on the edge of a chair.

"How's the invalid?" he was kind enough to inquire.

"Stuffed and happy," replied Blackie, lazily offering his host a cigarette.

Jeff took one, and examined it with the same interest he would have bestowed on a curious bug, but he declined to light.

Blackie, his duty of hospitality performed, sank back once more in blissful physical inertia.

Jeff Purty struggled with a weighty problem. "Your dinner up to the mark?" he finally ventured.

"I don't like to talk about it; it's sacrilegious," said Blackie.

Again a painful silence.

"Did you notice the prices?"

"Not particularly; except that they seemed familiar."

"Then it's so, I guess," decided Jeff with a sigh. "Your dinner was five dollars and eighty-five cents."

Blackie considered that with the complacency of a perfectly pacified male animal. "Well, considering the grub, I wouldn't kick at Forty-second Street, and I don't see why I should here," he fairly decided.

Again a silence. Jeff Purty cleared his throat.

"I reckon when you pay this kind of prices you pay as you go," he finally suggested.

"Now I get you," declared Blackie forgivingly. "We have no luggage," and, reluctant only because he had to move, he produced a ten-dollar bill.

Jeff Purty took that government certificate with curious hesitation. "By jinks, I try to be an honest man," he finally blurted. "I dassent charge you that much. It's a put-up job. Regular meals is twenty-five cents, but this is somethin' special, and all four of the women folks has worked like thrashin' time, so I reckon I'll have to charge you fifty cents apiece."

Blackie straightened up with a renewed interest in life. "Who put up the job?" he demanded.

"Well, Sam Bludgeon give me that menu card. He brung it back from the city his last trip."

"He did us all a favor, but he didn't mean it," stated Blackie, weighing the matter. "He's none too popular here, is he?"

"Popular!" protested Jeff. "Why, by thunder, there'll be fireworks at his funeral."

"Has he any money?"

"He'd ought to have. He gouges everybody in Pinky County, and never spends a cent."

It was Blackie's turn for cogitation. "We'll stick to that menu card, and let the women work their heads off, because they're having the time of their lives," he decided. "Also, we'll pay the printed prices, and, before we go, Jim and I will collect the entire amount from Sam Bludgeon."

"Honest to gosh, can you do that?" inquired Jeff eagerly. "If you can, I can take this money with a clean conscience, and Lord knows I love it."

"You tell your conscience to sit right up and be suspicious," laughed Blackie. "It won't catch you with the goods. By the way, Landlord, send Pete in with the change. I'm going through on the Broadway basis."

Pete entered presently, with the change on a little hand-painted plate, according to the custom gleaned from the fashionable fiction in the *Ladies' Constant Adviser*, but her jaw dropped when Blackie left a dollar on the plate.

"This dollar," he carefully explained, "belongs to mother and Nasturtium and Mushewanka and Pete. It's the start of the unhobbling fund."

"Thanks!" gasped Pete. "Thank you, sir, I mean," and, with her pigtail sticking straight out, she blurted out into the kitchen, with the beginning of an absorbing financial calculation which was to last for days.

While they were deep in the pages of the latest issue of the *Ladies' Constant Adviser*, studying its fashion columns with a renewed and hopeful interest, Jeff Purty returned to Blackie.

"Excuse me," he ventured. "I been thinkin'. Of course I know we got to keep mum about this, but, if it's just the same to you, would you mind tellin' me how you reckon you're gonna make Sam Bludgeon pay all your expenses?"

Blackie turned to him with lazy eyes. "You'll have to wait a little," he replied. "I can't tell you till Jim Wallingford wakes up."

IV

Sam Bludgeon walked out on his porch, when he opened his store doors early on the following Saturday morning, and batted his eyes at the unfamiliar appearance of Jeff Purty's wagon-shed, which opened on the road just a few rods away. Over the wide sliding doors, in the gable where only an old rusty horseshoe had hung, there now stared a brand-new black-and-white sign:

WALLINGFORD AND DAW

Plain and Fancy Everything at wholesale prices plus ten per cent. Ask to see the wholesale bills

In front of the store stood the big seven-passenger touring-car, in which Paul Pollet had been entertaining the Pinky County belles for the past week, and on its broad sides were canvas streamers, painted,

Wallingford and Daw, Robins' Corner, Fancy Everything

Sam Bludgeon, with a troubled look on his low brow, swaggered up to the door, with a nod at Paul, and looked in. The counters were rough board benches covered with cambric, and they ran straight down each side of the long wagon-shed. Back of each counter were stacked up boxes and bales, lying on their sides with their fronts removed, exposing ginghams and calicoes in the bolt, and all other supplies in like wholesale order. There were handkerchiefs, and underwear, and bed-clothing, and stockings, and shirts, and suspenders, and wrappers, and shirtwaists, and gloves, and shoes, and tea, and coffee, and spices, and rice, and raisins, and soap, and canned goods, and candy, and tobacco, and muslins, and lamps, and glass, and chinaware, and notions, and perfumes, and rugs, and curtains, and books, and stationery, and toys, and hardware, and more other miscellaneous articles than Sam could quite catalogue in such a hasty view. Behind one counter, just in front of the box of gaudy ribbons, stood the suave and smiling Blackie Daw, and behind the other, with the fanciest jabot of the recent shipment at her neck, and her face scrubbed till it looked like a highly polished red apple, stood Pete Purty.

"Come right in, Sam," hailed Blackie. "Come early and avoid the rush. Let me show you some of this superior gingham, at seventy cents a bolt."

"So this is your business here," commented Sam. "I've heard wagons and autos come in here the last two nights, and heard you pounding and fussing around in here all week. You wasn't square with me."

"Why not?" demanded Blackie. "Because I didn't ask your advice? Let me sell you a bolt of this flannelette. A dollar eighty."

"How much by the yard?" questioned Sam, tempted to inspect the flannelette, which was of a particularly attractive soft-red pattern.

"No goods sold by the yard," replied Blackie loftily. "No packages broken. No piker money taken."

Sam chuckled in relief. "You'll get skinny at this business," he prophesied. "That's no way to run a store."

Late that night, Sam Bludgeon, made ferocious by the day's tumble in his fortunes, tried to incite the wilder members of his barroom crowd to go over and clean up the Wallingford and Daw intrusion on his domain, but when he picked himself out from among the broken glassware, he decided that even men in their cups are familiar with percentages

"This isn't a store," scorned Blackie. "This is merely a wholesale distributing depot. It's the latest idea in country merchandising."

"It's a fool scheme," protested Sam. "These farmers won't buy bolts of things."

"They will this time," grinned Blackie. "We only make a specialty of bolt ginghams four times a year, but we sure do load up a county every three months. My partner and I own ninety-three of these stores, and we open up a new one every week. Pete, sell Sam a box of soap or a keg of those assorted nails."

"I got my own business to look after," growled Sam, and went out. He stopped a moment at the automobile. "Your bosses are running a monopoly," he charged. "They are enemies to the small retailer."

"Don't you like them very well?" inquired Paul, turning a cold eye on the man he despised because of the quality of liquor he sold.

"No, I don't," declared Sam, looking darkly in at the door.

Little Paul climbed carefully down from his machine, with a wrench in his hand. "Then you take just about two jumps away from here or I'll scramble your egg, you big stiff," he advised, and started to walk straight through the bully of Pinky County.

"Keep away from me," ordered Sam, backing off. "You can't get me to start any fight on Saturday morning."

"You don't have to start it," returned Paul, shaking the wrench at him. "I'm a self-starter."

"Polly!" called a concerned voice from the doorway.

"All right, Patricia," laughed Paul, walking over to her after he had seen the broad back of Sam.

"Cut that," she ordered him. "My name's Pete."

"All right, Pete," he cheerfully agreed, taking her arm. "Come in and give me a dried prune."

He was still nibbling at that delicacy when the first customers of the morning came in—Mr. and Mrs. Mellon of Ash Grove. Mrs. Mellon carried in her hand a huge wholesale price-list of the Wallingford and Daw Ten Per Cent Store, the aforesaid hand-bill having been presented to her, two miles out on the north road, by the Storkin boy number six, the number seven, eight, and nine, Storkin younguns, having similar jobs that morning on the east, west, and south roads, respectively.

"Let's see that gingham," demanded Mrs. Mellon, with businesslike severity. "I might get fooled on some things, but gingham I could tell if I was dead."

Mrs. Mellon paid no attention to pattern or color in the beginning. She took the first bolt which Blackie handed her, loosened the end, jerked it between her muscular hands till it snapped like a drum, rubbed it vigorously between her knuckles, wet a piece of it, pulled out a thread of the warp and one of the woof, burned half of each and chewed the rest, and announced herself satisfied.

"I'll take two yards," she said.

Blackie smiled on her sweetly but sadly. "I'm sorry that I'm not allowed to cut into a bolt for so good a judge of gingham," he stated, looking her admiringly in the eyes. "I know you'd like the gingham when you got it home, and would tell all your neighbors that they couldn't buy such gingham at Sam Bludgeon's for from twelve to fifteen cents a yard, if at all. Neither would I urge you to take a full bolt unless, after figuring it over, you can see where you could use the ten-yard bolt, at seventy cents."

Mrs. Mellon regarded him with a doubtful eye. "Well, I don't know," she speculated, counting her fingers, with a long and thoughtful pause at each digit. "Where's that wholesale bill?"

"Right on the 'billiton board' on the center post," said Blackie, leading her to the big framed board, on which were tacked the wholesale bills of every article in the Wallingford and Daw distributing depot No. 93. He even pointed out to her the No. 12,037 ginghams, at sixty-two cents the bolt, with six and two-tenth cents added for profit, and the balance of seventy cents figured in for freight and cartage.

Mr. Mellon himself figured out that problem on the edge of the board, with a stump of lead-pencil so short that it cramped his knuckles to hold it, and he announced himself as satisfied also.

"This is what had ort to be done," he told Blackie earnestly. "Even ten per cent. is a mighty high price to charge for keepin' us from buyin' our goods direct from the wholesalers, but it's a step in the right direction; that is, if the gingham's good. Is it, Marthy?"

"It's better'n that shirt you got on," she told him. "You know what we paid for

that, two years ago this fall? Ten and a half cents a yard, at Sam Bludgeon's. How much per cent. is that?"

Highly interested, Mr. Mellon went back to the "billiton board" with his stump of a pencil. "A little over forty per cent., deducting the same amount for freight and cartage," he finally announced.

"Forty per cent!" she hissed. "I'll never darken the door of Sam Bludgeon's again! Young man, I'll take a whole bolt of that gingham. What other bargains you got?"

"Some gilt bird-cages," replied Blackie promptly. "We have a shipment of the finest gilt bird-cages ever sold for the money, I think. Each cage an original package, and no packages broken. Allow me to show you one."

"I don't need a bird-cage," she refused, looking about the store.

"But you might," he insisted. "Then you would be sorry, for when these bird-cages are sold we shall consider Pinky County supplied, and shall buy no more."

"But I haven't any bird," she explained.

"You never know when you're going to have a bird," argued Blackie, with pained earnestness. "Some dear friend is likely to make you a present of a bird at any moment, and then you might have to drive over to Pinkyville for a bird-cage, or even, if you were in a hurry, send in to Sam Bludgeon's for one; and where could you get a bird-cage like this for eighty cents?"

The triumphant moment having arrived, he switched the glittering object from under the counter and held it temptingly before her eyes.

A family from Leggetts Run came in, the oldest girl still reading the wholesale price-list hand-bill, and made a straight line for the flannelette pile; and from that moment Pinky County began to congregate, with increasing numbers and enthusiasm, in Jeff Purty's former wagon-shed.

At ten o'clock, Paul Pollet began to pile boxes and barrels out in front at the edge of the road, and on each one he tacked a sign, "Full this morning, emptied by wholesale." By mid-afternoon, Jeff and Mrs. Purty and Mushy had joined the clerical force, and by evening the interior of that store looked as empty as a puppy's milk-plate, while Blackie positively beamed with satisfaction. There wasn't a bird-cage left in the house!

"Now I'm going to have some pink silk pajamas in the order we send in to-night," he declared. "Jim wouldn't let me have them last week, but he didn't even want me to have any bird-cages."

Late that night, Sam Bludgeon, made ferocious by the day's tumble in his fortunes, tried to incite the wilder members of his barroom crowd to go over and clean up the Wallingford and Daw intrusion on his domain, but when he picked himself out from among the broken glassware he decided that even men in their cups are familiar with percentages, and that the principle of personal profit is the very last thing of which they lose consciousness.

V

Old Doc Tutt pushed Wallingford's shoulders gently but firmly back into his pillows. "Now, you lie still," he ordered, in the sternest voice of which professional authority is capable. "Do you want that knee to be crooked for life?"

"Yes!" roared Wallingford, rising to one elbow. "I'd rather live with a crooked knee than die here," and he made a move to swing his injured leg out of bed.

Old Doc Tutt grabbed that leg, with the energy of despair, and thrust it back under the covers. "Don't you dare!" he warned. "Why, man, the ligaments which hold your patella in place are just now beginning to yield to the granulation which I introduced into the lesions, and if you get out of bed before the cicatrices have properly formed, I shall not answer for the consequences. However, I shall, in my examination to-day—"

"If you touch that knee again, I'll have your heart's blood," offered Wallingford desperately, as the doctor reached for it. "The last time I threatened to get out of bed you broke it open and put some pepper in it. Blackie! Oh, Blackie! Give this big butcher two dollars and tell him to go to and never come back."

In an inadvertent moment Old Doc Tutt turned to locate Blackie, and in that moment a large gentleman, clad in tan silk pajamas with lavender frogs, plumped out of bed, and landed on both feet with a thud. His right foot jerked up. He slammed his right foot on the floor. His right knee hurt him like sixty, and once more, this time swearing, he stomped his right foot.

"Hurt, confound you!" he swore at it. "You've kept me in bed two weeks, and now

I'm going to hurt you all I darn please," and lifting up his left heel, he kicked himself on the right knee, to Blackie's huge delight and approval.

"Get back in that bed!" yelled Old Doc Tutt, panic-stricken at his impending loss, and he pushed suddenly against Wallingford's shoulders with both hands.

Wallingford, however, had reached the point of deathless defiance. Throwing both arms around the burly body of his tormentor, he made a quick turn, and the two fat men swayed and strained against the edge of the bed, while Blackie Daw shouted glad encouragement impartially to both contenders.

Wallingford, grunting with the exertion, threw all his weight into a final, mighty push. Old Doc Tutt felt himself slipping, grabbed wildly, and harvested a handful of prisms from the hanging-lamp; then the two of them went back on the bed with a dull splintering thud, followed by the hanging-lamp. Three slats gave way under that mighty impact. The mattress and the feather-tick went through, and there, in that wild tangle of bedding, J. Rufus Wallingford, who had ever counted discretion the better part of valor, deliberately punched Old Doc Tutt in the exact center of his appetite.

"Get me out of this!" he bellowed to his pleased audience. "I want that car ready to leave this infernal cross roads tonight."

Twenty minutes later, while Wallingford was dressing with the assistance of Paul, and Old Doc Tutt had driven rapidly off to Pinkyville for the sheriff, Pete Purty rejoined Blackie in the store, where he was at work on a large, new sign.

"Aw, Blackie," she protested. "It's all over!"

"Just about ready for the blow-off, Petey," he agreed, cocking his head sidewise to study the effect of a stroke.

"I'm awful sorry," she confessed.

"It has been fun, hasn't it, partner?" he admitted, reaching out to pat her on the plump shoulder, but never moving his eyes from the artistic task.

"I'm going to miss it so much I'll die," the girl acknowledged. "You men have been good company and mighty nice, but I just plumb hate to see this store closed up. I think I was cut out for a business man."

"Don't you worry, kid; I have a little present for you," Blackie encouraged her, putting the final stroke on his sign. "It's all in this soap-box," and walking over to it, he produced a stack of bulky catalogues, illustrated with pictures, plain and colored, of every imaginable article of merchandise under the sun. "How do you suppose we were able to start this store in such a hurry?"

"I couldn't guess," she puzzled. "I've been trying to."

"By consulting the advertising pages of the *Ladies' Constant Adviser*," Blackie gleefully informed her, as happy in that fact as she could possibly be. "We found a firm which makes a business of outfitting new country stores. For the past week I've been getting catalogues for you from the same fat advertising columns."

She drew those precious volumes toward her with a motion like a hug. "I'll bet your wife likes you," she guessed.

"Never say that to a married man," admonished Blackie. "Now, here's what you do, Pete. You don't want to run a ten per cent. wholesale store. You'd lose father's farm, after Pinky County got used to the novelty; but you do want to run a wholesale agency. You can get every farmer's wife to drop in here every Saturday and look at your catalogues, and order what they want. When they want rice, make ten of them subscribe for a barrel. Slap on ten per cent. for handling, and order it. If they want calico, maybe four of them will split a bolt of it. It's a nice business, Pete. Go to it; but keep the idea under your pompadour until we get out of this county."

With this sage advice, Blackie went out and hung his new sign over the door. It was a large, staring, and particularly insolent sign, which read,

Grand Wholesale Liquor Sale
Next Saturday!

"If that don't get Sam Bludgeon's goozle he hasn't any," decided Blackie with a chuckle, as he stepped back to admire his handiwork.

Ten minutes later Sam Bludgeon came over with his goozle, if there were such a thing, in a high state of palpitation. "What are you trying to do," he demanded; "ruin my business?"

"Build one of our own," returned Blackie

calmly, unpacking a crate of jugs, with tender care for each handy vessel. "Any fault to find with it?"

"This much," stated Sam. "Two stores can't do business at Robins' Corners. I'm ready to either buy or sell."

"I don't believe we care to do either," suggested Blackie; "but, after all, that isn't up to me. You'll have to see my partner, J. Rufus Wallingford. He drives a better bargain than I do."

"Send up and tell him I'm here, will you?" requested Sam.

"He won't come till he gets ready," replied Blackie, and, whistling softly, he began to calculate his shelf space. "Gee, I don't know where I'm going to put all these jugs," he observed, as he pushed the empty crate out of the way.

"You haven't more!" protested Sam.

"Five hundred, all told," yawned Blackie. "They're for the liquor sale."

Sam Bludgeon sat down in the corner on a nail-keg and thought.

Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford came limping down to the store after a while, with his clothing bagging curiously on him, but with a great serenity in his soul; for the world was such a beautiful place.

"Hello, Jim," greeted Blackie. "Welcome to our emporium. Let me show you our new triple-motion egg-beaters," and he gaily thrust one of those cleverly ingenious implements into Wallingford's hand. "You see, you lead it up to the egg from the northeast corner, then you throw out your bait from this edge—"

He paused, transfixed by the stony absorption in Wallingford's face, as J. Rufus examined the utensil. "How much did we pay for these?" he wanted to know.

"Seven forty-five a gross," returned Blackie humbly.

"That is new-store prices or from our own wholesale house?" inquired Wallingford, with increasing surliness.

"New-store prices, sir," answered Blackie, cringing.

"I thought so!" flared Wallingford, falling into an immediate fury. "The minute I take sick, the first class in jackassness gets right to work. I thought you could be trusted with at least some of the smaller details of this business, and here I find you going crazy on egg-beaters, which you ought to know as well as you know whiskey and rat-traps and cheese."

"I'm sorry sir," faltered Blackie, without daring to look at the spellbound Pete.

"You're sorry!" sneered Wallingford, working himself into a white frenzy. "Sorry; and billing these egg-beaters into our first store in Pinky County at seven forty-five. Daw, so help me Moses—"

Blackie, apparently frantic with embarrassment, was making violent motions in the direction of Sam Bludgeon. Wallingford, at last seeming to perceive these signals, turned slowly toward the opposition.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Blackie; "this gentleman is the proprietor of the store across the way. He has come to see you on business. Mr. Wallingford, permit me to introduce Mr. Sam Bludgeon."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Bludgeon," said Wallingford, repressing as much as possible his recent just annoyance. "I'm sorry we seem to be encroaching on your territory, Mr. Bludgeon, but this really looked like a splendid opening for one of our ten per cent. stores."

"It's a pretty rich county," admitted Mr. Bludgeon, who, familiar with Blackie, seemed to stand in distress of Wallingford.

"So I made sure before we came here," declared Wallingford. "You have, I think, Mr. Bludgeon, an assortment of the very worst whiskey I ever tasted. Suppose we go over and sample it."

That night, after the most elaborate dinner which the Purty family was capable of cooking, or the *Ladies' Constant Adviser* of suggesting, Blackie turned cheerfully to Wallingford as they sped over the white roads of Pinky County.

"Well, Jim," he announced; "it was a highly successful trip."

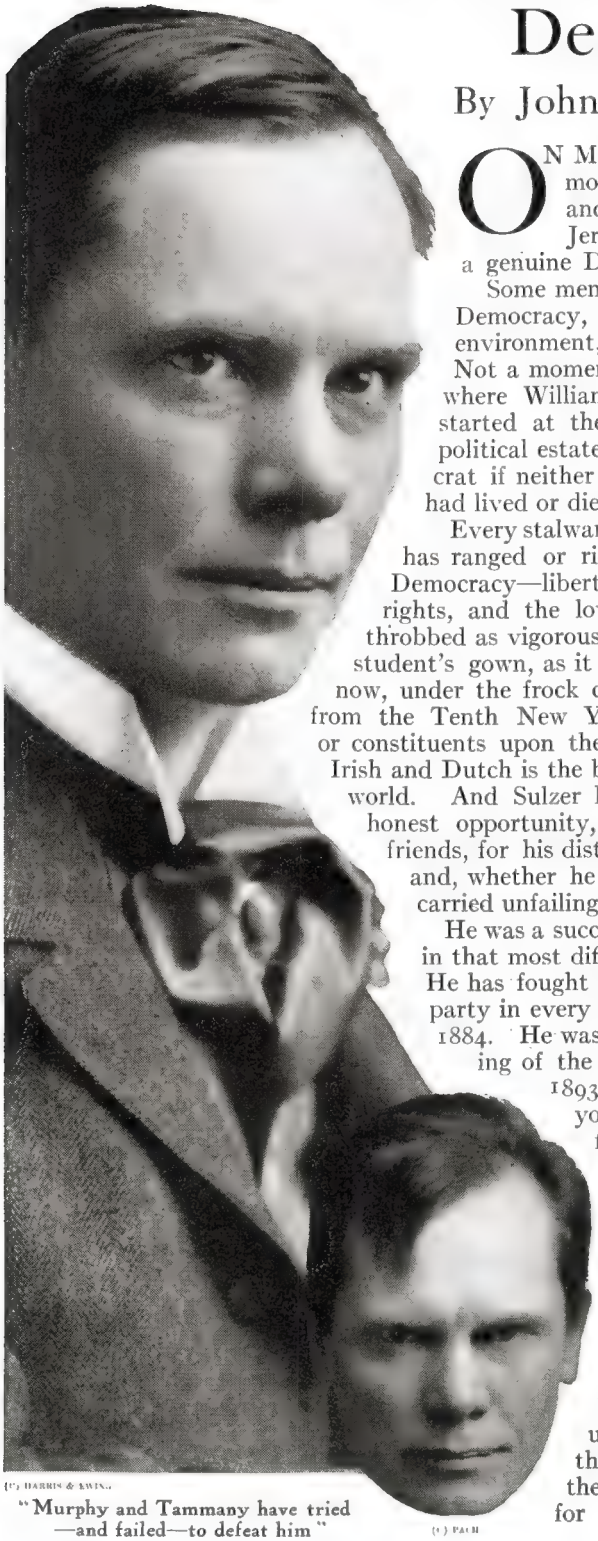
"Successful?" queried Wallingford in surprise. "You're plenty modest in your estimate of the value of our time, Blackie. We've been here over two weeks, at fancy expense. You didn't clear anything on the actual store venture. I sold our stock and good-will, with a sworn agreement never to open another store in Pinky County, for three thousand dollars; and the stock itself invoices eleven hundred dollars. We're lucky, of course, to have made anything; but you're a piker to call it a successful trip."

"Piker right back," retorted Blackie. "Why, you mercenary lollop, can't you think of anything but money? I call this a successful trip because I promised to reduce your weight; and look at you!"

The next story of ***"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"*** will appear in the August issue.

William Sulzer—
Democrat

By John Temple Graves



(C) HARRIS & EWING

"Murphy and Tammany have tried —and failed—to defeat him"

(C) PACH

ON March 18, 1863—at six o'clock in the morning—in the eminently industrious and orthodox town of Elizabeth, New Jersey, there was born into this world a genuine Democrat.

Some men are born Democrats, some achieve Democracy, and some, by reason of interest or environment, have Democracy thrust upon them. Not a moment of time need be lost in deciding where William Sulzer came into his own. He started at the beginning. He was born to his political estate. Sulzer would have been a Democrat if neither Jefferson nor Jackson nor Tilden had lived or died.

Every stalwart virtue and every sturdy creed that has ranged or rioted under the stormy banner of Democracy—liberty, equality, fraternity, popular rights, and the love of constitutional government—throbbed as vigorously under the corduroy jacket or the student's gown, as it beats undiminished and undiluted, now, under the frock coat within which the congressman from the Tenth New York district fronts his colleagues or constituents upon the rostum or on the floor. Scotch-Irish and Dutch is the blood that makes the fighters of the world. And Sulzer has fought all his life—fought for honest opportunity, fought for the right side, for his friends, for his district, for his state, for his country; and, whether he won or failed in the finals, he has carried unfailingly the respect of friend and foe.

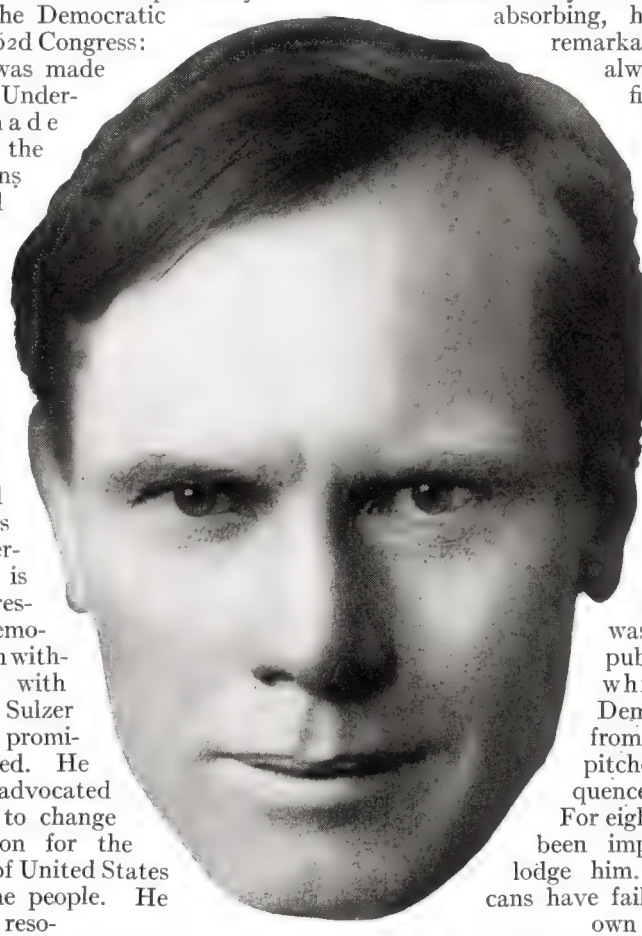
He was a success as a lawyer, and won recognition in that most difficult of professions in his first year. He has fought eloquently and consistently for his party in every state and national campaign since 1884. He was five times a member in high standing of the New York Legislature and was in 1893—at the age of thirty—one of the youngest and ablest Speakers in the official history of the State Assembly.

Under his Speakership, run the chronicles, New York enjoyed the lowest tax-rate and the most economical tax-budget in forty-seven years, and the cleanest and shortest session of the Legislature in fifty-one years! It is nobly characteristic of the young legislator that, after his triumphant life at Albany, he turned his back upon pleas innumerable and fees that were princely and never crossed the portals of the Capitol to lobby for or against a bill. Sulzer never

loved money. He is as poor to-day as he was in '93.

William Sulzer went to Congress in 1894, and has been there ever since—from first to last a consistent and progressive Democrat.

Three Democrats were conspicuously promoted by the Democratic majority of the 62d Congress: Champ Clark was made Speaker, Oscar Underwood was made Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and William Sulzer was given the important Committee on Foreign Affairs—a world committee—in which he has won new laurels for judgment, vigilance, and discretion in his country's interests. There is scarcely a progressive piece of Democratic legislation within this decade with which William Sulzer has not been prominently connected. He introduced and advocated the resolution to change the Constitution for the direct election of United States senators by the people. He introduced the resolution for a parcels post, and has worked for it unceasingly. He is the author and advocate of the patriotic bill for the re-establishment of our American merchant marine. He is the author and advocate of the bill for an income tax. He introduced the bill for the abrogation of the Russian Treaty of 1832, and succeeded in passing it through the House by a vote of 300 to 1. He introduced the resolution of sympathy and encouragement to the Chinese Republic, and made it an issue in Congress.



"Sulzer has fought all his life—fought for honest opportunity, for the right side, for his friends, his state, his country"

He has been the essence of diligence and discretion in the dealings of his committee with the difficult and dangerous recent relations of our country with Mexico.

Sulzer's industry is amazing. It is doubtful if any other member of the 62d Congress has introduced and successfully advocated so many bills. His duties are absorbing, his achievements remarkable, and yet he always has time, or finds it, for his friends—and for many public matters.

Sulzer is the best vote-getter in the state of New York. He always runs ahead of his ticket. He has never been defeated. He is the unbeaten candidate. His hold upon the Tenth New York district is remarkable. The Tenth was a strong Republican district which the sturdy Democrat captured from the enemy in a pitched battle of eloquence and energy. For eighteen years it has been impossible to dislodge him. The Republicans have failed, and even his own party has not succeeded. Sulzer, independent and a good lawyer, as honest as the day, has been time and again in open opposition to Murphy and Tammany Hall. Murphy and Tammany have tried to defeat him. But the brave young congressman has defied them, and, laughing in their faces, has gone on his way to successive victories.

The whole career of William Sulzer, congressman, publicist, and patriot, is a wholesome and inspiring tribute to the power of sincerity, courage, integrity, and absolute frankness in a people's government.

"From Him That Hath Not"

Wallingford, Smoke Bellew, Craig Kennedy, Lapidowitz—it is a popular idea having the same character carried through a series of short stories. And here, curiously enough, is the first time Bruno Lessing has done it. He has always preferred to write the moving-picture kind of stories—throwing on the page for a moment's laugh or tear some typical human fly caught in the great web of New York's East Side. But now comes Lapidowitz, the schnorrer—a character already taking his place among the Wallingfords and Kennedys. We followed Lapidowitz up the money-littered street on his arrival from Lithuania; we laughed at his campaign for a wife; we saw a business venture wrecked when he fell in love—with an approving eye on the woman's cash; and here he is bearing up under an inheritance from the old country. If you don't already know Lapidowitz here is a good chance to begin

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

LAPIDOWITZ sat in Milken's coffee-house waiting for something to turn up. Lapidowitz was "on his uppers." That is hardly what you would call a pretty figure of speech, but it conveys an accurate and comprehensive idea of Lapidowitz's condition. His credit among his friends was exhausted—even Milken was beginning to grumble at the amount of coffee and cake that Lapidowitz's unpaid account represented—and the schnorrer, plunged in gloom, was at last face to face with the painful necessity of going to work.

Then Janowski, the coal-dealer, entered the coffee-house, nodded smilingly to Lapidowitz, and seated himself at the opposite side of the room. Janowski wore a diamond scarf-pin and jingled when he walked. Lapidowitz hated Janowski. He hated his unvarying air of prosperity. He hated the clink of the loose change that Janowski carried in every pocket. He hated Janowski's calmness, his smile, his air of confidence. The secret of his bitter detestation was that he owed Janowski two dollars, had owed them for two years, and had never since been able to borrow any more.

So Lapidowitz would sit and glare at Janowski, and his thoughts would run like this:

"Curses on my luck! Why should I be poor and he be rich? I am smarter than he is, and superior to him in every way, yet here I am with no better prospect than to go to work in a tailor shop, while he does not know what to do with all the money he makes. Curses on my luck!"

Janowski, blissfully ignorant of the injustice of fate, sipped his coffee in peace. When he had finished he drew from his inside pocket a thick roll of bills, paid for his coffee, and swept the change into his trousers pockets. Then, with a nod to Lapidowitz and a pleasant smile, he walked, jingling as he went, out of the place.

Lapidowitz sighed, lit a fresh cigarette, and waited for something to turn up.

"Wait—wait patiently," says the Talmud, "and something is sure to turn up." You may be pleased, or you may be disappointed, but, nevertheless, something will turn up. Lapidowitz waited—waited patiently, and one afternoon something turned up. It was the unexpected. The unexpected comes to all of us once or twice in a lifetime, and, usually, we bungle it.

The postman brought Lapidowitz a letter from Russia. It ran:

WORTHY SIR:

My dear uncle Isidore Malakoff died in Minsk last week. In his will he left all his silverware to Mrs. Raviner, his former housekeeper. We found that Mrs. Raviner died many years ago and that you are her only living relative. So please let me know what you wish done with the silverware. We can send it to you if you will pay for the transportation or we can sell it here at the best price and send you the money.

With the highest esteem, yours,

SAMUEL MALAKOFF.

For a full five minutes Lapidowitz sat transported to the supreme heights of bliss. At last fate had recognized his merits and was prepared to do him justice. Then, slowly, he came down to earth, and began to calculate. He had never in his life heard of Malakoff, but he remembered, dimly, that either his mother or his father had had an aunt named Raviner whom, to the best of his recollection, he had never seen.

But the silverware—how much was it

worth? Was it one of those wonderful collections, the accumulation of generations, that, he so frequently read in the newspapers, brought fabulous prices at sales? Or—no, it would never do to speculate upon the possibility of a disappointment. It was surely worth five hundred dollars. No silverware worth leaving in a will could possibly be worth less. Two hundred dollars, anyway—and even one hundred dollars would be sufficient to change the whole current of his life.

His dream of a year had been to open an account in Goldsinger's bank on Grand Street and sign checks with a long, heavy flourish to his signature.

But Russia was far off, and several weeks must elapse before he could receive his inheritance. Lapidowitz hastily made a list of his friends who would be likely to advance him some money on the strength of his new prospects. It seemed easy. How could anyone refuse money to a man who had inherited a collection of silverware? He set forth bravely and called upon Gordonsky.

"Not one cent," said Gordonsky.

"But the silverware is worth a thousand dollars," said Lapidowitz.

"I don't care if it's worth a million," replied Gordonsky. "For two years I have lent you money. When you begin to pay, then we will talk. Not before. Better go to work."

He tried Lubarsky. Lubarsky read the letter carefully.

"Have you ever seen this silverware?" he asked.

"Sure I have," said Lapidowitz glibly. "The way it shines is wonderful. It's the finest collection of silverware in Russia."

"All right," said Lubarsky. "Get it over to New York and I will look at it. Then we will talk business."

Lapidowitz tried nearly everyone he knew, and finally returned to Milken's coffee-house, dejected.

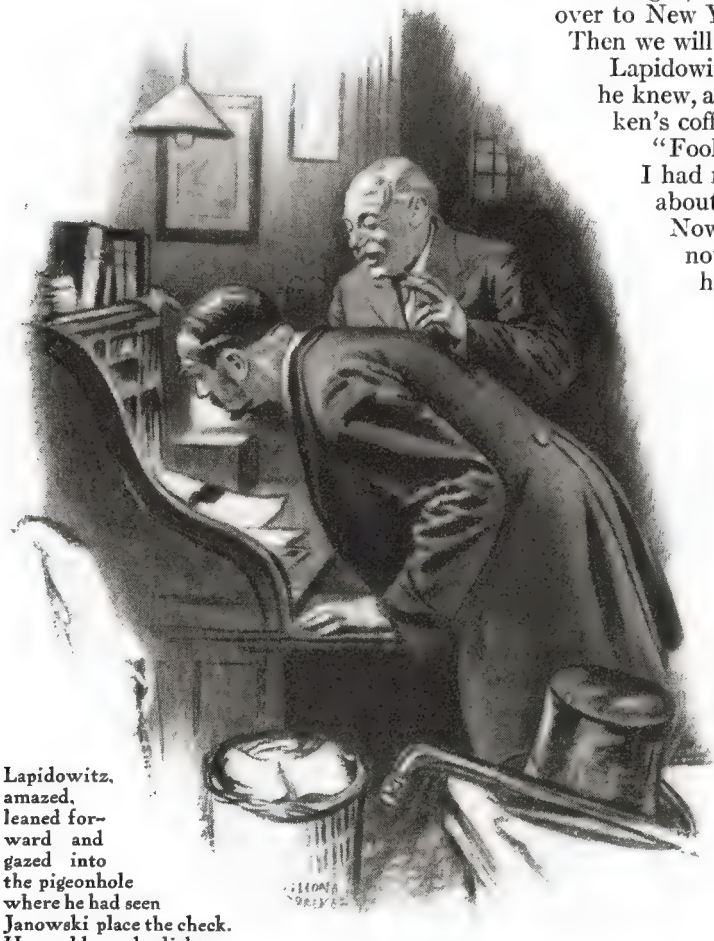
"Fools!" he exclaimed. "When I had nothing they made no fuss about lending me a few dollars. Now that I am rich they will not lend me a penny. But how they will come crawling around when I come into my inheritance."

And at that moment Janowski came jingling into the coffee-house, nodded smilingly to Lapidowitz, and seated himself at the opposite side of the room. Lapidowitz gazed at him for a long time. Then he crossed the room and sat down at Janowski's table.

"Mr. Janowski," he began, "I have a business proposition."

"Indeed?" said Janowski. "You owe me two dollars."

Lapidowitz cast a look of reproach upon him. "I am surprised," he said, "that a big man like you should talk of such little things."



Lapidowitz, amazed, leaned forward and gazed into the pigeonhole where he had seen Janowski place the check. He could see daylight

"Business," said Janowski, "is all little things. You owe me two dollars for one year, ten months, and three weeks."

Without a word Lapidowitz handed him the letter he had received.

"Who is this Samuel Malakoff?" asked Janowski.

"Samuel Malakoff?" repeated Lapidowitz airily. "Why, he's the nephew of the famous silverware collector—old Malakoff. Did you never hear of him?"

Janowski read the letter again and handed it back to the schnorrer. "Well, what is your proposition?" he asked.

"Mr. Janowski," said Lapidowitz, in his most earnest tone, "listen to me. I am going to write to Russia to sell the collection and send me the money. In a few weeks I will be rich and have an account in Goldsinger's bank. But now I need some money. If I had money now I could buy myself some nice clothes. Then I could get a job by Mr. Rosen the fire insurance man, who says I'm a great fellow for going out and getting fire insurance. But he won't give me a job unless I have nice clothes. A bum, he says, is no use in the insurance business. So if you will let me have fifty dollars now—forty dollars—thirty would be enough—to-morrow I get the job and so soon as the money comes over I will give you a check on Goldsinger's bank."

Janowski fumbled in his pockets for a while and drew out a sheet of blank paper which he handed to Lapidowitz.

"Write first," he said, "'I owe Mr. Janowski two dollars,' and put your name under it. Then we talk business."

Lapidowitz, in haughty silence, wrote the statement and signed it.

"Now," said Janowski, handing Lapidowitz another sheet of paper, "write, 'I owe Mr. Janowski thirty dollars which I promise honestly to give him a check for as soon as I get money from Russia.'"

Lapidowitz joyfully wrote this promise and, handing it to Janowski, received from him thirty dollars.

"Now, Mr. Lapidowitz," said Janowski, "you're a smart man, and I'd like to see you get along, only, when it comes to business, they all say you borrow but don't pay. What they say, though, makes no difference to me. All I know is you owe me two dollars for a long time, and you never paid a cent. This time, when you get your money in the bank, you pay. If you don't pay—don't worry. I will get the money. I am a smart man, too."

The next day Lapidowitz issued forth in a wonderfully brilliant silk hat, a new Prince Isaac coat, new shoes, a new scarf, a heavy watch-chain, and a gorgeous scarf-pin. How he managed to do it all on thirty dollars was little short of miraculous. He applied to Rosen for the promised position.

A few days later he handed Milken one of his new cards. "Abraham Lapidowitz, Fire Insurance Agent," it read.

Milken gazed at him in awe. "You will be getting rich," he said.

"Sure," said Lapidowitz. "And if you lend me two dollars you are sure of getting back everything I owe you soon."

Milken lent him the two dollars, and that was the last that Milken saw of him for three weeks. That very day Lapidowitz received a draft from Russia for forty-two dollars. The accompanying letter, declaring that "I obtained a good price for the silverware," he tore into a hundred bits. All that evening he sat in his room bewailing his luck.

The next day he cashed the draft at Goldsinger's bank and opened an account. Then he devoted himself to soliciting fire insurance business.

After a few days it seemed to Lapidowitz as if every house on the East Side had been insured from time immemorial and that all the insurance policies still had a thousand years to run. Nobody wanted to be insured. Every man he approached carried more insurance than he had any use for. The very bottom seemed to have dropped out of the insurance business. And gradually his forty-two dollar inheritance dwindled to thirty-two. Several times he had received a postal-card from Janowski asking him whether he had received his money from Russia, but he paid no heed to any of them. Then one day Rosen said to him:

"That fellow Janowski has bought a new house. Maybe you can get him to insure. He don't like me, so it's no use if I go."

Lapidowitz took a long walk to think it over. Several times he took his check-book from his pocket and studied the figures on the stubs. Then, suddenly, a broad grin illuminating his face, he strode into Janowski's office.

There was an outer office where a red-haired, red-eyed, and red-nosed clerk sat leaning against a wooden partition.

"Right after you ran out comes an old-clothes man and asks Mr. Janowski if he has any old hats to sell. So Mr. Janowski looks around his office and sees a silk hat. And he sells it for a dollar"

"I would like to see Mr. Janowski," said Lapidowitz. The clerk winked and, with his thumb, indicated the door that led through the partition. In the compartment beyond, Lapidowitz found Janowski seated at a desk that stood against the partition.

"Hello, Lapidowitz," exclaimed Janowski cordially. "It is a great pleasure. What a warm day it is!"

Lapidowitz deposited his silk hat upon a bookcase and, seating himself beside the desk, plunged into business. "I have been so terribly busy," he said, "or I would have come long before. Because I like you very much, Mr. Janowski. I heard to-day that you have bought a new house. So I came to see if you wouldn't like some fire insurance. You know it's terrible the way houses burn down if there's a fire."

"Sure," said Janowski, nodding, "but business before pleasure. Thirty dollars you owe me and two dollars, and Mr. Goldsinger says you have an account in the bank. So first comes a check. Then we talk fire insurance."

"A check?" repeated Lapidowitz.

"Sure. Didn't you give a promise? Ain't you a man of your word? Sure you are. A check for thirty-two dollars, and then we talk fire insurance. And we talk big fire insurance, too, because I have been thinking about it for two days."

Lapidowitz swallowed several lumps that clustered in his throat.

"The silverware—" he began.

Janowski waved his hand.

"Never mind about the silverware. You got forty-two dollars for it. Ain't it? I didn't think it would bring so much."

Lapidowitz gazed at him, speechless. Then, desperately, he drew out his checkbook and wrote out a check for thirty dollars. "I was keeping it for a rainy day," he said, "but I am an honest man, and I promised to pay it. Only the two dollars I will owe you for a while."

"Sure," said Janowski good-naturedly. "As long as you are a man of your word I know I will get my two dollars. Besides, I told you I was a very smart man."

He indorsed the check and, with great care, thrust it into one of the pigeonholes of his desk. Then, with a portentous cough, he turned to Lapidowitz.

"You see, Mr. Lapidowitz, I like you. Why, I don't know. If I believe what everyone says about you—your best friends, too—you are no good at all. And, what's more, I believe it, too. You borrow from everybody and never pay, and you won't let anybody help you because you hate to work. Now I know a nice place where you can get a good job. A friend of mine has a clothing-house—"

"Mr. Janowski," said Lapidowitz haughtily, "I am a fire insurance agent. Let us talk business."

"Sure," said Janowski. "Now we talk fire insurance. But I only just want to say that when you make up your mind to do some real work and not be a schnorrer living on your friends, I will be glad to help you."

He looked at his watch. Then he grinned.

"Mr. Lapidowitz," he said, "I paid twenty-five thousand dollars for the house I bought. There is a mortgage on it for twenty-one thousand dollars and a second mortgage for two thousand dollars, and, would you believe it, that house is insured for twenty-eight thousand dollars, and I'm paying nearly as much for the insurance as I'm getting out of rents, because only one family lives in the house."

For a second Lapidowitz tried to overcome the choking sensation that suddenly seized him. "Swindler!" he cried. "Give me back my check."

"Your check?" said Janowski in surprise. "My check, you mean. Oh, yes. I know what you want."

He drew from his pocket Lapidowitz's promise to pay back the thirty dollars and handed it to him. Lapidowitz tore it into shreds.

"Never mind, Mr. Janowski," he said. "I just go to the bank and tell them not to pay the check. So you see you ain't so smart, after all."

Janowski grinned.

"Come here," he said, "and look where I put your check."

Lapidowitz, amazed, leaned forward and gazed into the pigeonhole where he had seen Janowski place the check. He could see daylight. In the back of the compartment was a hole that extended clear through the partition.

"Sometimes," said Janowski, even before Lapidowitz's mind had grasped the full significance of the situation, "come swindlers. So I put the check through the hole, and I guess by this time my clerk is at the bank to get the money."

Then, with an exclamation of rage, Lapidowitz, forgetting even his hat, rushed out of the place.

"Remember," Janowski called after him, "I like you."

But Lapidowitz did not hear. He ran all the way to the bank.

"A check?" the cashier said. "Wait a minute. Yes. Sure. Payable to Janowski. Thirty dollars. His clerk was just in to cash it."

"Then it's too late?" asked Lapidowitz.

"Too late? For what?"

But Lapidowitz did not answer. Muttering imprecations upon the bank, upon checks, and upon Janowski, he retraced his steps to the coal-dealer's office where he had left his hat. The red-haired, red-eyed, and red-nosed clerk sat leaning against the wooden partition. When he beheld Lapidowitz he smiled.

"Mr. Janowski has just went out," he said with a grin.

"I come for my hat," said Lapidowitz.

"Oh, your hat. That was very funny about your hat."

The clerk paused and laughed, and Lapidowitz, a sense of impending calamity sending chills down his spine, stared at him.

"Right after you ran out comes an old-clothes man and asks Mr. Janowski if he has any old hats to sell. So Mr. Janowski looks around his office and sees a silk hat. And he sells it for a dollar. After the man has went Mr. Janowski says to me, 'I have made a terrible mistake,' he says. 'I sold Mr. Lapidowitz's hat, thinking it was mine!' So then he says, as long as it's his fault, he is willing to lose by it. So he gives me this paper to give you."

Whereupon the clerk handed Lapidowitz the I. O. U. for two dollars that he had given to Janowski.

Lapidowitz stared at him. Several times his lips moved as if he were about to speak. Once or twice his arm moved as if he were contemplating assault upon the red-haired clerk. Finally he sighed and walked slowly out of the place. When he reached his room he found a note from Janowski.

"The man I spoke about who has got a job for you," it ran, "is Harris, who keeps the clothing-store on Rivington Street, near Essex."

The Coward

Did you ever see this name before—Carolyn Shipman? Just jot it down—we predict you will see it often. Just now it is new—at least in Cosmopolitan. And we are glad of it. Occasionally we like to give you a new name—when that means the "goods"—and when you are thinking that the magazine is so full of the well-known "top-notchers" that there is no room for anybody else. We give you the "top-notchers" because you want them, because their stories are always good; but a *good* story never goes begging—no matter whose name is in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. We want you to read this story—a chapter from life. What would you do, under the circumstances? Are *you* a coward?

By Carolyn Shipman

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

LAST night Fred and I quarreled again. We were dressing to dine with the Mortons, when Fred came into my room. My lavender evening gown was lying on the bed.

"You aren't going to wear that old rag, are you?" he asked.

"It is not an old rag," I replied haughtily. "It is a very pretty gown, and it is my favorite color."

"Well, your favorite color isn't becoming to you, then," he sneered, "and I particularly want you to look well to-night. Morton has invited a lot of well-to-do people, and one of the men is a possible client. Where is that black gown I asked you to have made about a month ago?"

"I didn't order it," I replied. "Madame Berthe's estimate was too high, I thought, so I decided to buy something at Fletcher's."

"Well!" he exclaimed, "wear the rag, if you want to," and he went into his own room, slamming the door so hard that the windows rattled.

I sank down on the bed. Ahead of me, I knew, was another of those nightmare evenings—more bickering, after four years of what I had dreamed would be the happiest marriage in the world.

Of course my eyes were red with crying when we finally started, and I had a frightful headache. I had to wear the lavender "rag," as nothing else was ready.

The atmosphere was very heavy as we drove to the Mortons'. Neither of us said a word; but we spend so much of our time together in gloomy silence that it was no new experience.

Arrived at the dinner, Fred appeared to forget all his troubles and me also. He talked in his most brilliant vein, and was the life of the company. I have never seen him more attractive. If I had been meeting him for the first time, I think I should have fallen quite in love with him. He took in to dinner a woman whom I had never seen before—beautiful, exquisitely dressed in a simple, elegant, closely fitting black gown, the beaded strap over her shoulder emphasizing the satin whiteness of her perfect neck and arms. She had the finished manner of a woman of the world, and her presence seemed to inspire him, for he constantly turned to address her. After his second glass of champagne, he leaned rather more intimately toward her, as he whispered something into her ear. She blushed slightly, and flashed a softly brilliant look at him. They appeared to be old friends. The amazing thing was that I seemed to be entirely forgotten. Not once did he look in my direction. From his manner, he might have been a gay, untrammeled bachelor.

I went in to dinner with Ned Burnham, and as I know him so well, there was no necessity for giving him all my attention. I was comparatively free to watch Fred. The woman fascinated me, and she appeared to control him by a mere gesture of the head. It was wonderful.

Just as the dessert was brought on, the recent Darwin trial was mentioned by some one, and Mr. Morton complimented Fred on a point he had made in it. The entire table was listening. "A very subtle piece of logic, my dear fellow," he said. "It made a decided hit with the jury. Everyone could see that."

Fred and I had discussed that case together, and I had suggested the very point

in question. How well I remember with what avidity he seized upon it. When Mr. Morton referred to it, I looked at Fred expectantly for a sympathetic glance. Not a sign. He appropriated the compliment bodily.

"Whom did you take in to dinner?" I asked, as we drove home. "You appeared to be very much interested in her, as if you were old friends." A queer, sharp pain in my heart made me say that, for at dinner I had resolved not to mention her.

"Mrs. Langdon," he replied. "I never saw her before. Isn't she stunning! There's a woman for you!—charming, with infinite tact, witty and well poised. And how she can talk! Converse, rather, for she knows the art of conversation."

"Which man was her husband?" I asked.

"Her husband? She has none. She's a widow, rich, I should judge, 'childless except for her dog, alone in the world, and beautifully free,' as she expressed it. What did I do with her card?" and he fumbled through his pockets. "'Central Park South.' She asked me to drink tea with her next week," he added, pleased as a boy.

"Did she ask me, too?" I inquired with asperity.

"No. I don't suppose she knows I am married. The only time you were in evidence was when I heard you making a cutting remark about marriage to Ned Burnham."

"You're not going to call on her alone?" I said.

"Why not? She won't bite." He looked at me with a curious expression. "I probably sha'n't find time, but if I happened to be walking along Central Park South some afternoon next week, I might drop in for half an hour or so."

"You know very well, Fred, that you would never 'happen' to be walking near Central Park in the afternoon, when your office is in Broad Street. Besides, I don't think it proper for you to call on a strange woman like that without your wife."

"At least I am telling my wife that there is a possibility of my doing so," he said lightly. "I am not deceiving her. Why didn't you tell me that Arthur Evans was here the other evening? I met him on the street day before yesterday, and he said he was very sorry not to have found me at home. I pretended I knew he had called, and passed the matter off. I couldn't let him guess for an instant that my wife had deceived me."

"I did not deceive you," I said hotly. "He called upon me, and didn't even mention you, except casually. I didn't know he was coming. I'm not that kind of woman, and you know it. Arthur Evans is nothing to me. I don't even think him interesting. You and I never discuss our intimate affairs any more, and I didn't think it would interest you to know he was here. We live like two strangers, with no real interchange of thoughts. I don't ask you where you go nor what you do, and I expect you to treat me with the same consideration."

"The cases are entirely different," he replied coldly. "I don't expect you—in fact, I shall not allow you to receive men in my house without telling me. I will not be so humiliated. Understand, I have no personal feeling in the matter. I am glad if you were entertained, but I am earning the money that runs this house, and therefore am master here."

By this time we had reached home. Neither of us spoke another word. We long ago stopped saying good night to each other. Such a vulgar, cat-and-dog existence! Even the cook and the iceman quarrel with less venom.

Several days have passed since the Morton dinner, and life seemed to be going on as usual until yesterday. No reference to my gown or to Mrs. Langdon. I wonder if he has seen her! I should like to know what is going on in his mind.

Yesterday was the fourth anniversary of our marriage, and Fred paid no attention to it. I wondered all day if he wouldn't remember it at night and ask me to dine out as a little celebration. Not a word. In fact, he dined at his club (so he said—I wonder!), a habit which he has formed within the last few months. He says it is "good for his business," that he meets possible clients socially. "Business is business" is an argument which men think final and unanswerable for their wives. To my mind it is an India-rubber covering, warranted water- and hole-proof, invented by men for men. It securely conceals all kinds of secrets. It is a perpetual passport to temporary freedom. Some night I shall telephone to Fred's club to find if he is really there!

Last night I was so unhappy that I couldn't sleep. I sat on my window-seat

until very late, miserably crying. Finally, about two o'clock, I heard Fred's latch-key in the door. As he passed my room to go to his, he looked in and saw me.

"Why are you sitting up so late?" he asked. "Crying again?"

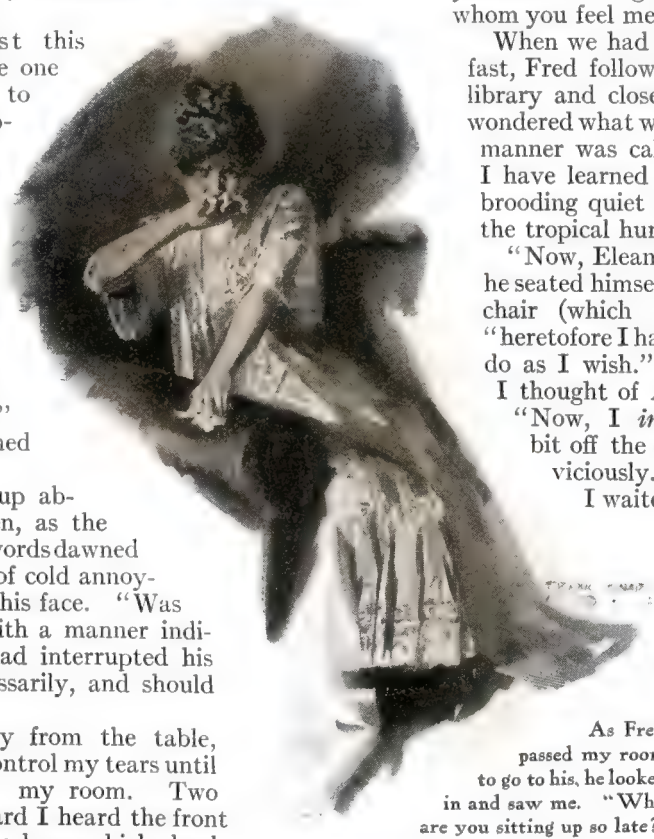
Not another word. A kind husband would have come to me, taken me in his arms, and kissed the tears away.

At breakfast this morning I made one final attempt to revive old memories. Perhaps I didn't choose the proper time or place for sentiment, but I risked it. "Yesterday was the fourth anniversary of our marriage, dear," I said, as he turned his paper.

He glanced up abstractedly; then, as the meaning of my words dawned on him, a look of cold annoyance settled on his face. "Was it?" he said, with a manner indicating that I had interrupted his reading unnecessarily, and should be rebuked.

I rose hastily from the table, hardly able to control my tears until I should reach my room. Two minutes afterward I heard the front door close with a bang which shook the house, and I knew that he had left in another of his dreadful bursts of temper. To-day I believe I hate him, especially when I remember that woman's soft glance at him. (I wonder how much *her* dress cost!) But I am almost entirely dependent on him, so I suppose I must go on endlessly like this. How I long to be free!

The reference to Arthur Evans rankles. I can see that Fred is going to use it as an excuse for some peccadillo. And there was nothing at all in it. I told him the absolute truth, but of course he doesn't believe me. I rather hoped he would discover it, for I wanted to make him jealous. I don't care a fig for Arthur Evans or any other man. They're all spoiled and selfish, and fit to live with only when you aren't married to them.



As Fred passed my room to go to his, he looked in and saw me. "Why are you sitting up so late?" he asked. "Crying again?"

This morning at breakfast I couldn't make out Fred's mood. I find myself continually trying to read his weather-signs. It is so humiliating to be obliged to adapt yourself to a grouchy man to whom you feel mentally superior!

When we had finished breakfast, Fred followed me into the library and closed the door. I wondered what was coming. His manner was calm enough, but I have learned to distrust the brooding quiet which precedes the tropical hurricane.

"Now, Eleanor," he said, as he seated himself in his favorite chair (which is also mine), "heretofore I have *asked* you to do as I wish." (Immediately I thought of Arthur Evans.) "Now, I *insist*," and he bit off the end of his cigar viciously.

I waited indifferently.

"You looked like a frump in that lavender rag, two weeks ago at the Mortons'." ("Oh, it's clothes to-day, is it?" I thought.) "You were the only badly dressed woman in the room. Everyone else was in the latest style. I want you to give that lavender abomination to the laundress, and I insist upon your ordering at once a black evening dress from Madame Berthe. She made the only becoming dress you have ever had since you were married." ("You," not "we.")

"But she is very expensive, Fred," I said, as patiently as I could, "and I can buy ready-made gowns which are stylish and inexpensive. That lavender gown cost seventy-five dollars," I pleaded.

"I don't care whether it cost seventy-five or two hundred and seventy-five! It's not

becoming, I tell you," and his voice rose in anger. "Can't I ever propose a thing which you will do without opposition and argument? If you would come to me occasionally for suggestions about your clothes you wouldn't look so dowdy. You have no eye for color, and you think you know it all. You have a good figure" (I drank this in eagerly, because Fred has never given me a compliment since the week after our marriage), "but you don't know how to dress. You foolishly spend more money to have old clothes made over than it would cost to buy a new gown, and after all your trouble they are still old." There was some truth in that, I admit.

"If you want to go out with me this winter" ("Noble privilege," I thought), "I insist upon your having the proper clothes. Look at that dress of Mrs. Langdon's the other night. Charming in its simplicity!"

"How much do you suppose that charming simplicity cost?" I asked testily. "A pretty penny, and it was made in Paris at that. Simplicity in clothes is a very expensive adornment. Your ideas are altogether too extravagant, Fred. I think seventy-five dollars is quite enough for a poor man's wife to pay for an evening gown." I was irritated at the mention of Mrs. Langdon. He had been thinking of her, then.

"Eleanor!" he thundered, "I'm not a poor man! I'm not rich, but I certainly am not poor. You can be about as irritating as any person I ever knew. I am making a good living, much better than most lawyers of my age. We have no children, and I carry a large insurance. I've worked hard all my life, and I have a right to spend my money as I please. The more I spend the more I am obliged to earn. It's a spur. Have I ever asked you to economize? Have I ever refused you money or complained of our household expenses? Answer me."

"No, Fred, because I am naturally economical," I replied firmly. "We should live entirely up to your income if I didn't manage to put something into the bank each month."

"Yes, you are naturally economical. That's the trouble," he burst out. "Your New England blood makes you entirely too economical. I see annoying evidences of it on every side. Last Tuesday when the Frothinghams dined with us, I noticed that you didn't serve the Sauterne I asked you to. Why in Heaven's name couldn't you do as I asked? You always like to be on the wrong side. You will oblige me hereafter by doing as I ask you to and not using your own judgment. I pay for the wines, not you. The whole secret is that you don't like Phil Frothingham and his wife, and you care nothing about pleasing me."

I made no reply. It is true that I don't care for the Frothinghams.

"Just this morning," he went on irascibly, "I came on a drawerful of bits of soap which should have been thrown away. What are you saving them for? And string and wrapping-paper I find carefully laid away. The other morning there was a look of positive pain on your face when you saw me put three two-cent stamps on a Paris letter instead of waiting to reach my office for a five-cent stamp. I suppose, if you were a man, you would be saving cigar-bands. I'd much rather give up a large thing, like a suit of clothes, than be constantly saving on small things and pauperizing myself in my thoughts. It's a very bad habit, Eleanor, and you should try to break yourself of it. Practise each day throwing away some treasured piece of uselessness, just to train the New England saving quality out of your system."

"The trouble with you, Fred, is that you neither save the soap nor give up the suit of clothes," I replied. "I don't know that I want to 'train the New England saving quality out of my system.' It may keep me from a destitute old age. I have observed, moreover, that you very often make use of the despised twine and wrapping-paper so penuriously stowed away in a special drawer by your wife," I added, with dignity. "As for those offending bits of soap, I collect them and put them into cheese-cloth bags for your bath. You were loud in your praises of my 'inventive genius' last week."

He grunted and retired behind his newspaper. "Well, I repeat," he said, "I want you to order that dress."

"Have you paid the premium on your life insurance?" I asked. "It falls due Saturday."

"Yes," he snapped, "and you will need the insurance soon if we spend many more days like the last few months."

To think of two grown people quarreling over soap and wine! I should be ashamed to have anyone know it.

I was walking up Fifth Avenue yesterday afternoon, when whom should I see drive past me but Mrs. Langdon and *my husband!* They were chatting gaily

I cannot endure my life with Fred any longer, and I have told him so. We have had another quarrel, the second in three days, when everything seemed to be moving along smoothly again. This time the subject was Mrs. Langdon. I was walking up Fifth Avenue yesterday afternoon, when whom should I see drive past me but Mrs. Langdon in a smart Victoria with coachman and footman, and beside her—*my husband!* They were chatting gaily in the best of spirits.

I was so furious that I had an attack of acute indigestion. I came home at once and waited for him in the library, pacing the floor in my anger. When he finally came into the room, dressed in his dinner clothes, I said to him,

"I saw you this afternoon."

"Did you?" indifferently.

"In Fifth Avenue," I pursued, "driving with your friend Mrs. Langdon."

"Well, what of it?" he asked, lighting a cigarette carelessly, and looking at me with level eyes as he blew out the match.

"What of it?" I repeated, stunned into silence by his careless attitude. "What of it? How do you explain your presence with that woman in broad daylight at such a conspicuous hour and in such a public street?"

"All streets are more or less public, my dear," he said lightly. I could have struck him in my impotent anger. "The fact that it was broad daylight instead of evening, and as public a street as Fifth Avenue in the afternoon, is evidence that I have nothing to conceal."

"She is a bold woman, a scheming adventuress!" I cried.

"Be careful what you say, Eleanor," he said sternly. "You are in danger of losing your head. Mrs. Langdon is neither bold nor an adventuress. She is a very charming woman, whose restful companionship I very much enjoy after the pleasant home life which you furnish me. I really don't feel called upon to give you an explanation, since the drive was so public. But as you are so disturbed over it, I will say that the meeting was purely accidental. I had business up-town; I started to walk down the Avenue to my tailor's and met Mrs. Langdon, who offered to give me a lift. That's all there is to it."

"Well, it looks very peculiar to me," I said. "And I think her a most unpleasant, scheming woman."

"I will not remind you of the Arthur Evans episode, Eleanor, but I will say that you are wrong about Mrs. Langdon, whom

you do not even know. She is only a trifle more independent than most women dare to be. She has the courage of her convictions; she is popular with men, who like her sincerity and straightforwardness, and therefore the women are all jealous or envious of her. Come, come, Eleanor," he continued impatiently, as I broke down and began to sob, "don't be a little fool. Why shouldn't a man occasionally enjoy the society of other women than his wife? You women would have us men all tied to your wrists with iron chains."

"I don't think you went to your tailor's at all," I sobbed. "I think you went to her house for tea, as she asked you to."

"So you think I'm lying to you, do you?" he thundered. "Be careful what you say. I haven't been near her house, but I certainly shall go now if I want to. You would drive a man to the devil." He started for the door.

"You're a cruel, heartless man," I cried. "I hate you! And I'm not going to live with you another day. I've stood my life with you just as long as I can."

He came slowly back into the room and stood looking at me as I lay huddled on the sofa. "Very well, what plan have you to suggest?"

"I don't want to live with you," I repeated. "I want to leave you, and I should have done so long ago if I had had the money."

For a moment or two he did not speak. Then he said, very slowly, and with evident effort to control himself: "I think you are overexcited, Eleanor. Perhaps you don't altogether mean what you say. Don't decide hastily. Think it over carefully, and then, if you still feel the same way, we can take up the matter seriously. I am dining at the club," he added meaningly, and left me.

His coolness in the face of my threat and his businesslike, matter-of-fact way of accepting it as a proposal to end our life together amazed me. I expected him to protest. He must have had the same thing in mind. But if he had, he surely would have spoken of it before now. How can a man change toward a woman as he has changed toward me? I feel so desolate.

This afternoon as I was walking up Fifth Avenue on Madison Square, I happened to look across the street, and saw Fred just disappearing through the revolving door of Martin's. I'll wager he was with Mrs. Langdon. I wish I had dared to follow and find out. Men don't go into a restaurant by the women's entrance in the afternoon unless with a woman.

The end has come!

Last night as I was folding a suit of Fred's clothes for the cleaner, I came upon a note in a woman's handwriting, unfamiliar, but distinctly feminine. It was written in pencil, evidently in haste, on a scented sheet of paper torn from a gilt-edged note-book, and folded many times into a tiny square.

I read it. What wife would not? The wording puzzled me. "What an adorable darling it is, to be sure." A momentary hope sustained me—perhaps it was not meant for my husband. There was neither beginning nor ending, no clue of any kind. But if not meant for him, why was it in his possession?

I tried to calm myself by continuing to fold the clothes as if nothing unusual had happened. At last I went to bed, but not to sleep. A load of stone and barbed iron was on my heart. I got up and locked my door lest my husband should enter my room on his return home—a thing he never does unless the door is wide open.

This morning at breakfast I studied his face carefully as he read the newspaper, the same cold mask of reserve and indifference, the same distantly polite replies to my questions. Finally, I resolved to end my suspense. I would begin by giving him the benefit of the doubt. I drew the note from my pocket and placed it before him.

"Is this note yours?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

He laid down his newspaper reluctantly, took up the folded square, opened it, glanced at it hastily, and said, with consternation, "Where did you find this?"

"It is meant for you, then?"

"Where did you find it, I say?"

"Evidently where you put it," I replied, as calmly as possible, "in the inside pocket of your dark blue serge coat."

"Why were you rummaging in my pockets?" he demanded angrily.

"I never rummage in your pockets," I said coldly. "I was getting the suit ready to send to the cleaner when this paper fell to the floor. I have always heard how dangerous it is to keep love-letters. I am

surprised that a lawyer should forget such an important precaution," I added cuttingly.

I felt myself growing harder and more bitter every moment. For the first time since our marriage, there was no fear of tears or a "scene."

"You have read it, then?" he demanded. "What right have you to read other people's letters?"

"Answer my question," I said sharply. "This note *is* yours?"

"It is," he replied, looking me unflinchingly in the eyes.

"It is from a woman?"

"The note is mine, and that is sufficient," he evaded.

I thought angrily of Mrs. Langdon. "Is it from Mrs. Langdon?"

"I do not feel obliged to answer any more of your questions, Eleanor," he replied. "You are acting very foolishly, and we will consider this discussion closed."

"Indeed, we will not consider the discussion closed," I said angrily. "I demand an explanation."

"Of what?"

I could hardly control myself. "Of the fact that you are receiving love-letters from a woman—I know it is Mrs. Langdon. I told you she was a schemer. I saw you going into Martin's with her two days ago. You are in love with that woman, Fred. How long has this thing been going on?—two months—ever since you met her at the Mortons' dinner? Clandestine meetings ever since, of course."

I poured forth a torrent of words, the suppressed wretchedness of four years. He tried to speak, but I would not listen.

"So you were 'dining at the club' all those nights, were you? My suspicions were well founded. You were not at the club. You were with your mistress, who has come between me and my lawful hus-

"I don't want to live with you," I repeated. "I want to leave you, and I should have done so long ago if I had had the money"

band. How dare you sit here in our house and confess to me that you have a mistress! You coward! I shall divorce you at once."

"Stop!" he thundered, as he rose from the table, overturning his chair with a loud noise. "Don't dare say another word. My mistress! You are insulting, Eleanor; you act like an insane woman."

"I am not an insane woman; I am perfectly rational, and I demand an explanation," I replied angrily.

"You wouldn't believe the truth if I told you that I met Mrs. Langdon by accident, so I'm not going to waste words."

"These 'accidental' meetings may deceive some women, Fred, but you can't pull the wool over my eyes any longer; you were driving with her 'by accident' that day in Fifth Avenue two months ago. I don't believe you, in short," I said flatly. "Besides, the accidental meeting doesn't explain that note and its affectionate wording."

He laughed scornfully, as he walked into the library. "Affectionate! Where is your sense of humor? Again, I say you wouldn't believe me if I told you the truth. The tone of that note is only playful. Mrs. Langdon doesn't care anything more about me than—well, than you do. And I—well, I must confess I prefer her cheerfulness to your gloom."

"She did write it, then?" I seized the information.

"Yes, she did. It's a perfectly harmless note, and I'm not ashamed to acknowledge it. Now what?" And he left the room.

"Where are you going?" I called after him.

"Where I shall find more peace and quiet than at home," was his reply, as he closed the hall door.

I thought he had gone for the day, but in ten minutes I heard his latch-key in the door. He came into the library where I was sitting exactly as he left me, and took his stand in front of me. I waited for an apology or to hear him ask for forgiveness. Instead he lighted a cigar, paced up and down the room reflectively for a few moments without speaking, and then began:

"You spoke of divorcing me. That is foolish, Eleanor. You have no legal grounds for divorce. New York State does not recognize incompatibility or baseless jealousy as a ground. Besides, Mrs. Langdon has not come between us. I shall not allow you to malign her in that way. I have never seen her alone. I *was* at the club when I told you so. I have never lied to you, and I believe that is more than most men can truthfully tell their wives. I have sometimes withheld truth by silence, merely to spare you, but I have never deliberately lied to you."

He crossed the room to the fireplace and stood facing me.

"We may as well discuss this subject now as later, and quite frankly," he said. "It will hurt us both, possibly, but I see no other way. You have told me that you hate me and wish to leave me. If you really mean that, you need not worry about the money side of it, which you say has heretofore deterred you. But before you go, I intend to say a number of things to you very plainly."

He came over to where I was sitting, and I involuntarily rose from my chair. We stood at bay.

"When I married you, Eleanor, I was in love with you. You were different from any woman I had ever known—brilliant, charming, beautiful. Your mind interested me, and you appealed to my imagination. I realized that you were better educated than I, and of a more cultured family. Your constant association with your father had made you the match of almost any man in logic and keen wit. He was a very brilliant lawyer. I was pleased to have you prefer me to other men.

"After our marriage, I discovered that the apparently feminine exterior concealed an undreamed-of hardness. Your logical mind made you almost pitiless in your castigation of my faults and shortcomings. I found you inelastic, surprisingly tactless, and strangely lacking in real humanity and womanliness. A man wants his wife to be responsive, sympathetic, and sometimes a little blind. Within three months I discovered that you had never really loved me. You never considered me nor my wishes. You were always bent on your own selfish ends. Why you ever married me, Heaven only knows. I had neither money nor position. You could have had any of several men who, from the worldly point of view, would have made you a more desirable husband.

"As time went on, our temperamental uncongeniality became more and more apparent. I had longed for a home and chil-

DRAWN BY FRANK SNAPP

"Stop!" he thundered, as he rose from the table, overturning his chair with a loud noise. "Don't dare say another word. My mistress! You are insulting, Eleanor; you act like an insane woman"

dren, for I was tired of knocking around the world. You hated housekeeping, and you didn't want children. We began to quarrel, and we have kept it up. You think me cold and indifferent—lacking in feeling. I have become so. I have tried to steel myself against your nagging and wilful disregard of my simplest wishes. You have a strain of obstinacy in you, Eleanor, which no one would ever suspect who didn't know you as I do. For the last three years I have done my work standing on my head. I am tired to the point of extinction of your unreasonable jealousy, of our useless bickering over money, of the whole situation. You acknowledge that you hate me, so I can tell you without hurting you that you have gradually killed my love. Love between man and woman, once dead, can never live again. We have no children; there seems no good reason why we should continue the mockery of living together."

He paused for a moment, then he went on:

"What I long for most of all in life, more than for professional success, worldly honor, or money, is a happy home, a loving wife, and children. I don't give you what you want, nor you me. I am infinitely relieved to have the suggestion of separation come so frankly from you. As a man and your legal protector, it would have been cowardly for me to propose it. Your intense feeling makes me believe that you are in earnest. We will try to get the hateful matter settled as soon and as quietly as possible."

"You don't love me any more," I burst out angrily, in spite of my efforts to remain calm. "You love another woman, and you want to leave me."

"You mean *you* want to leave *me*," he corrected, in level tones. "You've been saying that for some time now. You ought to be happy instead of in tears," he added sarcastically.

"You discuss the matter so coldly, in such a detached way, even mentioning the money arrangements, that you must be glad to get rid of me," I said accusingly.

"How else should I discuss it?" he replied. "It's a question of fact, not of sentiment, and it has a very practical aspect on the financial side, let me tell you. I'm trying to help you all I can, and you refuse to see it."

"I can't take your money when I'm not living with you and you don't love me," I sobbed. "I want to be independent of you financially."

"You're taking my money now. Where's the difference?" he replied brutally. "You have no way of earning your own living, and your income isn't enough to live on. You will have to let me help you."

There was silence for a moment, while he walked up and down the room, nervously waiting.

"I'm afraid it would hurt your professional reputation for us to separate," I began again.

He laughed scornfully. "Don't let that bother you. I'll take care of my professional reputation. I've done nothing to be ashamed of."

"What would people say? We have the same friends, and it would be so awkward. We could never be invited out together," I exclaimed.

"What would people say!" Another scornful laugh. "Do you suppose I care what people would say! Go to Europe and live, as you've always wanted to," he flung out, "and then you'll be out of it. Anything goes over there, and no one would ask you any questions."

"What should I do in Europe alone?" I began. "It takes courage—" but before I had finished my sentence he interrupted me fiercely.

"Now you've hit it! It does take courage, and that's what you haven't got. You called me a coward not long ago. You're the coward, not I! You're not thinking of my welfare or my professional reputation. You're thinking of how this separation would affect your own life, and you're afraid to make the move that would give us both freedom. You make my life a hell on earth by your nagging and your everlasting jealousy," he continued. "Now you have your chance to go, and you're afraid to take it. You haven't any intention of leaving me, and you never have had. We're right back where we were in the beginning, and that's just where we'll stay. By God! I can't stand it any longer," and he started toward the hall.

I called after him, but apparently he did not hear. He banged the front door, leaving me huddled on the sofa in front of the fire.

"He's right," I whispered to myself. "I *am* a coward!"

Another story by Carolyn Shipman, entitled ***"The Sneak,"*** will appear in an early issue.

The Beauty Who Sings

By Richard Fletcher

Lina Cavalieri, one of the most beautiful women on the operatic stage to-day, whose presence in the cast assures the success of several popular operas

IT was a rare experience—that hour with the Beauty who Sings. We spoke in French, or rather Gallic words punctuated my stammering. Madame Cavalieri's Italo-French and my Anglo-French would have made a Parisienne writhe in torment. However, after the lingual massacre, I came away with various trophies of the conversation—some new ideas regarding the women of the nations, the Italian supremacy in the art of music, and love, with an accent on the "o." Madame Cavalieri has certain convictions about the needs of diplomacy. At some of my more audacious questions she fortified herself with the noncommittal phrase, "*C'est difficile à dire.*" In fact, so often did she say this, with a bewitching shrug of her delicate shoulders, that it began to sound like the refrain of an Yvette Guilbert ballad.

Is Cavalieri beautiful? Certainly the gaudiness of the footlights obscures rather than enhances the loveliness which has been extolled for fifteen years. There is scarcely a feature not hall-marked with the impress of beauty. Even the nose, slightly curved, lifts the oval of the face from the monotony of symmetry. I believe that Madame Cavalieri is a type which appeals more to men than to women.

Prefacing her remarks with "*mais's*" and "*si's*" too numerous to mention, she went on: "No one supposes that London is as musical as Paris or Rome or Vienna. Music and fashion are so closely intertwined here that music suffers, and in art, as in religion, two masters cannot be served. I hear the great middle class does not care about music, and there you are! I must

be diplomatic and not offend anyone, but I believe everyone who has witnessed 'The Tales of Hoffmann' must have noticed how absurdly the audience giggles directly the familiar sound of the 'Barcarole' is heard. From the stage I can see people nod and smile and grimace as if they were greeting an old friend. It may be simple and sweet to be so pleased—*mais banal*." Madame Cavalieri made a contemptuous pout to dismiss the dear kind souls who are on the visiting-list of the Venetian song.

Then the operatic beauty darted to the defense of her countrymen—the Italians, who are said to be losing ground as influences in the world of music. "*Non! non! non!*" cried the lovely Lina, raising her hand as if to ward off the aggressive question. The palm of her hand was very pink. "Do not say a word against Puccini and Leoncavallo and Mascagni. How like the world! Such ingratitude! Think what these maestros have given us in fifteen years, and now because they stop for breath the world accuses them of laziness or failing powers. It is beastly."

"You ask my ambition in life!" Madame Cavalieri mused smilingly, but her smile was colored with bitterness. "Nothing means so much to me as arousing the sympathy of an audience. Applause in an opera-house is my food and drink. Give me a success with my audience, and I ask for nothing else. There is nothing quite like the pleasure one feels when listening thousands are attuned to every note—every movement of the hand. Another thing: I value my success so highly because I have worked so hard for it. The discouragements I have had—they are countless. I had much to undo. I

"Art was never intended for a few scattered intellects"

"The discouragements I have had—they are countless"

was really more impeded than most singers. But I wanted to be a prima donna, and when I want a thing—" The sentence was never finished. No need of it. Cavalieri's face was alive with determination and tenacity, and I could understand how this very spirit projected her from an obscure Roman cabaret into the very center of the opera stages of the world. I wanted her to trace her beginnings. There are so many versions of the Cavalieri ascent. She seemed willing only to discuss her career in a general way. "What has hurt one, one loves. I have suffered to succeed. That is why I love my success. I sing with all my heart, and therefore have nothing of that sort left to give."

It seemed to amuse Madame Lina enormously that she had proclaimed to the world that there was a void beneath her lovely hand. I dared to suggest that I doubted it, and murmured a platitude about woman's deathless activity in love.

"*Mais vous êtes jeune, monsieur*," she said, which flattered me beyond words. "Women—women—women," chanted Cavalieri, "how men can fail to know them! They are so easy to understand, because each woman is different, and the stupid men treat them all alike." A waiter bearing a tray broke upon the serenity of our talk. Madame Cavalieri left womankind to itself and with a

"Women, women, women—they are so easy to understand, because each woman is different, and the stupid men treat them all alike"

sinuous glide approached her repast. I shadowed her to the table.

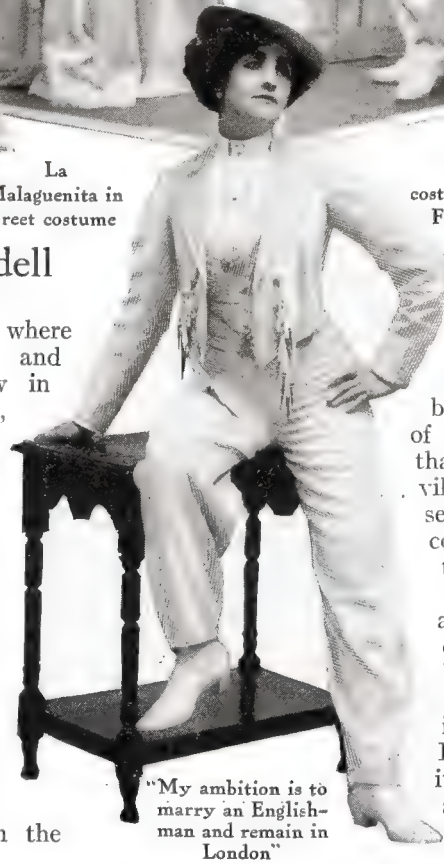
"I sing to-night." (To the waiter, "*Et dites donc une verre d'eau.*") And Madame Cavalieri likes food, so her meager meals are the sacrifices she lays on the altar of her art. "I like sauces and game and everything like that. But I refrain. *Hélas!* One must." As she plied her spoon she graciously endeavored to answer my searching query, "Can an artist love an individual?" Isn't that a shocking thing to ask a sumptuous diva on whose divorce decree the notary's signature is only just dry? She said: "Certainly she can. She can love better—more than the ordinary woman. She must give up her work while she loves, because if she is an artist she cannot do things badly. To do two things at a time is to do both badly. You see? Then she loves with violence, with intelligence, with all the finesse her broadening other life imparts."

Mme. Lina Cavalieri and her former husband, "Bob" Chanler, in their Paris home

La Malaguenita

La Malaguenita in street costume

In costume for the Flamenca dance



"My ambition is to marry an Englishman and remain in London"

By Scott Liddell

SPAIN, the land where onions, oranges, and royal babies grow in rich profusion, is the far-famed home of dancers — dancers masterful and beautiful. Years before the golden magnet, held forth by London managers, drew the first dancer from St. Petersburg, and caused the Russian pirouetters to jostle one another on the path to London, Spain had boasted terpsichorean triumphs, and her handsome señoritas had enjoyed a vogue in the great metropolis.

La Malaguenita, the Spanish dancer who has just made her first appearance in England, was secured by Mr. Alfred Moul, of the Alhambra, after that hunter of vaudeville "big game" had searched every nook and corner of the land of the toreador.

The other evening, after the performance of the very successful ballet "Carmen," of which La Malaguenita is the chief attraction, I interviewed the señorita in her dressing-room at the Alhambra. With the aid of an interpre-

La Malaguenita

Since she was ten years old she has danced in the chief theaters of Spain

Until now this dancer has refused to make a monetary mission across the Pyrenees

ter, I questioned the dancer upon themes which would appeal to her. Her replies came in Spanish at a rate that would dumbfound the most expert shorthand writer. The pretty dancer told me that her specialty is the Flamenca dance. In this she appears dressed in a tight-fitting male costume of white, and gives a marvelous display of feline suppleness. La Malaguenita is young; since she was ten years old she has danced in the principal theaters of Malaga, Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona. She was born in Malaga, from which town she takes her delightful name. Although, in all her career, this is the first time she has consented to dance abroad, it is not because she has never had an enticing offer. Paris impresarios have repeatedly held out to her the purse of Fortunatus, but La Malaguenita has refused to make a monetary mission across the Pyrenees.

Her jet-black locks shook defiantly when I asked her where she received her first dancing lesson. "No lessons! No lessons!" she exclaimed, flashing her eyes—such eyes! "All natural—never had a dancing lesson in my life."

After I had asked the interpreter to give La Malaguenita my humble compliments on her natural accomplishments, I put these two questions to her:

"How do you like London?" and "What is your ambition?"

She answered in one sentence: "My ambition is to marry an Englishman and remain in London."

She rose to say good night. I suddenly remembered it was Leap Year and—well, for a moment I had hopes!

Drama in Dancing

By Mostyn Pigott

DANCING is apparently akin to fame, in that some have it thrust upon them. In this category must be included Miss Nancy Denvers. It is but a few short years since she entered upon her stage career, and in those early days the destiny of a dancer was the remotest of her aspirations. Understudying the part of Water in "The Blue Bird," she was fortunate enough to find several opportunities of playing, but it was not until the production of "Kismet" that any work of importance came her way. But in that gorgeous melodrama of Teheran a thousand years ago she danced her way into public favor in a twinkling, and her lissom sinuosities became one of the features of the spectacle.

It is thus it often happens that our careers map themselves out with a lordly disregard of our own private views upon the subject. Almost, though not quite, against her will Miss Denvers is yielding to the decrees of a fate that is too strong for her, just as many a man who has been intended for a career at the bar has been unable to withstand the allurements of the stage. There are, indeed, certain of our prominent politicians whose performances indicate that their early training lay in the direction of fitting them for positions of less national responsibility.

But Miss Denvers yields to destiny, as she dances, with a good grace. She frankly acknowledges her regret that she did not receive the benefit of an education in the art of ballet, for which she entertains the supremest admiration and respect, but she believes that the training she received at Sir Herbert Tree's School of Acting will stand her in good stead in her essays in the dramatic side of dancing. Terpsichore is a muse who has made a noticeable advance in popularity in the country during the last few years; and not only is she more diligently sought after, but her intentions are better understood and her aims more intelligently appreciated. It therefore behooves all those who have the requisite gift to put forth their most conscientious efforts in her service and to prove their proficiency as her exponents. Miss Denvers realizes this, and is determined to introduce as much drama into her dancing as possible. She has already acquired the rights of a dance *scena* which is full of histrionic possibilities. It depicts

thirsty rival loves of Like all
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is busily en- ate Spaniard dancers, Miss
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conveyed to an audience without the
aid of actual words, and she is deter-
mined to demonstrate that all phases of
human emotion may be expressed by word-
less gestures.

The Forger

A letter came into the shop the other day from an iron-manufacturer in Pennsylvania. He said that for some unknown reason he was having trouble in turning out as good a product as formerly. He had employed expert chemists, and they were unable exactly to pick the flaw. "And now," he says in this letter addressed to Mr. Reeve, "I want to call on you. I have read your Craig Kennedy stories and know you are accurate and up-to-date. I think you can help me"—and here followed a business proposition. Gratifying? Surely. But the main thing is that Mr. Reeve knows how to weave his expert, up-to-the-minute knowledge of the new developments in the world of science into human—sometimes thrilling—always mighty interesting stories. Here he tells how careless it is of a forger to be a drug-fiend

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Master Counterfeiter," "The Firebug," "The Yeggman," "The White Slave," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

WE were lunching with Stevenson Williams, a friend of Kennedy's, at the Insurance Club, one of the many new down-town luncheon clubs, where the noon hour is so conveniently combined with business.

"There isn't much that you can't insure against nowadays," remarked Williams. "Take my own company, for example, the Continental Surety. We have lately undertaken to write forgery insurance."

"Forgery insurance?" repeated Kennedy. "Well, I should think you'd be doing a ripping business—putting up the premium rate about every day in this epidemic of forgery that seems to be sweeping over the country."

Williams, who was one of the officers of the company, smiled somewhat wearily, I thought. "We are," he replied dryly. "That was precisely what I wanted to see you about."

"What, the premiums or the epidemic?"

"Well—er—both, perhaps. I needn't say much about the epidemic, as you call it. To you I can admit it; to the newspapers, never. Still, I suppose you know that it is variously estimated that the forgers of the country are getting away with from ten to fifteen million dollars a year. It is just one case that I was thinking about—one on which the regular detective agencies we employ seem to have failed utterly so far. It involves pretty nearly one of those fifteen millions."

"What? One case a million dollars?" gasped Kennedy, gazing fixedly at Williams.

"Exactly," replied Williams imperturbably, "though it was not done all at one fell swoop, of course, but gradually, covering a period of some months. You have doubtless heard of the By-Products Company of Chicago?"

Craig nodded.

"Well, it is their case," pursued Williams, losing his quiet manner now and hurrying ahead almost breathlessly. "You know, they own a bank out there also, called the By-Products Bank. That's how we come to figure in the case—by having insured their bank against forgery. Of course our liability runs up to only fifty thousand dollars; but fifty thousand is not a small sum for us to lose. We can't afford to lose it without a fight."

"Of course not. But you must have some suspicions, some clues. You must have taken some action in tracing the thing out, whatever is back of it."

"Surely. For instance, only the other day we had the cashier of the bank, Bolton Brown, arrested, though he is out on bail now. We had detectives going over the private life of some of those whom we suspected of complicity on the inside, and I may say that the thing is so gigantic that there must have been some one of the sort concerned with it. Among other things we have found that Bolton Brown has been leading a rather fast life, quite unknown to his fellow officials. We know that he had been speculating secretly in the wheat corner that went to pieces, but the most significant thing is that he has been altogether too intimate with an adventuress, Adele DeMott, who has had some success as a woman of high finance in various cities here and in

Europe and even in South America. It looks bad for him from the common-sense standpoint, though, of course, I'm not competent to speak of the legal side of the matter. But, at any rate, we know that the insider must have been some one pretty close to the head of the By-Products Company or the By-Products Bank."

"What was the character of the forgeries?" asked Kennedy.

"They seem to have been of two kinds, but the check forgeries only interest my company. For some time, apparently, checks have been coming into the bank for sums all the way from a hundred dollars to five thousand. They have been so well executed that some of them have been certified by the bank, all of them have been accepted when they came back from other banks, and even the officers of the By-Products Company don't seem to be able to pick any flaws in them except as to the payees and the amounts for which they are drawn."

"Who is the treasurer of the company?" asked Craig quickly.

"John Carroll—merely a figurehead, I understand. He's in New York now, working with us, as I shall tell you presently. If there is anyone else besides Brown in it, it may be Michael Dawson, the nominal assistant, but really the active treasurer. There you have another man whom we suspect, and, strangely enough, can't find. Dawson was the assistant treasurer of the company, you understand, not of the bank."

"You can't find him? Why?" asked Kennedy, considerably puzzled.

"No, we can't find him. He was married a few days ago, married a pretty prominent society girl in the city, Miss Sybil Sanderson. It seems they kept the itinerary of their honeymoon secret, more as a joke on their friends than anything else, they said. No one knows where they are or whether they'll ever turn up again.

"You see, this getting married had something to do with the exposure in the first place, for the major part of the forgeries consists not so much in the checks, which interest my company, but in fraudulently issued stock-certificates of the By-Products Company. About a million of the common stock was held as treasury stock—never issued. Now some one has issued a large amount of it, all properly signed and sealed. Whoever it was had a little office in Chicago from which the stock was sold quietly by a confederate, probably a woman, for women seem to rope in the suckers best in these get-rich-quick schemes. And—well, if it was Dawson, the honeymoon has given him a splendid chance to make his get-away, though it also resulted in the exposure of the forgeries. Carroll had to take up more or less active duty, with the usual result that a new man unearthed the—but, say, are you really interested in this case?"

Williams was leaning forward, looking anxiously at Kennedy, and it would not have taken a clairvoyant to guess what answer he wanted to his abrupt question.

"Indeed I am," replied Craig, "especially as there seems to be a doubt about the guilty person on the inside."

"There is doubt enough, all right," rejoined Williams; "at least I think so, though our detectives in Chicago, who have gone over the thing pretty thoroughly, have been sure of fixing something on Bolton Brown, the cashier. You see, the blank stock-certificates were kept in the company's vault in the bank, to which, of course, Brown had access. But then, as Carroll argues, Dawson had access to them, too, which is very true—more so for Dawson than for Brown, who was in the bank and not in the company. I'm all at sea. Perhaps if you're interested you'd better see Carroll. He's here in the city, and I'm sure I could get you a good fee out of the case if you cared to take it up. Shall I see if I can get him on the wire?"

We had finished luncheon, and, as Craig nodded, Williams dived into a telephone booth outside the dining-room and in a few moments emerged, perspiring from the closeness. He announced that Carroll requested that we call on him at an office in Wall Street, where he made his headquarters when he was in New York. The whole thing was done with such despatch that I could not help feeling that Carroll had been waiting to hear from his friend in the insurance company.

John Carroll was a haggard and unkempt sort of man. He looked to me as if the defalcations had preyed on his mind until they had become a veritable obsession. It was literally true that they were all that he could talk about, all that he was thinking about. He was paying now a heavy penalty for having been a dummy and honorary officer.

"This thing has become a matter of life and death with me," he began eagerly,

DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"If Dawson was the forger the honeymoon has given him a splendid chance to make his get-away, though it also resulted in the exposure of the forgeries," said Williams. "Carroll had to take up more or less active duty, with the usual result that a new man unearthed the— but, say, Craig, are you really interested in this case?"

scarcely waiting for us to introduce ourselves, as he fixed his unnaturally bright eyes on us anxiously. "I've simply got to find the man who has so nearly wrecked the By-Products Bank and Company. Find him or not, I suppose I am a ruined man myself, but I hope I may still prove myself honest." He sighed, and his eyes wandered vacantly out the window as if he were seeking rest and could not find it.

"I understand that the cashier, Bolton Brown, has been arrested," prompted Kennedy.

"Yes, Bolton Brown, arrested," he repeated slowly, "and since he has been out on bail he, too, seems to have disappeared. Now let me tell you about what I think of that, Mr. Kennedy. I know it looks bad for Brown. Perhaps he's the man. The Surety Company says so, anyway. But we must look at this thing calmly."

He was himself quite excited, as he went on: "You understand, I suppose, just how much Brown must have been reasonably responsible for passing the checks through the bank? He saw personally about as many of them as—as I did, which was none until the exposure came. They were deposited in other banks by people whom we can't identify, but who must have opened accounts for the purpose of finally putting through a few bad checks. Then they came back to our bank in the regular channels and were accepted. By various kinds of juggling they were covered up. Why, some of them looked so good that they were even certified by our bank before they were deposited in the other banks. Now, as Brown claims, he never saw checks unless there was something special about them, and there seemed at the time to be nothing wrong about these.

"But in the public mind I know there is prejudice against any bank official who speculates or leads a fast life, and of course it is warranted. Still, if Brown should clear himself finally, the thing will come back to Dawson, and even if he is guilty, it will make me the—er—the ultimate goat. The upshot of it all will be that I shall have to stand the blame, if not the guilt, and the only way I can atone for my laxity in the past is by activity in catching the real offender and perhaps by restoring to the company and the bank whatever can yet be recovered."

"But," asked Kennedy sympathetically, "what makes you think that you will find your man, whoever he proves to be, in New York?"

"I admit that it is only a very slight clue that I have," he replied confidentially. "It is just a hint Dawson dropped once to one of the men with whom he was confidential in the company. This clerk told me that a long time ago Dawson said he had always wanted to go to South America and that perhaps on his honeymoon he might get a chance. This is the way I figured it out. You see, he is clever, and some of those South American countries have no extradition treaties with us by which we could reach him, once he got there."

"What makes you think he hasn't sailed yet?" asked Kennedy.

"His wife wanted to spend a part of the honeymoon at Atlantic City. I learned that indirectly from her folks, who profess to know no better than we do where the couple are. That was an additional reason why I wanted to see if by coming to New York I might not pick up some trace of them, either here or in Atlantic City."

"And have you?"

"Yes, I think I have." He handed us a lettergram which he had just received from Chicago. It read: "Two more checks have come in to-day from Atlantic City and New York. They seem to be in payment of bills, as they are for odd amounts. One is from the Lorraine at Atlantic City and the other from the Hotel Amsterdam of New York. They were dated the 19th and 20th."

"You see," he resumed as we finished reading, "it is now the 23d, so that there is a difference of three days. He was here on the 20th. Now the next ship that he could take after the 20th sails from Brooklyn on the 25th. If he's clever he won't board that ship except in a disguise, for he will know that by that time some one must be watching. Now I want you to help me penetrate that disguise. Of course we can't arrest the whole shipload of passengers, but if you, with your scientific knowledge, could pick him out, then we could hold him and have breathing space to find out whether he is guilty alone or has been working with Bolton Brown."

Carroll was now pacing the office with excitement as he unfolded his scheme.

"H'm," mused Kennedy. "I suppose Dawson was a man of exemplary habits? They almost always are. No speculating or fast living with him as with Brown?"

Carroll paused in his nervous tread. "That's another thing I've discovered. On the contrary, I think Dawson was a secret drug-fiend. I found that out after he left. In his desk at the By-Products office we discovered hypodermic needles and a whole outfit—morphine, I think it was. You know how cunningly a real morphine-fiend can cover up his tracks."

Kennedy was now all attention. As the case unrolled it was assuming one new and surprising aspect after another.

"The lettergram would indicate that he had been stopping at the Lorraine in Atlantic City," remarked Kennedy.

"So I would infer, and at the Amsterdam in New York. But you can depend on it that he has not been going under his own name, nor even under his own face. I think the fellow has already assumed a disguise, for nowhere can I find any description that even I could recognize."

"Strange," murmured Kennedy. "I'll have to look into it. And only two days in which to do it, too. You will pardon me if I excuse myself now? There are certain aspects of the case that I hope I shall be able to shed some light on by going at them at once."

"You'll find Dawson clever, clever as he can be," said Carroll, not anxious to have Kennedy go as long as he would listen to the story which was bursting from his own overwrought mind. "He was able to cover up the checks by juggling the accounts. But that didn't satisfy him. He was after something big. So he started in to issue the treasury stock, forging the signatures of the president and the treasurer; that is, my signature. Of course that sort of game couldn't last forever. Some one was going to demand the interest on his stock, or transfer it, or ask to have it recorded on the books, or do something that would give the whole scheme away."

"Have you any copies of the forged certificates?" asked Craig.

"Yes, plenty of them. Since the story has been told in print they have been pouring in. Here are several."

He pulled several finely engraved certificates from his pocket, and Kennedy scrutinized them minutely.

"I may keep these to study at my leisure?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Carroll, "and if you want any more I'll wire to Chicago for them."

"No, these will be sufficient for the present, thank you," said Craig. "I shall keep in touch with you and let you know the moment anything develops."

Our ride up-town to the laboratory was completed in silence which I did not interrupt, for I could see that Kennedy was thinking out a course of action. The quick pace at which he crossed the campus to the Chemistry Building told me that he had decided on something.

In the laboratory Craig hastily wrote a note, opened a drawer of his desk, and selected one from a bunch of special envelopes which he seemed to be saving for some purpose. He sealed it with some care, and gave it to me to mail immediately. It was addressed to Dawson at the Hotel Amsterdam.

On my return I found him deeply engrossed in the examination of the forged shares of stock.

"I can't see anything wrong with these documents," he remarked at length. "They show no erasures or alterations. On their face they look as good as the real article. Even if they are tracings they are remarkably fine work. It certainly is a fact, however, that they superimpose. They might all have been made from the same pair of signatures of the president and treasurer. I don't know what measurements would show, but they are really too good. You know, a forged signature may be of two kinds—too bad or too good. These are, I believe, tracings. If they were your signature and mine, Walter, I shouldn't hesitate to pronounce them forgeries. But there is always some slight room for doubt in these special cases where a man writes his signature over and over again on stocks or bonds. He may get so used to it that he does it automatically, and his signatures may come pretty close to superimposing. If I had time, though, I think I could demonstrate that there are altogether too many points of similarity for these to be genuine signatures. But we've got to act quickly in this case or not at all, and I see that if I am to get to Atlantic City to-night I can't waste much more time here. I wish you would keep an eye on the Hotel Amsterdam while I am gone, Walter, and meet me here, to-morrow. I'll wire when I'll be back. Good-by."

It was well along in the afternoon when Kennedy took a train for the famous seaside

resort, leaving me in New York with a roving commission to do nothing. All that I was able to learn at the Hotel Amsterdam was that a man with a Van Dyke beard had stung the office with a bogus check, although he had seemed to come well recommended. The description of the woman with him, who seemed to be his wife, might have fitted either Mrs. Dawson or Adele DeMott. The only person who had called had been a man who said he represented the By-Products Company and was the treasurer. He had questioned the hotel people rather closely about the whereabouts of the couple who had paid their expenses with the worthless slip of paper. It was not difficult to infer that this man who had been hot on the trail was Carroll, expecially as he said that he personally would see the check paid if the hotel people would keep a sharp watch for the return of the man who had swindled them.

Kennedy wired as he promised and returned by an early train the next day. He seemed bursting with news. "I think I'm on the trail," he cried, throwing his grip into a corner and not waiting for me to ask him what success he had had. "I went directly to the Lorraine and began by frankly telling them that I represented the By-Products Company in New York and was authorized to investigate the bad check which they had received. They couldn't describe Dawson very well—at least, their description would have fitted almost anyone. One thing I think I did learn, and that was that his disguise must include a Van Dyke beard. He would scarcely have had time to grow one of his own, and I believe when he was last seen in Chicago he was clean shaven."

"But," I objected, "men with Van Dyke beards are common enough." Then I related my experience at the Amsterdam.

"The same fellow!" ejaculated Kennedy. "The beard seems to have covered a multitude of sins, for while everyone could recall that, no one had a word to say about his features. However, Walter, there's just one chance of making his identification sure, and a peculiar coincidence it is, too. It seems that one night this man and a lady, who may have been the former Miss Sanderson, though the description of her, like most amateur descriptions, wasn't very accurate, were dining at the Lorraine. The Lorraine is getting up a new booklet about its accommodations, and a photographer had been engaged to take a flashlight of the dining-room for the booklet.

"No sooner had the flash been lighted and the picture taken than a man with a Van Dyke beard—your friend of the Amsterdam, no doubt, Walter—rushed up to the photographer and offered him fifty dollars for the plate. The photographer thought at first it was some sport who had reasons for not wishing to appear in print in Atlantic City, as many do. The man seemed to notice that the photographer was a little suspicious, and he hastened to make some kind of excuse about 'wanting the home folks to see how swell he and his wife were, dining in evening dress.' It was a rather lame excuse, but the fifty dollars looked good to the photographer, and he agreed to develop the plate and turn it over with some prints all ready for mailing the next day. The man seemed satisfied, and the photographer took another flashlight, this time with one of the tables vacant.

"Sure enough, the next day the man with a beard turned up for the plate. The photographer tells me that he had it all wrapped up ready to mail, just to call the fellow's bluff. The man was equal to the occasion, paid the money, wrote on the package an address which the photographer did not see, and as there was a box for mailing packages right at the door on the Boardwalk there was no excuse for not mailing it directly. Now if I could get hold of that plate or a print from it I could identify Dawson in his disguise in a moment. I've started the post-office trying to trace that package both at Atlantic City and in Chicago, where I think it must have been directed. I may hear from them at any moment—at least, I hope so."

The rest of the afternoon we spent in canvassing the drug-stores in the vicinity of the Amsterdam, Kennedy's idea being that if Dawson was a morphine-fiend he must have replenished his supply of the drug in New York, particularly if he was contemplating a long journey where it might be difficult to obtain.

After many disappointments we finally succeeded in finding a shop where a man posing as a doctor had made a rather large purchase. The name he gave was, of course, of no importance. What did interest us was that again we crossed the trail of a man with a Van Dyke beard. He had been accompanied by a woman whom the drug-

gist described as rather flashily dressed, though her face was half hidden under a huge hat and a veil. "Looked very attractive," the druggist put it, "but she might have been a negress for all I could tell you of her face."

"Humph," grunted Kennedy, as we were leaving the store. "You wouldn't believe it, but it is the hardest thing in the world to get an accurate description of anyone. The psychologists have said enough about it, but you don't realize it until you are up against it. Why, that might have been the DeMott woman just as well as the former Miss Sanderson, and the man might have been Bolton Brown as well as Dawson, for all we know. They've both disappeared now. I wish we could get some word about that photograph. That would settle it."

In the last mail that night Kennedy received back the letter which he had addressed to Michael Dawson. On it was stamped: "Returned to sender. Owner not found."

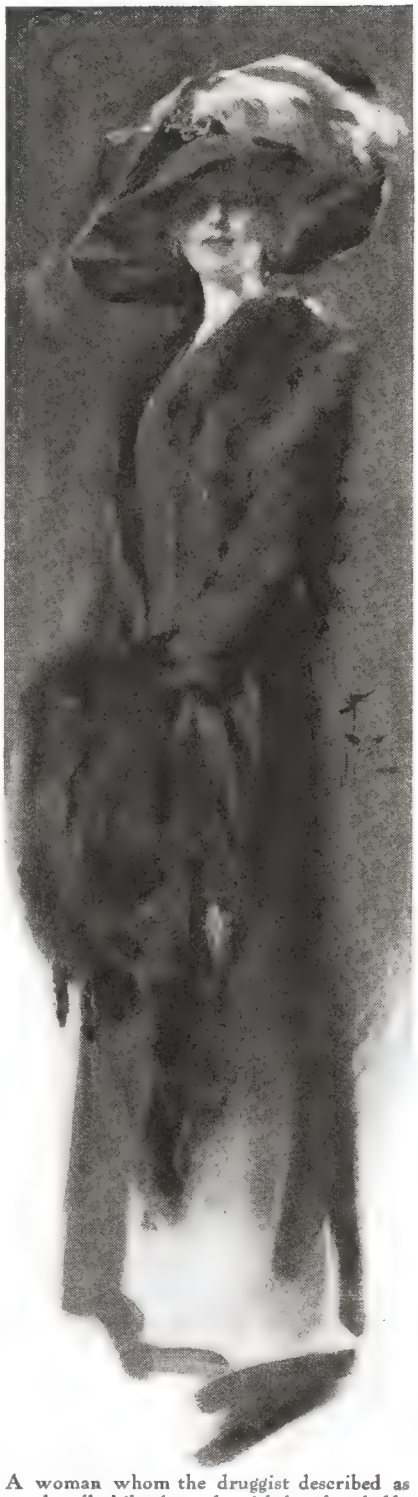
Kennedy turned the letter over slowly and looked at the back of it carefully. "On the contrary," he remarked, half to himself, "the owner was found. Only he returned the letter to the postman after he had opened it and found that it was only a note of no importance which I scribbled just to see if he was keeping in touch with things from his hiding-place, wherever it is."

"How do you know he opened it?" I asked.

"Do you see those blots on the back? I had several of these envelopes prepared ready for use when I needed them. I had some tannin placed on the flap and then covered thickly with gum. On the envelope itself was some iron sulphate under more gum. I carefully sealed the letter, using very little moisture. The gum then separated the two prepared parts. Now if that letter were steamed open the tannin and the sulphate would come together, run, and leave a smudge. You see the blots? The inference is obvious."

Clearly, then, our chase was getting warmer. Dawson had been in Atlantic City at least within a few days. The fruit-company's steamer to South America, on which Carroll believed he was booked to sail under an assumed name and with an assumed face, was to sail the following noon. And still we had no word from Chicago as to the destination of the photograph or the identity of the man in the Van Dyke beard who had tried to ward off detection by purchasing the plate from the photographer a few days before.

The mail also contained a message from Williams, of the Surety Company, with the interesting information that Bolton Brown's attorney had refused to say where his client had gone since he had been released on bail, but that he would



A woman whom the druggist described as rather flashily dressed, with her face half hidden under a huge hat and a veil

be produced when wanted. Adele DeMott had not been seen in Chicago for several days, and the police there were of the opinion that she had gone to New York, where it would be pretty easy for her to pass unnoticed. These facts further complicated the case, and made the finding of the photograph even more imperative.

If we were going to do anything it must be done quickly. There was no time to lose. The last of the fast trains for the day had left, and the photograph, even though it were found, could not possibly reach us in time to be of use before the steamer sailed from Brooklyn. It was an emergency such as Kennedy had never yet faced; apparently it was physically insuperable.

But, as usual, Craig was not without some resource, though to me it looked impossible to do anything but make a hit-or-miss arrest at the boat. It was late in the evening when he returned from a conference with an officer of the Telegraph and Telephone Company, to whom Williams had given him a card of introduction. The upshot had been that he had called up Chicago and talked for a long time with Professor Clark, a former classmate of ours who was now in the technology school of the university out there. Kennedy and Clark had been in correspondence for some time, I knew, about some technical matters, though I had no idea what it was they concerned.

"There's one thing we can always do," I remarked as we walked slowly over to the laboratory from our apartment.

"What's that?" he asked absent-mindedly, more from politeness than anything else.

"Arrest everyone with a Van Dyke beard who goes on the boat to-morrow," I replied.

Kennedy smiled. "I don't feel prepared to stand a suit for false arrest," he said simply, "especially as the victim would feel pretty hot if we caused him to miss his boat. Men with Van Dyke beards are not so uncommon, after all."

That night and far into the morning Kennedy was working in the laboratory on a peculiarly complicated piece of mechanism consisting of electro-magnets, rolls and a stylus, and numerous other contrivances which did not suggest to my mind anything he had ever used before in our adventures. I killed time as best I could watching him adjust the thing with the most minute care and precision. Finally I came to the conclusion that as I was not likely to be of the least assistance, even if I had been initiated into what was afoot, I might as well retire.

"There is one thing you can do for me in the morning, Walter," said Kennedy, continuing to work over a delicate piece of clockwork which formed a part of the apparatus. "In case I do not see you then, get in touch with Williams and Carroll and have them come here about ten o'clock with an automobile. If I am not ready for them then I'm afraid I never shall be, and we shall have to finish the job with the lack of finesse you suggested—by arresting all the bearded men."

Kennedy could not have slept much during the night, for he was up and away before I woke up. I made a hurried trip down-town to catch Carroll and Williams, and then returned to the laboratory, where Craig had evidently just finished a satisfactory preliminary test of his machine.

"Still no message," he began in reply to my unspoken question. He was plainly growing restless with the inaction, though frequent talks over long-distance with Chicago seemed to reassure him. Thanks to the influence of Williams, he had a direct wire from his laboratory to the city which was now the scene of action.

As nearly as I could gather from the one-sided conversations I heard and the remarks which Kennedy dropped, the Chicago post-office inspectors were still searching for a trace of the package from Atlantic City which was to reveal the identity of the man who had passed the bogus checks and sold the forged certificates of stock. Somewhere in that great city was a photograph of the promoter and of the woman who was aiding him to escape, taken in Atlantic City and sent by mail to some one in Chicago. Who had received it? Would it be found in time to be of use? What would it reveal? It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, and yet the latest reports seemed to encourage Kennedy with the hope that the authorities were at last on the trail of the secret office from which the stock had been sold. Craig was fuming and wishing that he could be at both ends of the line at once.

"Any word from Chicago yet?" appealed an anxious voice from the doorway.

We turned. There were Carroll and Williams, who had come for us with an automobile to go over to watch for our man at the wharf in Brooklyn. It was Carroll who

spoke. The strain of the suspense was telling on him, and I could readily imagine that he, like so many others who had never seen Kennedy in action, had not the faith in Craig's ability which I had seen tested so many times.

"Not yet," replied Kennedy, still busy about his apparatus on the table. "I suppose you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing since my note of last night," returned Williams impatiently. "Our detectives still insist that Bolton Brown is the man to watch, and the disappearance of Adele DeMott at this time certainly looks bad for him."

"It does, I admit," said Carroll reluctantly. "What's all this stuff on the table?" he asked, indicating the magnets, rolls, and clockwork.

Kennedy did not have time to reply, for the telephone bell was tinkling insistently.

"I've got Chicago on the wire," Craig informed us, placing his hand over the transmitter as he waited for long-distance to make the final connection. "I'll try to repeat as much of the conversation as I can so that you can follow it. Hello! Yes, this is Kennedy. Is that you, Clark? It's all arranged at this end. How's your end of the line? Have you a good connection? Yes? My synchronizer is working fine here, too. All right. Suppose we try it. Go ahead."

As Kennedy gave a few final touches to the peculiar apparatus on the table, the cylindrical drum before us began slowly to revolve, and the stylus or needle pressed down on the sensitized paper with which the drum was covered, apparently with varying intensity as it turned. Round and round the cylinder revolved like a graphophone.

"This," exclaimed Kennedy proudly, "is the 'electric eye,' the telelectrograph, invented by a man named Baker in England, which Clark and I have been intending to try out for a long time. It at last makes possible the electric transmission of photographs, using the telephone wires because they are much better for the purpose than the telegraph."

Slowly the needle was tracing out a picture on the paper. It was only a thin band yet, but gradually it was widening, though we could not guess what it was about to reveal as the ceaseless revolutions widened the photographic print.

"I may say," explained Kennedy as we waited breathlessly, "that the Korn system of telegraphing pictures has been in use in London, Paris, Berlin, and other cities at various times for some years. Korn's apparatus depends on the ability of the element selenium to vary the strength of an electric current passing through it in proportion to the brightness with which the selenium is illuminated. The telelectrograph does not use selenium, although a new field has been opened by these inventions, which are now becoming more and more numerous, since the Korn system did the pioneering.

"The various steps in sending a photograph by the Baker telelectrograph are not so difficult to understand, after all. First an ordinary photograph is taken and a negative made. Then a print is made, and a wet-plate negative is printed on a sheet of sensitized tinfoil which has been treated with a single-line screen. You know a half-tone consists of a photograph through a screen composed of lines running perpendicularly to each other—a coarse screen for newspaper work, and a fine screen for better work such as in magazines. Well, in this case the screen is composed of lines running parallel in one direction only, not crossing at right angles. A half-tone is composed of minute points, some light, some dark. This print is composed of long shaded lines, some parts light, others dark, giving the effect of a picture, you understand?"

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed thoroughly excited. "Go on."

"Well," he resumed as the print widened visibly, "this tinfoil negative is wrapped around a cylinder at the other end of the line, and a stylus with a very delicate, sensitive point begins passing over it, crossing the parallel lines at right angles, like the other lines of a regular half-tone. Whenever the point of the stylus passes over one of the lighter spots on the photographic print it sends on a longer electrical vibration, over the darker spots a shorter vibration. The ever-changing electrical current passes up through the stylus, vibrates with ever-varying degrees of intensity over the thousand miles of telephone wire between Chicago and this instrument here at the other end of the line.

"In this receiving-apparatus the current causes another stylus to pass over a sheet of sensitized chemical paper such as we have here. The receiving-stylus passes over the paper here synchronously with the transmitting-stylus in Chicago. The impression

which each stroke of the receiving-stylus makes on the paper is black or light according to the length of the very quickly changing vibrations of the electric current. White spots on the photographic print come out as black spots here on the sensitized paper over which this stylus is passing, and vice versa. In that way you can see the positive print growing here before your very eyes as the picture is transmitted from the negative which Clark has prepared and is sending from Chicago."

As we bent over eagerly we could indeed see now what the thing was doing. It was reproducing faithfully in New York what could be seen by the mortal eye only in Chicago.

"What is it?" asked Williams, still half incredulous in spite of the testimony of his eyes.

"It is a photograph which I think may aid us in deciding whether it is Dawson or Brown who is responsible for the forgeries," answered Kennedy, "and it may help us to penetrate the man's disguise yet, before he escapes to South America or wherever he plans to go."

"You'll have to hurry," interposed Carroll, nervously looking at his watch. "She sails in an hour and a half, and it is a long ride over to the pier even with a fast car."

"The print is almost ready," repeated Kennedy calmly. "By the way, it is a photograph which was taken at Atlantic City a few days ago for a booklet which the Lorraine was getting out. The By-Products forger happened to get in it, and he bribed the photographer to give him the plate and take another picture for the booklet which would leave him out. The plate was sent to a little office in Chicago, which, the post-office inspectors have discovered, was where the forged stock certificates were sold. I understood from what Clark told me over the telephone before he started to transmit the picture that the woman in it looked very much like Adele DeMott. Let us see."

The machine had ceased to revolve. Craig stripped a still wet photograph off the telelectrograph instrument and stood regarding it with intense satisfaction.

"Morphine-fiends," said Kennedy as he fanned the print to dry it, "are the most unreliable sort of people. They cover their tracks with almost diabolical cunning. In fact they seem to enjoy it. For instance, the crimes committed by morphinists are usually against property and character and based upon selfishness, not brutal crimes, such as alcohol and other drugs induce. Kleptomania, forgery, swindling, are among the most common.

"Then, too, one of the most marked phases of morphinism is the pleasure its victims take in concealing their motives and conduct. They have a mania for leading a double life, and enjoy the deception and mask which they draw about themselves. Persons under the influence of the drug have less power to resist physical and mental impressions, and they easily succumb to temptations and suggestions from others. Morphine stands unequaled as a perverter of the moral sense. It creates a person whom the father of lies must recognize as kindred to himself. I know of a case where a judge charged a jury that the prisoner, a morphine addict, was mentally irresponsible for that reason. The judge knew what he was talking about. It subsequently developed that he had been a secret morphine-fiend himself for years."

"Come, come," broke in Carroll impatiently, "we're wasting time. The ship sails in an hour, and unless you want to go down the bay on a tug you've got to catch Dawson now. The morphine business explains, but it does not excuse. Come on, the car is waiting. How long do you think it will take us to get over to—"

"Police headquarters?" interrupted Craig. "About fifteen minutes. This photograph shows, as I had hoped, the real forger. John Carroll, this is a peculiar case. You have forged the name of the president of your company, but you have also traced your own name very cleverly to look like a forgery. It is what is technically known as auto-forgery, forging one's own handwriting. At your convenience we'll ride down to Center Street directly."

Carroll was sputtering and almost frothing at the mouth with rage which he made no effort to suppress. Williams was hesitating, non-plused, until Kennedy reached over unexpectedly and grasped Carroll by the arm. As he shoved up Carroll's sleeve he disclosed the forearm literally covered with little punctures made by the hypodermic needle.

"It may interest you," remarked Kennedy, still holding Carroll in his vise-like grip, while the drug-fiend's shattered nerves caused him to cower and tremble, "to know that a special detective working for me has

Kennedy still held Carroll in his vise-like grip. "John Carroll," he said, "you have forged the name of the president of your company, but you have also traced your own name to look like a forgery. We'll ride down to police headquarters directly"

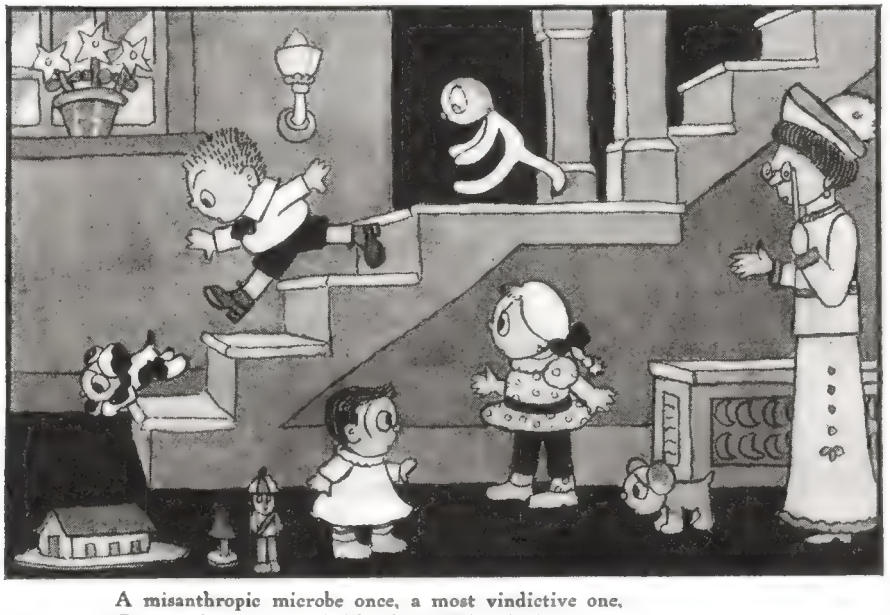
located Mr. and Mrs. Dawson at Bar Harbor, where they are enjoying a quiet honeymoon. Brown is safely in the custody of his counsel, ready to appear and clear himself as soon as the public opinion which has been falsely inflamed against him subsides. Your plan to give us the slip at the last moment at the wharf and board the steamer for South America has miscarried. It is now too late to catch it, but I shall send a wireless that will cause the arrest of Miss DeMott the moment the ship touches port at Colon, even if she succeeds in eluding the British authorities at Kingston. The fact is, I don't much care about her, anyway. Thanks to the telelectrograph, we already have the real criminal."

Kennedy slapped down the now dry print that had come in over his "seeing-over-a-wire" machine. Barring the false Van Dyke beard, it was the face of John Carroll, forger and morphine-fiend. Next him in the picture in the brilliant and fashionable dining-room of the Lorraine was sitting Adele DeMott, who had used her victim, Brown, to shield her employer, Carroll.

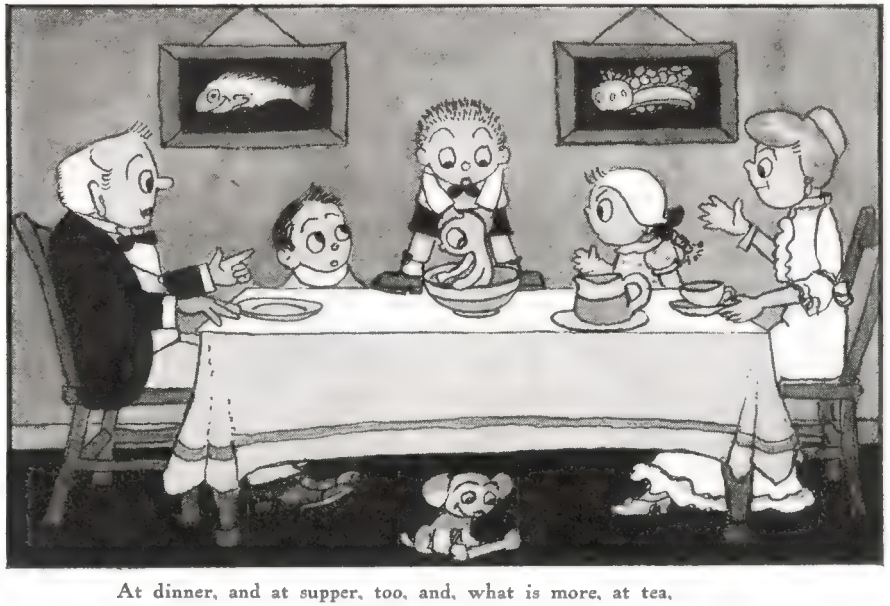
The next story by Arthur B. Reeve, ***"The Unofficial Spy,"*** will appear in the August issue.

The Misanthropic Microbe

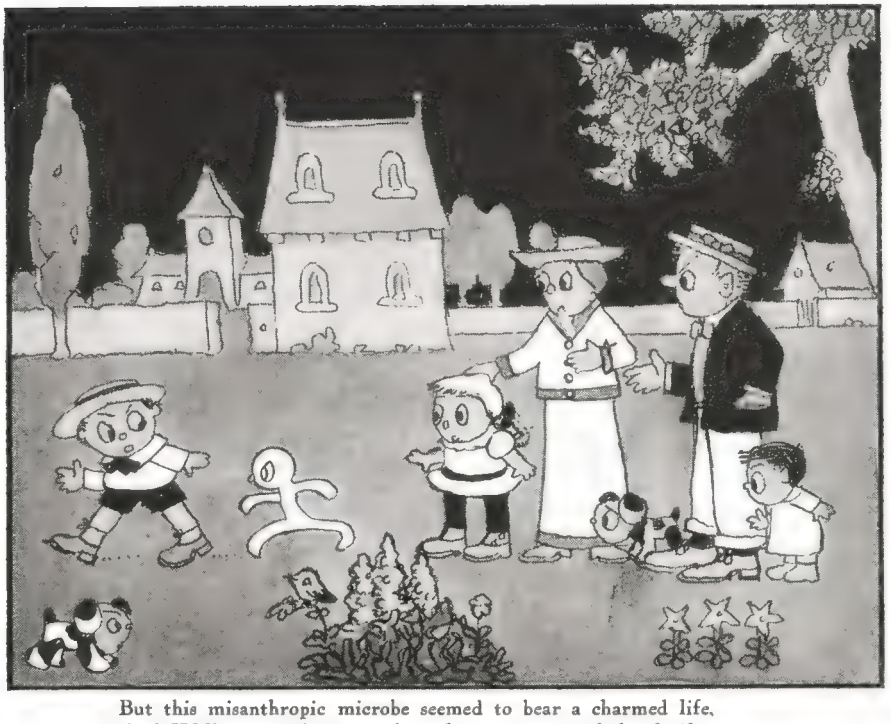
By Childe Harold



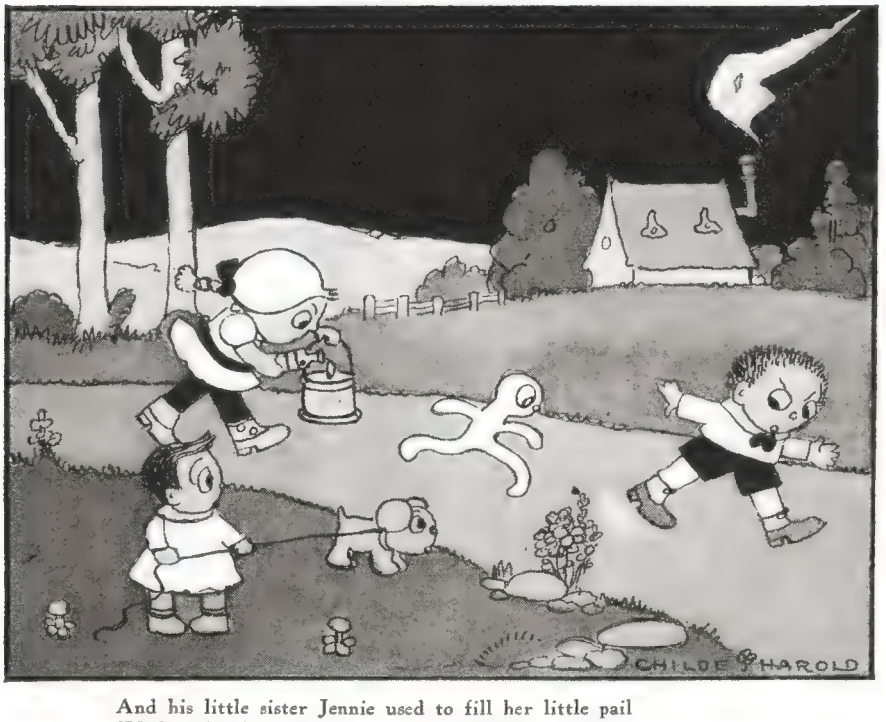
A misanthropic microbe once, a most vindictive one,
Conceived a positive dislike for Willie Anderson.
It followed him to church and school, and up and down the stairs,
And in and out, and round about—to bed, and everywheres.



At dinner, and at supper, too, and, what is more, at tea,
It used to stand upon his head, and then upon his knee.
'Twas really most embarrassing, and Willie even tried
To drown it in the soup and thus commit microbicide.



But this misanthropic microbe seemed to bear a charmed life,
And Willie, sore discouraged, took to eating with his knife.
And his mother she got worried, and his father said 'twas silly,
But he wished that microbe would leave off a-bothering his Willie.



And his little sister Jennie used to fill her little pail
With a deadly disinfectant for to sprinkle on its tail.
But she never sprinkled any there, poor, patient little Jenny!
She couldn't ever find its tail. Besides, it hadn't any.

Progress and Politics

By Charles Edward Russell

SUPPOSE a man to be free from all partisan obsessions, suppose him to be interested in politics only as one sitting at a show, and it would puzzle him to say how the passing weeks are bettering the unfortunate predicament of the Republican party. If it is to nominate either Taft or Roosevelt, what chance of election either may have the impartial man cannot discern. Indeed, the dividing wedge of changing conditions has already done its irremediable work; the same causes are reproducing the exact situation of 1852; the two great parties have already become four; and the old divisions will never come back, no matter who is nominated. None of this offers the least suggestion of Republican success.

Parties have been split before and have reunited in the campaign. Yes; but not when they have been split like this. To clash about the personal ambitions of leaders and points of party policy, as the Halfbreeds and Stalwarts clashed from 1880 to 1884, is a very different thing from a profound difference of conviction on issues fundamental and vital. Almost I might have said eternal. Because the issue that is splitting the Republicans and Democrats is the oldest in human affairs, and the most restless. Anyone interested can sense it at a glance by inquiring which side Wilson, Lodge, Taft, Harmon, Gallinger, Penrose, Bailey, Oliver, Crane, Root, Brandegee, Lorimer, J. Pierpont Morgan, and George W. Perkins would have been on if they had lived in France about 1787.

THE REAL ISSUE

The issue is the same here—privilege against the people. You can no more patch up this difference now than Lafayette could patch it up in 1789. It is too much in the fiber of men's minds, and too much a matter of basic temperament. Do you think you will ever again see Henry Cabot Lodge and La Follette upon the same platform? If so, alas for thee, silly one! If there be any sure thing in the midst of this political welter it is that we have come to the end of one chapter of politics, and something very different now impends.

But what I started out to say is that so far as one of impartial mind can discover, Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are not helping their respective causes. In a way almost inconceivably fatuous, Mr. Taft grows more and more reactionary. He seems to have cast his fortunes deliberately with the forces of the nobility and taken up their cause. To a man that has read history that would seem to be the limit of folly, because if history teaches anything it is that in the end privilege always loses, and the people always win. A man must be pretty blind if he cannot see that when Mr. Taft comes out to fight the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, he is placing his chances on a dead card.

WHERE DOES THE COLONEL COME IN?

But, on the other side, I don't see where the roaring Colonel comes in at the game. The fact that his candidacy survived at all after the painful revelations of the Stimson and Van Valkenburg affairs, the stories of the Steel Trust and the Harvester Trust, is the most astonishing fact we have had in politics since the days of Blaine and "My Dear Mr. Fisher." It might be taken as an evidence of strength, but it is no such thing. We have always had in this country a certain element of hysterical heromaniacs that could not be driven from their idol worship by any revelations about him. If you could show to-day that Theodore Roosevelt murdered his grandmother and choked his babies, do you suppose that would dim the ardor of the Munseys and Riises and Dixons? Not the least in the world. In the same way the Mulligan letters seemed in no way to discourage the half-frenzied Blaine following, but if you will look back over the records of those times you will see that, while Mr. Blaine continued to be a candidate for the Presidency, and his followers continued to assert that he was of superhuman qualities, he never won the goal he sought so assiduously for so many years. The truth is that the order of mind that is represented in these emotional idolatries never elected a President of the United States and never will. The hysterical part

of the populace has always furnished much clamor but few votes; and we may believe that elections will continue to be decided by the sober judgment of the masses that are not much impressed with inexplicable dumb show and noise.

Looking at the matter calmly, it appears certain that to win the coming election, either Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt must needs develop strength from some source at present wholly mysterious or there must be some huge access of folly on the part of their opponents.

Meantime, I am indebted to a woman for the shrewdest comment upon passing events that has so far come my way.

"They call Mr. Roosevelt the trust-buster," says she. "That is just and true to this extent and no more: he has utterly destroyed one trust, and that is the public trust in himself."

MR. TAFT'S CAMPAIGN

One of the curiosities of the human mind is its complacent and unquestioning attitude toward what is called success. Whatever can be assumed to have arrived at any given point the whole careless outfit of us accepts at its face value and gives thanks as for a wondrous revelation, and nine times out of ten the whole thing is just some species of bunk.

I am moved to these wholesome reflections at this time by contemplating the thumb-hand and bone-headed manner in which Mr. Taft's campaign has been carried on. For years and years the Republican party in the state of Illinois was supposed to be commanded by William Lorimer. It always won; Lorimer always got what he wanted. In spite of unmistakable evidences that he was one of the dullest men that ever lived, a belief grew up that these successive victories were due in some mysterious way to wondrous gifts upon his part. Nobody ever knew what they were, but he won, anyway, and that was enough to know. Consequently, when a campaign manager was wanted for Mr. Taft the powers that wished to put Taft over promptly selected Congressman McKinley, Mr. Lorimer's chief lieutenant in Illinois, believing that he must have acquired this mystic secret of success. Mr. McKinley has furnished the perfect example of the way not to manage a campaign. He has done everything he ought not to have done and left undone everything he ought to have done, and there is so little health in him that three times he had the game in his hands and let it get away because of a fumbling of which a tyro in the real art of politics would have been ashamed. But he is a disciple of the invincible Lorimer, just the same.

As a matter of fact, I guess the truth is not mocked; a dull man is still dull, and success handed down from the skies to one undeserving is not after all proof of a capacity that does not exist.

THE SOMNOLENT SENATE

Some of the symptoms of the national condition may be diagnosed as indicating progress, and some would not seem to bear out that conclusion; or, at least, not so that you would notice it. As for instance, What do you Think of This?

In the district of Columbia, which is ruled by Congress as a kind of satrapy or conquered province, the subject people have long and justly complained about the impositions practised upon them by the corporations to which Congress has given over the public utilities of the capital. Of late years Congress has been compelled to listen to some of these complaints, and at a present session a bill was introduced calculated to secure that silence and submission on the part of the public that best enable the public-utility corporation to do its work and skin the people. The matter came before the Senate in the early days of April, and provoked a long and exceedingly dreary debate, chiefly turning upon such vital points as whether one exploiting company should use twenty-five hundred feet of another's street-car tracks or only twenty hundred feet; whether the issuing of watered stocks should be limited to a little or not at all; and whether the name of one of these concerns should be Tweedledee or Tweedledum. Upon these engrossing subjects the grave and reverend seignors of the upper chamber orated for hours.

Progress, I suppose. In the city of Sydney, Australia, the government of New South Wales has for years owned and operated the street-railroads, providing a most excellent service and making annually a large profit available for the beautifying of Sydney. In some of its aspects Washington is one of the forlornest spots on earth. Plans to improve it have long been held up by lack of funds. The profits from its

street-railroad service, now devoted to swelling the fortunes of various private persons, would allow all these plans to be carried out and Pennsylvania Avenue, for example, to be shorn of the rookeries that now disgrace the nation's capital. But no American senator suggests any such change. The minds of even Progressive senators are fixed upon the overwhelming problem of Tweedledee and Tweedledum, while Mr. Gallinger, that hardy champion of privilege, eulogizes the exploiting corporations and seems to question if they skin the people enough.

One little fact was brought out in the debate that to anybody not of the mental processes of the seventeenth century might seem worth thinking about and acting upon. It appeared that one of these exploiting companies was capitalized at the rate of $559,675 a mile, upon which capitalization it is earning fat dividends. How it could obtain these dividends except by digging them out of the public no senator thought it worth while to discuss. What would be the use? The people of the district are to have a Public Futilities Commission, and that is a lot better than freedom from being robbed.

But the odd conclusion about all this is still that the Senate of the United States is so dull and dwells so much in a cave that it is utterly ignorant of the most positive and pronounced of all the world-movements of the day. All the rest of mankind is growing rapidly out of the notion that public utilities should be operated for private gain, but the Senate seems never to have heard of any such development.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION

Meantime the change in conditions forces progress upon us in spite of dull senators and fossilized statesmen. It was the advance of wireless telegraphy and the excessive capitalization of the telegraph companies that brought forth the Hitchcock proposal for the nationalization of the wire lines. So long as the cinch of the companies on the telegraph business was unbroken, treason lay in suggesting any other arrangement than one by which we should be plundered for private profit. Changed conditions made very attractive the proposal that the government should assume these monstrous stock issues and pay the dividends thereon. Similarly, changed conditions promise shortly to make the governmental ownership of the railroads a very alluring scheme to the holders of railroad securities. With steadily augmenting capitalization, the refusal of the government to allow further rate increases, the deterioration of the physical conditions of the roads, and some other troubles looming ahead, it will be strange if the railroad magnates themselves do not prefer to shift the burden to the nation and get out with their dividends guaranteed. In that case we should be favored with one of the most entertaining spectacles ever known to man. For the same railroad organs and railroad congressmen that are now assuring us of the utter folly of governmental ownership would then be obliged with no less fervor and insistence to advocate it. A flip-flop like that would cause them no trouble, but ought to make mirth for the rest of us.

A WALLOP AT SCHEDULE K

The protected mill interests of the country succeeded in preventing an investigation by Congress of the terrific Lawrence strike, not so much out of consideration for the accused city officers of Lawrence as for the sake of the whole flimflam of the woolen schedule. Hitherto that bit of bunco has been maintained on the plea of the high-wage cost of production in the United States and the consequent disadvantage of the American manufacturer. The high-wage falsehood was forever disposed of when a group of the half-starved beneficiaries of Schedule K appeared before the Labor Committee of the house. The Woolen Trust wanted no more of that sort of thing, and Senator Lodge and Senator Gallinger, who chiefly represent it,were able to maneuver the project off the map. They thought this was good work, the idea being that if the matter were dropped just at that time, the public, in whose short memory these gentlemen have implicit confidence, will soon forget the whole matter and be ready again to believe that nothing but Schedule K stands between this country and "the pauper-made goods of Europe." I have seen the public forget some things that it ought to remember, but the spectacle of hundreds of child mill-workers, half clothed and quarter fed, has never been of the order of things that it forgets. The lesson has sunk into the public mind; Mr. Lodge and the rest may be sure they have not heard the last of it, investigation or no investigation.

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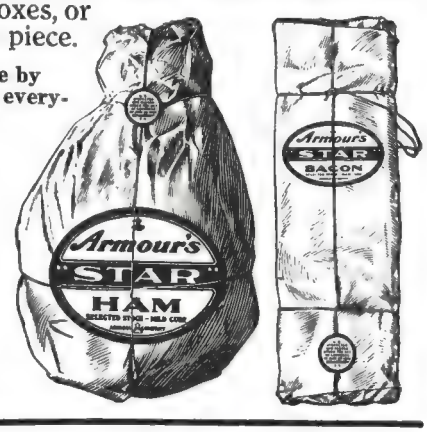

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16960	**Lights Out March**	**Pryor's Band**
	Under the Double Eagle March	**Sousa's Band**
31831	**Cavalleria Rusticana Prelude**	**Vessella's Italian Band**
31832	**Sakuntala Overture**	**Kryl's Bohemian Band**
35000	**Carmen Selection**	**Sousa's Band**
	Freischutz Overture	**Sousa's Band**
31676	**Semiramide Overture**	**Police Band of Mexico**
16958	**Second Chasseurs March**	**Garde Republicaine Band of France**
	Apache Dance	**Black Diamonds Band of London**
16479	**"De Guardia" Two-Step**	**Royal Military Band of Madrid**
	Dance "Luis Alonzo"	**Royal Military Band of Madrid**
70070	**Dance of the Hours**	**Victor Herbert's Orchestra**
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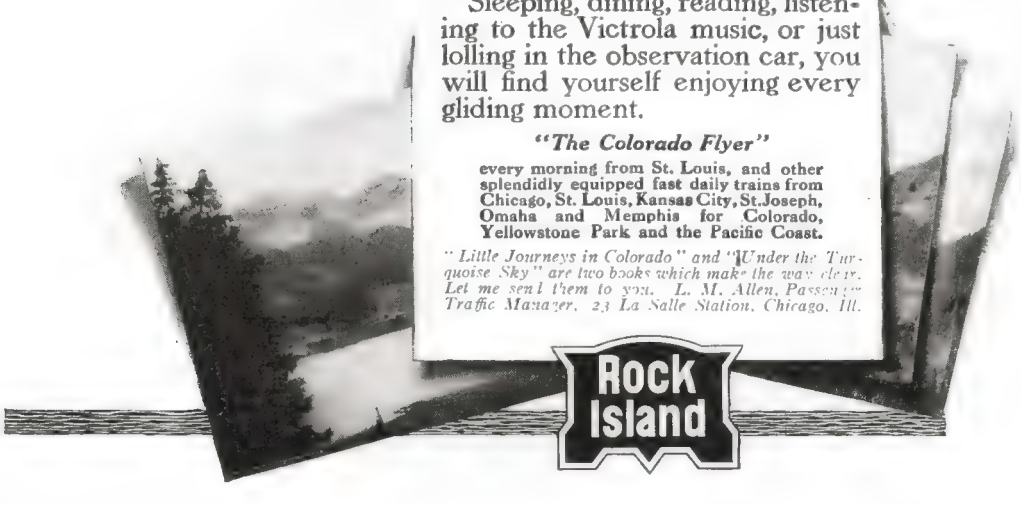

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A Non-Poisonous Antiseptic and Germicide
Relieving Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Cysts, Wens
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Absorbine, Jr. is a positive germicide even when diluted with a wash made as follows: Into one pint of quart water or witch hazel put one teaspoonful of Absorbine, Jr. Use as a spray or gargle for infected sore throats, after severe exercise will find quick relief from cramps, and to restore the normal condition by rubbing the parts with this solution. Following a shave this wash is a luxury, after shaving it prevents all irritation.

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Sprains, Wrenches, Painful, Swollen Veins and Glands, Bursal Enlargements, Wens, Cysts, or any Inflammatory condition, use and prescribe **ABSORBINE, JR.**

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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It is a different kind of Liniment—it is ANTISEPTIC and GERMICIDAL

This doubles its efficiency. When used as a liniment, it not only accomplishes the things usually expected of a high-grade liniment, but goes further and makes the part aseptically clean. Used as a germicide it not only positively kills the germs, but the stimulating and sedative properties promote rapid and healthy healing in **sores, ulcers, cuts, bruises, wounds,** etc. This accounts for the remarkable efficacy of ABSORBINE, JR. in

INSECT BITES

It neutralizes the poison, **kills the germs,** reduces inflammation and swelling, allays pain, and prevents disease. ABSORBINE, JR. contains no poisons or acids and therefore is harmless to the most sensitive tissues. Economical, as only a few drops are required at an application, and is a positive germicide even diluted one part ABSORBINE, JR. to 100 parts water. Valuable also as a spray or gargle for infected, sore throats, using 10 to 20% dilutions—it soothes and heals and destroys all bacteria.

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Athletes and Trainers use ABSORBINE, JR. not only to overcome these conditions but as a preventative—a rub-down with ABSORBINE, JR. after severe physical exertion limbers up the stiff joints and muscles, stops inflammation and prevents soreness.

ABSORBINE, JR. is sold by leading druggists at $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle, or sent direct, all charges paid.

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show that a 25 per cent. Aqueous solution of Absorbine, Jr. kills Streptococci Pyogenes.

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A solution: 1 part Absorbine, Jr.,
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kills Diphtheria Bacillus in 2 minutes and should be an effective spray or gargle for any infected sore throat.

Prescribe Absorbine, Jr. full strength as a liniment for Painful Affections, Sprains, Varicose Veins, Bruises, Swellings; or diluted as indicated for Varicose Ulcers, Boils, Infected Sores, Pyorrhea, Spongy Gum.

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66 Temple Street
Springfield, Mass.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps, for which send me postpaid TRIAL BOTTLE **Absorbine, Jr.,** pamphlet evidence and laboratory reports.

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.22 Automatic Rifle

The novelty of its operation is one of the fascinating features of the Winchester .22 Automatic Rifle. Instead of the downward and upward motion of a finger lever, or the backward and forward thrust of a slide handle, the pull on the trigger is the only effort required to shoot the rifle ten times in succession. The only limit to speed in firing is the rapidity with which the trigger can be pulled before each shot. With this speed is coupled fine accuracy, light weight, simple and strong construction, and ease and quickness of handling. Note the beautiful appearance of the rifle. It lists at $25.00, but is sold everywhere for much less. It is the ideal vacationist's rifle

FOR TARGET SHOOTING OR GAME

"Isn't she a healthy looking convalescent? I never knew anyone to recover so rapidly from a serious illness."

When the pivotal point of illness is safely passed and convalescence begins, a highly nourishing, mildly tonic food hastens the return to health.

Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

being a predigested liquid food in highly concentrated form, supplies the very elements needed to stimulate the appetite, aid digestion and tone up the whole system. Its beneficial effects in convalescent cases are known to leading physicians all over the world. Your doctor will recommend it.

Most Druggists Sell It—Order by the Dozen

Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

builds up the overworked, strengthens the weak, overcomes insomnia, relieves dyspepsia—helps the anaemic, the convalescent and the nervous wreck. It prepares the way to happy, healthy motherhood and gives vigor to the aged.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist
Insist upon it being "Pabst"

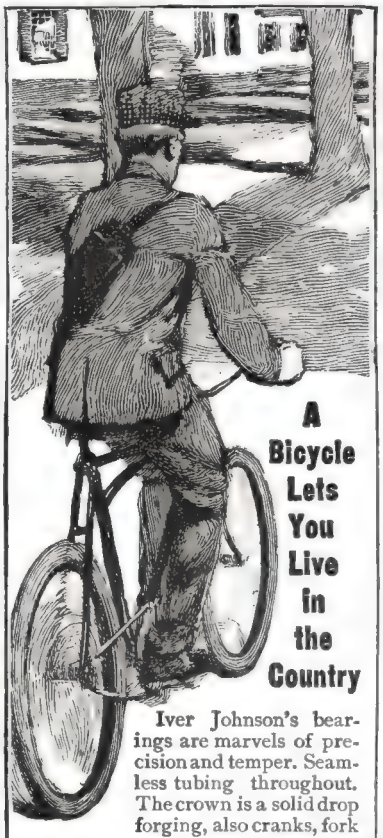
Warning
Cheap imitations are sometimes substituted when Pabst Extract is called for. Be sure you get the genuine Pabst Extract. Refuse to accept a substitute. No "cheaper" extract can equal Pabst in purity, strength and quality.

$1000 Reward
for evidence convicting anyone who, when Pabst Extract is called for, deliberately and without the knowledge of his customer, supplies an article other than genuine Pabst Extract.

Library Slip
good for books and magazines, with each bottle.

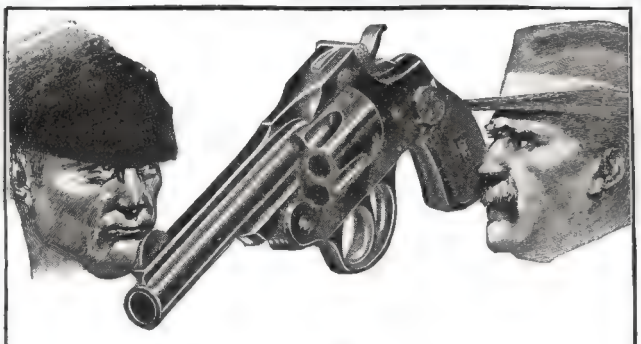
Free Booklet
"Health Darts," tells ALL uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Write for it—a postal will do.

Pabst Extract Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
5



A Bicycle Lets You Live in the Country

Iver Johnson's bearings are marvels of precision and temper. Seamless tubing throughout. The crown is a solid drop forging, also cranks, fork ends and seat and handlebar post. Finest equipment. Five coats of enamel. Send for Catalog C.



Safety Automatic Revolvers

Have you felt that the sort of revolver you would care to own costs too much? Let's see. You want accuracy; well, we will positively guarantee the Iver Johnson to be as accurate as the costliest target revolver in the world.

You want range and penetration. Again we guarantee that this revolver will match the performance of higher-priced arms both in range and penetration.

You want smooth, rapid action. In any hardware or sporting goods store, try an Iver Johnson for yourself.

You want dependability. The Iver Johnson is the only revolver with a full equipment of permanent tension, unbreakable wire springs. It is the most dependable revolver.

You want safety. With an Iver Johnson accidental discharge is absolutely impossible—you can HAMMER THE HAMMER. Send for Catalog A.

IVER JOHNSON

Motorcycle

The Iver Johnson climbs the hardest hill without faltering. You are even conscious of reserve power.

It is good for 55 miles on the flat. Equipment includes Bosch Magneto, Schebler Carburetor, Persons Saddle, Goodrich-Bailey Tread Tire, Corbin Band Brake features. Catalog C describes fully our wonderful motor and other features.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

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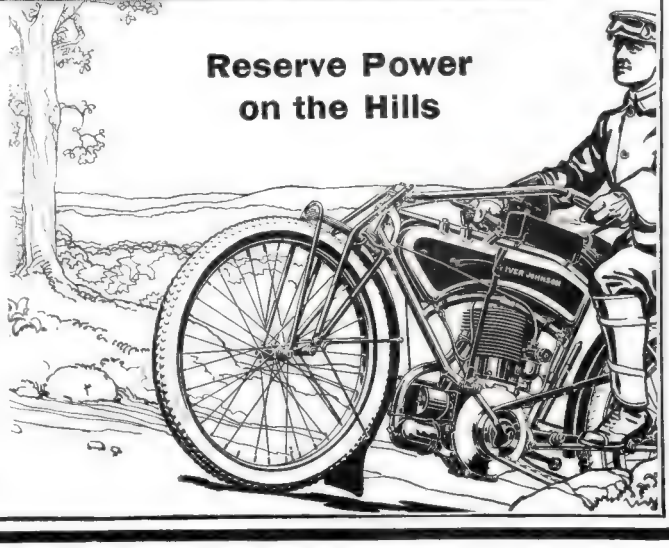

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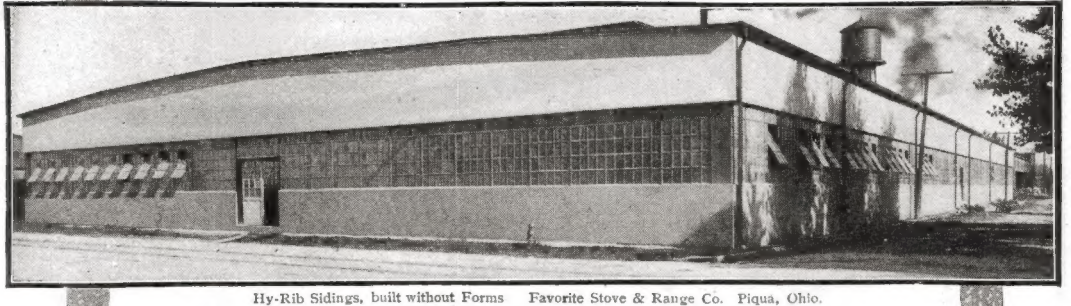
Cover completely all constructions, large and small, including reinforced concrete, stucco, metal lath, steel windows, waterproofing, finishes, specialties, etc. Kahn Buildings represent maximum fireproofness, daylightness, strength, safety and economy. Our experience covers thousands of the most carefully planned buildings. Valuable suggestions will be sent **free,** if you will write about your buildings.



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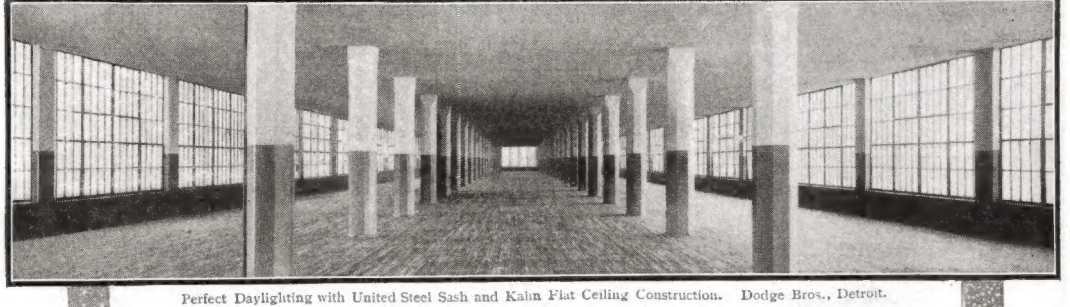

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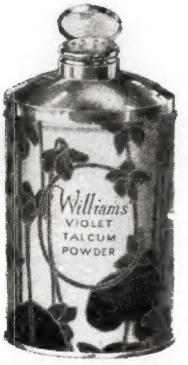
Williams'

Talc Powder

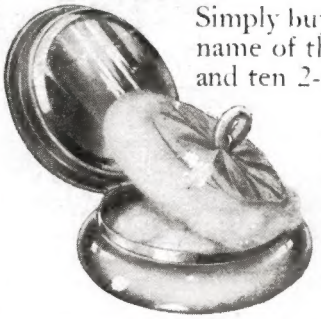
Four odors—Violet, Carnation, Rose—fragrant as the flowers themselves—and Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume

Note the patented Hinged-cover Box



Deliciously soft, fine, antiseptic and absorbent. Whether used in the nursery or for the toilet or after shaving, Williams' Talc Powder has the same degree of perfection that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soaps for generations.

How to get a dainty silver-plated Vanity Box



Simply buy a box of Williams' Talc Powder, any odor; send us the name of the dealer from whom you bought it, the date of purchase and ten 2-cent stamps (20 cents), and we will send the Vanity Box to you at once. This is an article of real value—one that you would willingly pay a dollar or more for at a jeweler's, at least a good many women have told us so.

It has a Hinged cover, Concentrating Mirror, and a French Powder Puff. The little mirror, alone, makes the Vanity Box indispensable to every woman.

Address The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 140 Maple Ave., Glastonbury, Conn.
Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Matchless Cold Cream, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, Etc.

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It is healthful and convenient.

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